

THE BRITISH
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,

1855.

VOL. XXII

LONDON:

JACKSON & WALFORD, 18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.
AND
EDINBURGH: W. OLIPHANT AND SONS.
GLASGOW: J. MACLEHOSE.—DUBLIN: J. ROBERTSON.

CONTENTS OF N^o XLII.

	ART.	PAGE
I. 1. Die Wiedergeburt der schönen Wissenschaften in Italien ü. ertragen aus dem Italienischen des Abtes Bettinelli. Von C. KOPISCH.		
2. Orlando Furioso preceduto di alcuni pensieri di V. Gioberti, e corredate di note storiche e filologiche.	317	
II. The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt; illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends and the Specifications of his Patents. By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, Esq., M.A.	383	
III. 1. Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology. By THEODORE PARKER.		
2. A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By THEODORE PARKER.		
3. The Essence of Christianity. By LUDWIG FEUERBACH. Translated from the second German edition by MARIAN EVANS, Translator of 'Strauss's Life of Jesus.'		
4. Catholic Union. Essays towards a Church of the Future, as the organization of Philanthropy. By F. W. NEWMAN.		
5. The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty. By LEIGH HUNT.		
6. Système de Politique Positive. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, auteur de 'Système de Philosophie Positive.'		
7. The true Constitution of the Church, and its Restora- tion. Read to North Association of Lichfield County, Connecticut, September 28, 1853. By Rev. W. W. ANDREWS.		
8. A Chronicle of certain Events which have taken place in the Church of Christ, principally in England, between the years 1826—1852.		
9. Irvingism and Mormonism tested by Scripture. By Rev. E. GUERS	408	
IV. Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, SEBASTIAN GIUSTINIAN, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, January 12th, 1513, to July 26th, 1519. Translated by RAWDON BROWN	442	

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
V. Annuaire Militaire de l'Empire Français pour l'Année 1854	467
VI. Theologia Germanica. Edited by Dr. PFEIFFER, from the only complete Manuscript yet known. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH	488
VII. Memoirs of James Montgomery. By JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT	513
VII I. Correspondence respecting the Rights and Privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey. Parts I. II. III. VII. XI.	
2. Communications respecting Turkey, made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia; with the Answer returned to them. 1854.	
3. Memorandum of Count Nesselrode, June, 1844.	
4. Treaties Political and Territorial, between Russia and Turkey. 1774—1849.	
5. Her Majesty's Declarations, Proclamations, and Orders in Council, &c., with reference to the Commencement of Hostilities against the Emperor of all the Russias.	
6. Protocol Signed at Vienna on the 23rd May, 1854.	
7. Protocol Signed at Vienna on the 9th of April, 1854.	
8. Treaty between Her Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of the French. Signed at Vienna, Dec. 2, 1854	540
<hr/>	
OUR EPILOGUE ON AFFAIRS AND BOOKS	560

THE BRITISH



QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL 1, 1855.

ART. I.—(1.) *Die Wiedergeburt der schönen Wissenschaften in Italien übertragen aus dem Italienischen des Abtes Bettinelli.*

Von C. KOPISCH. 2d Aufl. 4 Theile. Leipzig. 1853.

(2.) *Orlando Furioso preceduto di alcuni pensieri di V. Giorberti, e corredate di note storiche e filologiche.* 2d edit. Firenze. 1850.

HISTORIANS in reviewing the history of their species have recounted four epochs of civilization in which genius has blazed forth with extraordinary lustre, and left works in its train destined to illuminate hemispheres of darkness or ignorance, and awaken the envy and admiration of the latest posterity. Of these, however, two have shone with reflex splendour. Had not the age of Augustus quickly succeeded that of Pericles;—had a millennium of barbarism intervened between the time that Aristotle taught in the Lyceum and Plautus wrote his comedies, in all probability Rome would have had to depend on her material creations for her posthumous glory. The empire, with all its vast resources, gave birth to no new species of art, to no new forms of imagination, and opened out no paths of knowledge but those discovered at Athens some three hundred years before. The reason is pretty evident. Rome had no early life but that possessed in common with the Greeks. The primitive traditions of its people, their religions, philosophy, and laws, were Grecian. Hence their thoughts naturally ran in the same channels, and never ventured beyond their Athenian models. What the age of Pericles was to that of Augustus, the age of Leo was to the brilliant display of talent which illustrated the reign of Louis Quatorze. Numerous as were the intellectual triumphs which then far more ennobled France than its greatest victories, not one work of art

was produced, the original of which could not be traced to Italian sources in the two preceding centuries. In both the Roman and the French period, the torch of letters was not extinguished and then rekindled; it was but transferred with its original splendour undiminished from one nation to another.

The era of Greek civilization, and that of modern Italy, present themselves to us under far different aspects. Both inaugurate a new system of society, as both are the after-growth of entirely new traditions, customs, and belief. When Dante awakened the mind of his country a deluge of barbarism had swept over Europe; and extinguishing every light in the intellectual horizon, had shrouded the world in darkness for upwards of ten centuries. Yet with no other reminiscence of ancient learning than a solitary Virgil, the great Florentine gave rise to a new literature which aroused Europe from its lethargy, and taught it to surpass the ancient models. As far as the Greeks are concerned, the merit of originality is more clearly distinguished. Whether Italian literature would have shone forth with such fulgence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had not copies of the ancient writers been recovered, may indeed give rise to grave doubt. That the Greek writers, however, ran their career of triumph without any extraneous aid, is universally admitted. If a high state of literary civilization had preceded them, as Bailly maintains with seductive eloquence, it at all events was so far distant, and every vestige of it had been so completely destroyed, as to leave no distinct landmark behind it. All that we can tax them with are some broken traditions derived from Persia and Egypt. The Hellenists even reject these as emanating from barbarous sources. By their own account they derived their inspiration directly from their deities, who frequently descended from the heights of Thessaly to fire their breasts with martial and poetic ardour: to initiate them in the arts, or to guide the bark of their colonists through the Tyrrhene seas. Apart from the irregular ties of consanguinity which sprung out of these communications with Olympus, the Greeks would not confess to the slightest degree of kindred with any exterior people. The fervour with which this opinion was maintained, is one of the best guarantees for its sincerity, and affords the most conclusive proof of the indigenous character of Greek civilization. The literary epoch of Greece was undoubtedly a more spontaneous offshoot of the human mind than that of modern Italy; but what the latter wanted in originality, it amply made up in the breadth and variety of its tone and the rich combination of its elements.

Of these epochs, which constitute the two most salient chapters in the history of humanity, that of Greece is almost exclusively

studied at our public seats of learning, to the detriment of the other, which, if opened at all, is but superficially studied amid the turmoil of professional pursuits and social occupations. Yet there cannot be a doubt not only of the superior importance to the modern of the Italian era, but of its deeper intrinsic merit as contrasted with the literary epoch of Greece. The one belongs to a state of society long since extinct; the other to a system of social organization growing up full of life and vigour, and stretching its intricate ramifications around our daily life. In imaginative literature, though some works may exhibit the weakness of copies, and others the wildest extravagance of fiction arrayed in the sober garb of reason, yet in many departments Italy has equalled if not surpassed her masters, while she has created others to which they have not the slightest claim. In pastoral, Sanazzaro, Tasso, and Guarini, may compete with Bion and Theocritus, or with any of their Roman imitators. If the comedies of Ariosto and Cecchi have not the moral of Aristophanes, at least they partake, in a greater degree than the plays of that writer, of the sprightly vivacity of Molière; while in point of exactitude of character, and exact representation of manners, they may be advantageously compared with those of Plautus and Terence. In lyrics Italy has produced a host of writers who combine the sweetness of Anacreon with the sublimity of Pindar, with an exuberance of imagination and a diversity of feeling to which Anacreon and Pindar were alike unequal. With respect to the greatest production which requires the highest combination of talents to execute, Homer and Virgil might deem it no indignity to be contrasted with Ariosto and his Ferrarese successor, and to own in many points their inferiority. Of burlesque poetry, the Greeks may be said to know nothing. It is the Italian's own creation, and in this field he yet stands unrivalled. As regards the sister arts, Italy may be regarded as the creator of music and painting, the fragments of these subjects transmitted from the ancient world being barely sufficient to convey to the minds of her artists the rudest idea of the exercise of their talent in this direction. Nor have the most successful triumphs of painting in more recent periods, or what has since been divulged of the perfection of this art in antiquity, endangered in the slightest degree the supremacy of Raffael and his cotemporaries, which in this department promises to extend over all time. If Michael Angelo be inferior to Phidias and Praxiteles in sculpture, at least in architecture and engineering he surpasses all the talent that Greece can array against him.

In political and natural science, the superiority of Italy is still more manifest. From the contracted nature of their experience

and their addiction to *à priori* reasoning, the Greeks were incapable of interpreting nature, or of exploring the laws by which nations should be governed; and their overt attempts in this field are only a travesty of what the direct mode ought to be of obtaining correct results. But no sooner had modern letters established themselves on a secure basis in Italy, than a Machiavelli submitted the histories of the ancient empires to a severe scrutiny, and evolved the principles at work in their declension and the causes which had accelerated their growth. Parma and Botero extended the science thus placed on its legitimate foundations, and by a similar course of induction pointed out to the free states of Italy the only means by which they could enlarge their prosperity: they calculated the precise power of existing nations, foresaw their destinies, and predicted their decline. If it be thought a great instance of sagacity in Lord Bacon to have predicted the day when England, through her insular position, should become a great naval power, and possess itself of the Two Indies, what shall be said of the foresight of the writers who cast the horoscope of Spain and Turkey in the height of their prosperity, and tracing the operation of the elements in their system destined to hasten their collapse, foretold from this species of handwriting the day when these huge empires should be reduced to the last stage of weakness, and become like stranded whales the bye-word of nations? If Hume and Adam Smith evinced great wisdom two centuries after European commerce had run its course, in laying down the great principles which should guide the fiscal policy of states, the same epithet cannot be withheld from the political economists of Italy, who in the infancy of that commerce, dictated the lessons which their successors only developed and applied to a wider range of phenomena.

Nor was natural science, which remained a perfect blank in the days of Aristotle, less progressive. The great light which attained its meridian glory in England first dawned upon Italian shores. Copernicus projected his system in the schools of Padua. Leonardo da Vinci revealed the laws of lunar eclipses in Florence two ages before Kepler subjected them to mathematical demonstration, and augmented the sphere of mechanical and optical science, by a list of discoveries which required the genius of Guerrick and Lagrange to carry to a higher degree of generality. Vesalius and Falopius allied anatomy with medicine, and Gesner and Aldobrandini laid the foundations of experimental science by natural histories more complete than those of Seneca and of the elder Pliny. As Italy was the first to discover the compass, so she was the first to turn it to any account. If Drake put his keel into unknown seas and ventured to the Antipodes, if Vasco

de Gama opened the watery route to the Indies, it was not before the Genoese had lifted the veil from the unexplored part of the globe's surface, and showed to the astonished nations a new world. If Bacon prepared the way for Newton, Nizolio with no less skill drew out the principles of inductive science for Bacon's great Florentine contemporary Galileo. But the great peculiarity of this epoch is, that not content with its own resources, it dug up antiquity, and placed the past by the side of the present. Two opposite religions and philosophies, each powerfully appealing to men's sympathies, stood in face of each other. The rising civilization of Italy intertwined around its growth the most interesting offshoots of the old creations: we are therefore justified on more counts than one in placing it above any other age which followed or preceded it.

In venturing to contribute a leaf to the literary history of a period so important, we may allege as a reason for our presumption, that recent Italian critics are at war with respect to the character of the leading poems of this epoch; and the English writers who profess to delineate its literature, have either derived their materials from second-hand sources, or allowed their judgment to be warped by an extravagant respect for authority, or a false view of the dignity of the subject. It is a startling fact, that in the last publication of the romantic poets in this country, by a grave Italian professor, the *Morgante* and the *Orlando Furioso* are accepted as serious epics. It is no less singular that Ugo Foscolo, a critic of much higher merit than Panizzi, should have maintained the same opinion. Denina, a grave Italian critic, whose *Vincende della Letteratura* received, not long ago, an English dress, actually hazarded the opinion, that if Boyardo had lived to finish his poem, Ariosto might have been forgotten, and that Trissino would have surpassed his *Orlando*, had he not been trammelled by an unlucky plot. If native writers of ability have so far mistaken the nature of the literary treasures of Italy, we cannot be surprised that Hallam should have accepted all the romantic poems of that country in a grave spirit—that he should have considered the *Orlando Furioso* quite as serious an affair as the *Eneid*; or that Roscoe should have compared the writings of Berni to those of Sterne, and adduced fulsome compliments which had their rise in the infestation of Italy with Spanish manners, in proof of the virtues of a princess, who, if not the Messalina, was certainly the Catherine of her age. Such mistakes as these, we apprehend, arise not alone from a prejudiced or superficial view of the subject, but from a habit of discussing literary questions exclusively on their own ground without reference to the combination of the social

elements out of which they spring. To know anything well, it must be viewed in connexion with every subject to which it has direct relation. Literature is only the outer expression of the social life of nations, and embodies within itself and derives its complexion from the habits, belief, and general circumstances of the people among whom it takes its rise. The philosopher, through the medium of this kind of co-relation, ought to be able to infer from the social aspects of people the character of its literature: and from the character of its literature, the general features of their social organization. If the views entertained of a literature do not coincide with the phenomena of the co-existing society, or if the representations of that society conflict with the actual state of its literature, it may be safely concluded that these views and representations are radically erroneous. We will apply this principle to rectify some of the mistakes before us, and endeavour, by its means, to impart a deeper insight into the nature of the Italian renaissance than any hitherto given. Our account must necessarily be short; but a single line of inference deduced from a strict survey of natural phenomena, evolving the casual links by which the triumphs of a splendid civilization are connected with the rude struggles of impoverished states, is, in our judgment, worth a load of dissertations compiled from books, without further waste of reflection than what is sufficient to secure a euphonious variety of phrase and chronological accuracy. *

Italy, though above every other country the object of barbarian aggression, was the first to rise superior to its attacks. The force by which her civilization was hurled downwards led to that rebound which early placed her at the head of European nations. The savages who trampled out the last embers of the old empire, reduced its subjects to those straits destined to develope their energies, and lead to a new era of civilization. The irruption of the Huns and the Longobards, who devastated the northern and central plains of the Peninsula, drove their inhabitants in crowds to seek shelter in the islands of the Adriatic and the coasts of the Mediterranean. Shut out from the adjoining continent, the fugitives in the lagoons of the Rialto, and on the coasts of Genoa and Amalfi, pushed their barks into the Euxine, cruized along the shores of Barbary, and visited the Levantine ports of Joppa and Alexandria. From the communications thus opened with the east, Italy became the dépôt whence the spices and drugs of Syria and Egypt, the silks of Persia, and the balsams and precious stones of India were distributed over Europe. The vessels laden with this merchandize returned as heavily freighted as they set out, and the metals and wools of

Britain, and the flax and hemp of Holland, were turned to the same account at Sinope and Trebisond as the cottons of Arabia in the fairs of Flanders. From this double species of traffic, the maritime towns of Italy were quickly transformed into naval powers of the first magnitude; their huts were converted into palaces, their fishermen into merchant princes. The prosperity thus enjoyed diffused itself over the interior until Milan, Florence, and Siena, arose to emulate their splendour. Instead of the raw material of Europe being exchanged for the raw material of Asia, factories were dispersed over the Peninsula in which both were worked up into the finished fabric, and then reconveyed to their respective destinations. Like England, Italy, in the tenth century, professed to clothe the world; but England has to struggle with competitors as civilized as herself; whereas the Italian merchants found Europe immersed in the slough of barbarism, and ready to receive their goods at their own prices. The leading houses established important settlements on the Asiatic and Tartarean coasts of the Black Sea. Their agents scattered themselves over Greece, penetrated into the interior of Barbary and Arabia, and at the fairs of Aden and Grand Cairo bartered the produce of the looms of Florence and Milan for the wares of the Mameluke soldans of Egypt. The wealth which this activity poured into the lap of Italy enabled her to become the professed money-lender of Europe. She regulated the rate of interest throughout all the modern states, and by the establishment of national banks inaugurated that system of finance which forms one of the most important advantages they enjoy over the states of antiquity.

But Italy was destined to take the lead among modern nations in wealth and luxury from circumstances of a more sacred character. The admission of the early claims of Rome to sovereignty over the Christian churches, invested the bishops of that see with supreme jurisdiction over the ecclesiastical possessions of Europe, and enabled them to impose what rates they pleased on the transmission of benefices or the immunities conceded to the laity. From each episcopal see, as well as from every benefice in their own nomination, annates and tithes were exacted with a rigorous minuteness, and poured into the papal treasury. Even were the ecclesiastical wealth of Europe at that period as contracted as it now is, such a donative must have contributed immensely to Roman aggrandizement; but when it is remembered that church property in mediæval Europe composed at least one third of that appropriated to secular uses, it will be readily conceived how these golden streams, perpetually flowing through Italy, awakened its dormant energies, and made

the revenue of the few roods of territory which formed their national reservoir surpass the joint income of the two leading states of Europe. But this great branch of wealth was swelled by other tributary sources. Rome formed the ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical disputes, and not a day passed without her priestly lawyers enriching themselves at the expense of their foreign clients. The investiture of bishops, the modifications of church discipline, the foundation or transfer of sees, the establishment of monastic orders, all required the sanction of apostolic briefs, to be procured at a great expense, but without further outlay to the Vatican than an ounce of wax and parchment. Then came reserved cases of dispensation, induction into benefices, the exercise of legantine powers, each of which were taxed according to the ability of the party to pay, and the extent of the gift conceded.

But two of the greatest weapons in the financial armoury of the Vatican from which Italy, in common with Rome, derived the greatest profit, were, undoubtedly, jubilees and indulgences. We have no wish to misrepresent these ordinances; but, admitting them, in the Catholic sense, as applying to the commutation, not of the guilt of sin, but of the temporal punishment due to it; still it cannot be forgotten that these practices in the mediaeval centuries were widely different to what they are in our own. At the present day the advantages which they promise are entirely unrestricted as to locality, and to be purchased by spiritual works. In the middle ages, they generally exacted a journey to Rome, and a material contribution to some project of the Pope in proportion to the pilgrim's means. So ample were the benefits offered, and with such fervour did the seigneurs of the west embrace the proflers of a power which promised to protect them from the consequences of the outrages which a rude state of civilization tempted them to commit, that thousands were seen wending their way at the appointed season to be shrived beneath the shadow of the Vatican, and to deposit their offerings at the shrine of St. Peter. On some of these occasions it is computed that not less than two millions of wealthy strangers of both sexes arrived in Rome.* The principal towns of the Peninsula were crowded like so many fairs with the hourly arrivals of passengers, and the shops and temples of the inhabitants were alike enriched

* Guglielmo Ventura of Asti, gives the following account of one which took place under Boniface VIII., at the commencement of the thirteenth century, of which he was an eye-witness. 'Presso a due milioni di persone vidi in Roma uomini e donne, in tal folla immensa che resteranno molti colpestati e morti di che fui in rischio mio stesso. Due cherici di e notte eran all' altar di S. Pietro rastellante pecuniam infinitam. L'Italia tutta se ne impinguo, le cui pubbliche strade da ogni parte eran sempre come gran fiere pel passaggio e ritorno de' pellegrini.'

by their profuse liberality. Italy, as an old chronicler has it, grew fat upon these customs. If the pilgrims were better men by their observance, they certainly became poorer. They did not leave their sins behind them without being relieved of their wealth at the same time.

The Crusades, which entailed on other countries immense losses, furnished another means by which Italy enriched herself at the expense of her neighbours. Whatever might have been the motives of the Popes who designed these wars, it is certain the Italians themselves were slow to engage in them without some prospect of indemnifying themselves for their losses, or securing further treasures. While the English baron sold his land and plate to join the sacred army at the head of his retainers—while the French marquis threw away his castles at a reckless price to enable him to keep the field with a troop of horse during the holy campaign—the Italian republics refused to join the enterprise until they had bound Godfrey to concede to them important mercantile privileges in the conquered cities, and refused to furnish any quota to the expedition for which they were not compensated. Though the great bulk of the armies embarked at the Italian ports, neither the Genoese or Venetian governments would provide any transports beyond those engaged at the expense of the confederates, or prepare a fleet to accompany the expedition unless with the important proviso that the ports which yielded to their summons should remain an integral part of their republics. By this policy the rest of Europe suffered all the wounds, while Italy obtained all the profit. Tyre, Joppa, and Ascalon, successively fell into the hands of Venice and Genoa, with the stores of their rich warehouses and the matériel of their shipping. Every province which the Crusaders took at once opened a new field to the commercial enterprise of these rival states, and the streets set apart for their shops in the conquered cities showed pretty clearly the nature of the interest they took in the rescue of Christ's sepulchre. By conducting the trading operations of these vast enterprises, both on land and sea, at least one fourth of the available wealth of Europe, at the period of each crusade, must have been poured into the lap of Italy. The Roman pontiffs had an intimate acquaintance with the character of the age, and knew how to turn it to account. In the precise proportion that foreign countries were impoverished and debilitated by their policy, Italy started into affluence and splendour.

The increased wealth and dominion which arose from the Asiatic conquests were far surpassed by those which accrued to Italy from the dismemberment of Tartary and the seizure of some of the finest provinces of the Greek empire. The commer-

cial establishments on the coasts of the Euxine and in the Levant, like our Indian settlements at Java and Calcutta, soon involved the Italians in quarrels with the natives, who, as soon as they had the presumption to prescribe limits to the encroachments of their visitors, were quietly knocked on the head, and their territories appropriated. In this way Genoa came into possession of Ceuta, Tripoli, Smyrna, and the whole of the Crimea, and Venice seized upon Dalmatia and the Morea, besides numerous isles in the Archipelago and many cities on the coast of the Hellespont. Indeed, the policy pursued by these two maritime powers towards the Greek empire which had raised them to independence was not unlike that adopted by the leviers of black mail in Scotland to the wealthy lords in their vicinity. First Venice, despoiling the Greek emperor of some portion of his dominions, obliged him to call the fleets of Genoa to his defence at a sacrifice of territory quite equal in extent to that which Venice had purloined. By this mode of procedure it would be difficult to say who gained most—the defenders or the assailants. But this much is certain, that if the Ottomans had not taken advantage of their feuds to seize on Constantinople, the Greek emperor, between his protectors and aggressors, would have been permanently stripped of every shred of his dominions.

These intimate relations with the Greek empire, and the necessity of commercial intercourse, early forced on Italy an attention to the Greek language and traditions. Naples, in fact, from an early period, had become entirely Grecian. Genoa and Florence, as their communications with the empire grew more frequent, not only introduced the study of Rome into their schools, but induced the most eminent professors of the ancient Greek language and literature to take up their residence among them, by holding out rewards which the impoverished purses of the Greek patricians denied them at home. Hence, by the same policy which transferred the silk looms of Thebes and Corinth to Tuscany and Milan, the Greek language became better known at Florence than at Athens in the fourteenth century. In addition to its greater wealth, Italy was enabled to impart more aid to the revival of literature than any other country, by the vast system of ecclesiastical organization, which had its central lines in that country. It has always been the policy of the Roman church to oblige the heads of the religious houses scattered over Europe to reside in Italy, and to compel the bishops of the most distant dioceses to pay periodical visits to the Vatican. By availing themselves of the resources thus flung in their way, it was not difficult for such ingenious minds as Poggio, Petrarch, and Beccaccio, to obtain all the copies of ancient manuscripts which the rudeness or bigotry

of monks had buried in the corners of their convents, or for prelates in the commanding position of Nicolas V., to rescue those from oblivion which were in the grasp of private cupidity.

The classic monuments scattered over Italy like tombstones over a funereal field, and particularly those which still remain the ornament of its capital,—the skeleton of the Coliseum, the arches of Titus and Severus, the Pantheon which yet defies the scythe of time to disturb a stone of its walls; the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, and the crumbling halls of the imperial mount, all contributed to stimulate the newly awakening spirit, and to lead men to resuscitate the arts, and to revive the literature of which they were the outward expression.

Though the oligarchies which governed the Italian republics were actuated by a selfish policy, that selfishness was of a sublime and national character. While they regarded each other with supreme aversion, they extended the political franchise to the meanest of their citizens, recognised no distinction of rank in the administration of justice, and opened the honours of the civil and military service to all. While the Venetians plundered every vessel they caught in the Adriatic without their licence, and the Genoese retaliated in the Euxine, these republics emulated each other in the splendour of their public buildings, the magnificence of their cities, and the education and social comfort of the commonalty. When London and Paris embraced only a few narrow streets composed of wood cabins, the Italian cities raised those Palladian palaces which exact the admiration of present visitors, and which architects of the nineteenth century think themselves extremely clever if they can imitate. When the English seigneur, through the barbarous policy of his government, was obliged to mat his floor with rushes, sleep on a straw pallet, import his wine in drams from the apothecary, and go to bed by the light of a splinter, the Genoese, or Florentine clerk, drank the produce of his own vineyard on Turkey carpets, and was as well provided with social elegancies as any moderate civilian of the present day. Nearly the entire of the adult population of the Italian cities could read and write, and at least three-fourths of them could cast accounts, and conduct the operations of a counting-house, when a Parisian courtier could hardly tell his alphabet, and an English nobleman could not write his name. At the time that the feudal system sat like a nightmare on the rest of Europe, when the insecurity of property impoverished every country, and kept its territory sparsely inhabited, and when the nobility shut themselves up in their fortresses, and held no communication with their retainers, except for the purposes of plunder, the Italian States, by the abolition of villainage in their

dominions, and the extension of the free municipal institutions conceded by the old empire, multiplied their population to a vast extent, and with it the resources of the country.

From the ninth to the fifteenth century it would be difficult to say whether wealth or men accumulated faster in Italy. When the Spanish Philip gave Sienna to Cosmo, that city contained upwards of 680,000 souls, a population probably equal to the conjoint census of the large towns of England in the reign of Mary. The inhabitants of Florence and the Val d'Arno during the same period, rapidly grew from a handful of men to 300,000; while its revenue increased from a few hundred sechins to 300,000 florins, a larger sum, allowing for the depreciation of the precious metals, than England and Ireland two centuries ago yielded annually to Elizabeth. Machiavelli reports that when Charles VIII. invaded that territory, after his successful conquest of Naples, Florence alone, with the sound of a bell, brought together 135,000 armed men, who struck such terror into the French king, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. The duchy of Milan in the sixteenth century numbered 250,000 people; its revenues were sufficiently flourishing to enable its first duke to give his daughter to the second son of Edward III., with a dowry of gold florins nearly equivalent to 280,000*l.* of our money. Venice and Genoa, at a time that England and France had scarcely a trading vessel of their own, could each at a very short notice furnish fleets of 200 sail, and man them with 40,000 of their citizens, and no more miss their departure than London or Paris the absence of the contingents which their population have contributed to the Crimea.

If three centuries of oppression have thinned the streets of Italy, and reduced her to the spectre of her former self; if the discoveries of the Portuguese led to those alternations of commerce which have driven trade from her shores, emptied her harbours, and reduced her ships to a few fishing smacks; if the tyrannical principalities founded on the ruin of her republics, have depressed the mind of their states and brought them to the verge of annihilation, while other nations have multiplied their resources and acquired dominion, in comparison of which their empire was but a shadow; still it must be admitted that Italy, with respect to every ingredient of civilization, was more in advance of the rest of Europe in the thirteenth century than she is found behind the leading nations of the present day. If the revenue of England now more than quadruples the joint revenues of the entire peninsula, the annual income of Venice alone, in the zenith of its power, doubled the combined revenues of France and England during the same period, while those of the

entire peninsula were fully equal to the rest of Europe. Its population, contrasted with extent of territory, was nearly as great as that which the last census assigns to England, and had its naval and military forces been united, they might have counterbalanced those which the most powerful nation can arrange in its defence.

While this happy course of fortune and wonderful combination of circumstances had ripened Italy into that state of maturity as to render a new birth of literature inevitable, there were qualities in her constitution calculated to impress upon it a very peculiar character. Nations, as well as individuals, who have rapidly acquired fortune, are not remarkable for placing much faith in any principles beyond those by which they have achieved success. It was the fate of the Italian States to subject every thought to the acquisition of wealth and dominion, and not to be fastidiously delicate about the means to that end. Of religion, they do not appear to have made further use than as an æsthetic principle for the embellishment of their cities, and as affording a pretext for drawing the wealth of foreign countries into their dominions. Instead of allowing the gospel to act as a check upon their lust of power, they actually rendered it auxiliary to its gratification. In its name they levied taxes on Europe, ejected the Ottoman from his dominions, and despoiled the Greek of his treasures. Mr. Ruskin would fain have us read in the sanctuaries of Venice a proof of the piety of the builders; but the best commentary on his views is the fact, that the richest materials which encase them were plundered from the shrines of Constantinople. The author of *The Ages of Faith*, in a similar spirit, would persuade the world that religious principles predominated in the Italian commonwealths from the zeal they displayed in the conquest of the Holy Land; but the truth is, that after having derived their own profit out of these destructive wars, they allowed the sepulchre of Christ to fall out of the hands of the Latins, by withdrawing their armaments to prosecute a little private quarrel about a patch of ground in Syrian Ptolemais. If there were any faith in the heads of these communities, we fear it was one whose votaries might be drawn from the speculators who deafen the Bourse of Paris, and whose altars might be set up in the London Exchange.

Had the religious sincerity of the Italians in the early stage of their career been less open to suspicion, it could have hardly survived the scandal of the centuries of ecclesiastical anarchy and dissoluteness which ensued. A homily on temperance from a drunkard, or a lecture on the merits of chastity from a libertine, are only calculated to throw ridicule on the principles espoused. A sermon in behalf of Christian dogmas or

morality from a minister whose conduct belied his profession, or the supervision of a diocese by a profligate bishop, turned the defences of religion against itself, and converted the machinery constructed for its extension into an ally of infidelity. It appears to have been the destiny of the Italian Church to have filled her sanctuaries with such men, and to have exhibited its worst abuses during the era of the most general enlightenment. As the dawn of letters increased, the morals of the Church grew more corrupt; and as the morals of the Church grew more corrupt, disruptions arose, and theological disputes of the greatest magnitude tended to endanger its stability. The Italians who had formed their minds in the school of Dante and Petrarch, beheld the studied sensuality of the Avignon prelates, and saw three popes simultaneously usurp the style and title of universal Bishops, and excommunicate each other for maintaining their respective infallibilities. The age which witnessed the wild license of John XXIII. saw the Councils of Basil and Constance assemble to protect the Church against the pretensions of its rulers; and heard the Greek bishops at Ferrara call in question the supremacy of Rome, and enforce the claims of a rival theology. The generation which had been fed with translations of the ancient classics, whose minds had been enlightened by the learned researches of Ficinus and the Attic taste of Politian, were affronted by the nepotism of Sextus IV., and beheld the court of Innocent VII. frequented by the paramours of prelates, and the bastards of Alexander Borgia crowd the ante-chambers of the Vatican. No public voice, however, was raised against these disorders, partly because the moral sense of the people was blunted by religious indifference, and partly because they derived a direct interest from their maintenance. The Italian who witnessed the extravagance of the Roman pontiffs, knew that by their luxury the wealth of the Vatican flowed into the provinces, and gave rise to new religious ordinances to supply its exhaustion, by which the entire of Italy was again enriched; and he could no more be expected to raise his voice for Church reform than a Marylebone publican to clamour for purity of election on the day of nomination. If the interests of the Italians had been as little connected with the Church system as England or Germany, they would undoubtedly have been the first to demand a change; but their fortunes arising out of the abuses, they could not afford to be angry, but laughed where they should have felt indignant, and converted the whole affair into a theme for banter and jest. Thus all grave writing was banished; ridiculous contortions, and burlesques, sometimes of the most sacred subjects, became one of the leading features of their prose and verse;

and the startling anomaly was seen of the association of the highest literary triumphs of a country with the worst period of its morality.

The relations in which the Italian writers stood to the subjects of the ancient chronicles, whence they first drew the fictions of their muse, may be said to have fostered this spirit, and afforded it room for extensive development. It was a peculiarity which distinguished the early romantic poems of Italy from those of the Greek epoch, that while Homer drew his fable from the Rhapsodists of the same country, who had either lived contemporaneously with the events which they described, or heard their recital from those who had been engaged in them, the Italian Romanzieri compiled their poems from the prose chronicles of foreign countries, which had been pieced together from the ballads of the old minstrelsy centuries after their authors were forgotten. Hence it followed not only that the original source of inspiration was dead, and that everything like real interest in the feats narrated had expired with it, but that a new organization of society had sprung up, which flung derision upon the uncouth manners it had displaced, and rendered them objects of popular pleasantry. The mixture of Saracenic magic and monastic legends with the myths of the Greek traditions and the sorceries of the scaldaic diabolry, by which the old prose romancers sought to diversify their tedious recital of the wretched feuds, sieges, rapes, battles, rescues, and love adventures of the middle ages, could breed in any well-balanced mind nothing but revulsion or ridicule. Accordingly we find that while they were regarded with extreme aversion by Dante, Petrarch,* and Boccaccio, those who did not share their intimacy with classical literature, but who were equally impelled to write, versified these tales to gratify the feeling of the marvellous in the vulgar, and to entertain them with lively strokes of wit and pleasantry. What Zinabi and the unknown authors of the *Buore d' Antona* and *Trebisonda* began, found so responsive an echo in the light hearts of the populace that Luigi Pulci was induced to apply his talents to this species of poetry for the amusement of the wits who nightly assembled round Lorenzio dé Medici, and the genius of Ariosto and Berni has since made it popular with the world.

Some Italian writers, resenting the opinion as a reflection on their national dignity that their leading romantic poems were only so many travesties of the feudal traditions and beliefs, have stoutly denied their jocose character, and endeavoured to place

* Petrarch's contempt for these fables is evident from the lines,

'Ecco quei che le carte empion di sogni,
Tranciletto, Tristano, e gli altri erranti.'

them in the category of serious compositions. The question has been debated for the last two centuries, but after all the smoke has been cleared away, it does not appear that the subject has derived much elucidation at the hands of the disputants, who have evinced more passion in the contest than logical acumen and skill. While one party have inferred that these poems cannot belong to the burlesque, simply because they are frequently characterised by an exalted train of thought, the other have argued that they cannot be placed in the category of serious compositions because their predominant tone consists of easy banter and ludicrous exaggeration. It did not occur to either that these poems might belong to neither of the classes prepared for them,—that being an entirely new species of composition, the existing vocabulary of poetry was quite inadequate without a confusion of ideas to furnish a name which should designate their specific qualities. The oversight was the more inexcusable, as the very name wanting in the case had been applied by the Spaniards to their comedy, which stood precisely in the same relation to Spain as the romantic epic to Italy. The Spaniard wanted to laugh without compromising his dignity; he therefore avoided low buffoonery, and sought his entertainment in scenes of felicitous humour, occasionally diversified with exquisite pathos. The result was the tragi-comic drama of Calderon and Lope de Vega. The Italian, though less scrupulous about the sources whence his raillery was drawn, also intermingled the serious and the burlesque; but as he indulges more profusely in the latter element than his Spanish neighbour, there is greater reason for the appropriateness of the title as regards the corresponding epic. Much of the confusion which has hitherto surrounded this subject is in our opinion owing to the introduction of the word burlesque into the discussion without any definite meaning. It is evident that this word can bear some half-dozen interpretations. It may signify the mock heroic, the tragi-comic, or the ordinary comic, in which either refined humour or scurrilous jest predominates. That the poems under consideration do not fall into some of these classes is clear, but it is no less clear that they are involved in others to which the word burlesque is equally applicable. It does not follow because these poems do not belong to the low burlesque that they must be serious, any more than the inference that a man must be virtuous because he is not a sot.

Before noticing the fragmentary argument on which the gravity of these poems is made to rest, particularly by two recent Italian scholars, who have published their opinions in this country, we

will endeavour to obtain the general principle by which alone a dispute of this kind can be equitably settled. It seems to have escaped Ginguené and the gentlemen who have undertaken to pull his view to pieces, that the character of these poems cannot be decided by disquisitions upon isolated passages, so well as by determining the constitutive qualities which enter into the composition of serious and burlesque poetry, and afterwards proceeding to consider to which of these two classes the poems in question belong. This is the only test which can make the truth visible in the argument, and eliminate the false substance with which it has been ingeniously blended.

The distinction between burlesque and serious poetry will not be difficult to seize, if we consider the true object of poetic fiction. This undoubtedly is imitation. The poet does not reproduce the past or the present with a strict adherence to positive reality, but in such a variety of form as may diversify nature without ceasing the less on that account to copy her models, or to attend to the details of actual existence. The imagination is fed and stimulated by romantic incidents, while the characters are so closely drawn from life, that the judgment of the reader is held in suspense, and the mind imposed upon by the semblance of reality. Poetry, indeed, viewed as to its end, is only an extension of painting. What the artist endeavours to produce by the sketch of the exterior lineaments, the poet aims at by the reproduction of the interior life; but while the triumphs of the one are limited to a single event or position, that of the other is co-extensive with the crowded incidents of an age. The merit of the poet, as well as that of the artist, is estimated according to the fidelity of his copy; for, apart from the pleasure derived from imitation, by his skill in this respect human experience is enlarged, the mind enabled to converse with forms, either long since buried, or out of the sphere of its existence, and to live in centuries which are not its own. If then the writer be intent on gaining these results, by modelling his creations on natural forms, no matter whether his scenes be comic or serious, no matter what may be the nature of the supernatural machinery he introduces, so that it be consonant with the actual belief of his heroes, there can be no doubt that he is fulfilling the object of his mission; and neither jesting with the subject or his reader. Shakespeare is as serious in his creation of *Falstaff*, as in that of *King Lear*; and Homer, in his personification of *Thersites*, as in that of *Achilles*: both are engaged in the imitation of nature. But when nothing like the imitation of actual nature is intended beyond the mere transcript of the general passions of humanity, when the characters are so managed as almost

unceasingly to excite laughter by startling contrast of situation, when supernatural machinery is introduced, not with reverence, as exciting the awe of believers, but simply to cover them with ridicule and to divert the reader at the expense of the credulity of his species, though the writer may to vary his page be sometimes pathetic and occasionally sublime, still any unbiassed critic would not hesitate to consider such a class of productions as mere travesties of human manners and traditions. That such are the nature of the poems whose characters are at issue we shall proceed to show.

The only light in which romantic poetry can be accepted as an imitation of nature is that which would place the manners it represents to the account of the middle ages; and since the Homeric poems were the reproduction of the heroic age of Greece, so naturalize the romantic muse as the resuscitation of the chivalric period of Europe. In this way Vico's theory of cycles would, to some extent, be realized, and two periods of barbarism be succeeded by the same groups of warlike chieftains struggling to plant their foot upon the neck of lawless might, and to raise their species to a superior degree of civilization. We are prepared to admit, as serious attempts to reproduce the mediæval period, such works as the *Girone il Cortese* of Alamanni, and the *Amadigi* of the elder Tasso, and the *Rinaldo* of Torquato; but this class of poems failed to interest either their own age or posterity, not from any lack of genius on the part of their authors, but from the fact that they lived too far distant from the times they ventured to illustrate, and drew their materials from chroniclers whose fictions are one mass of vulgar contortion and insipidity. Had these writers, like our own Scott, placed themselves in actual contact with the mediæval ages, and studied every authentic record which could throw light upon their customs and events, they might have produced romantic poetry of a grand and heroic cast; but in allowing the monstrous fictions of the old chroniclers to stand between them and their subject, they gave rise to abortions which, blending the forms of genius with the mis-shapen phantoms of a disordered imagination, fell dead as soon as they were ushered into the world. The public were not interested, because the mediæval age was neither travestied nor reproduced. They had not attempted the one, and had failed to effect the other.

That Pulci and Ariosto did not attempt in this spirit to divert the public by enshrining in solemn verse the insipid extravagances of the prose romancers, is sufficiently evident from the fact that, instead of pruning down, like Bernardo Tasso, and Alamanni, the inconsistencies of these fictions, they multiply them in every

conceivable manner, and exaggerate them until they become a thousand times more ridiculous. If Orlando and his troops, at the famous battle of Roncesvalle, are surrounded by 50,000 Saracens, in the *Quatre Fitz-Aymon*; in the *Morgante* of Pulci they make head against 600,000: if, in *Bojardo*, Rhodomont manages with difficulty to put a troop of Christians to flight; in the *Orlando* of Ariosto he routs an entire army as easily as Sancho Panza a flock of sheep; keeps the populace of a city at bay; despatches thousands of them to Orcus by a single stroke of his sword, and flings their buildings about their ears with the same facility as a child would blow down a castle of cards. If the heroes of the *Reali di Francia* frequently fight after they have been covered with mortal wounds, the heroes of Berni and Ariosto are not unfrequently found combatting with no heads on their shoulders or after having been killed outright.* Indeed, Baron Munchausen on the field of Leipsic does not perform so many marvellous exploits, or escape from such extraordinary complications, as the leading heroes of the *Morgante* and the *Orlando*. When the marvellous incidents of the prose romances can be invested with amusing accessories, the occasion is never missed by either Pulci or Ariosto. Of this kind is the story of Orlando's flight with the sea-gull, which he manages to drag on shore by means of a cable tied to an enormous anchor, the ends of which he has fixed into the upper and lower jaws of the monster, in its attempt to gulp down both the boat and himself. Ariosto, when he wishes to aggrandise his objects, has recourse to those amusing contrasts which Swift applies with such ludicrous effect in the travels of Gulliver. Orlando, on the points of the anchor being thrust into the expanded jaws of the sea-ork, leaps upon its lower teeth, and having sabred the roof and sides of its mouth, drops, amidst a shower of gore, into his boat, and rows out in a sea of blood. It would certainly be whimsical if the sources whence Burger partly drew his extravagant romance, and the Irish dignitary fed the fire of that wit which threw the gravest divines of Queen Anne's reign into convulsions of laughter,† should have been in-

* 'Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
Questo pagan, lo fe si destramente,
Che l'un pezzo in su l'altra suggellato
Rimase, senza muoversi niente.
E come avvien, quand uno è riscaldato,
Che le ferite per allor non sente,
Così colui del colpo non accorto
Andava combattendo ed era morto.'

BERNI, *Ovl. Inn.* l. ii. c. 24, 560.

+ Dean Swift's obligations to the burlesque romangieri are evident from many allusions in his works. One of the most glaring is Captain Gulliver's expedient of extinguishing the fire which broke out in the palace of Lilliput, which coincides with that adopted by the giants in the poem of Forteguerri.

tended as serious descriptions of any phase of existence. But this is not the whole of the case. With all the absurdities which the prose writers gravely narrate, they are at least true to the mediaeval chevaliers, in representing them as preserving the integrity of their honour without a stain, and maintaining their plighted word unbroken. For this, however, the only point in which the old chroniclers are faithful to their subjects, they are almost perpetually travestied by the poets in question. Ruggiero's fidelity to Bradamant is only preserved so long as temptation is out of the way. Rinaldo attempts the chastity of every woman who seeks his protection, and indeed, declares that any lady who does not satisfy the desires of her lover in this respect ought to undergo capital punishment.* Neither Astolpho nor Olivero ever keep their word, when they can gain any advantage by breaking it. Now there are none of these variations which are not intended to divert the reader, from the ludicrous manner in which the contest between duty and pleasure is painted, and from the discovery of modern delinquents under the coat of the sworn martyrs to high principle and worth. The fact is, that Pulci and his followers knew well that in their corrupt age, not the slightest sympathy was to be expected for the heroes of the old chroniclers, and that if the public neither wept nor laughed over their conduct, they must infallibly yawn. It was consequently their interest either to abandon the subject altogether, or to use it as a vehicle for covertly insinuating their own opinions, while they laughed at the follies, beliefs, and pretensions of humanity. The manners of the age bred in them that humorous spirit which rendered the latter course irresistible.

That these poems contain passages as sublime and pathetic as any that are to be met with in the serious heroic epic, may be readily admitted; but such passages will be found to be few in comparison with the jocund portions of the work, and are moreover interspersed or accompanied with so strong a tincture of the

* This chieftain, when he hears, in the case of Ginevra, of the law of decapitation promulgated by the King of Scotland against the gravest description of feminine weakness, amusingly exclaims,—

‘ Una donzella dunque de’ morire,
Perchè lasciò sfogar nell’ amorose,
Sue braccia al suo amator tanto desire?
Sia maladetto chi tal legge pose,
E maladetto chi la può patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele
Non chi dà vita al suo amator edele.’

Orland. c. iv., st. 63.

Ariosto even carries this strange system of ethics into the next world, and in Astolpho's visit to hell, represents Anaxarete as undergoing divine punishment for not returning the passion of Iphis, and Daphne for running away from Apollo.

ludicrous as to detract in a great measure from the sympathetic feeling they are otherwise calculated to produce. The death-bed scene of Orlando in Pulci is affecting until the author winds it up with a farcical description of the Roman doctrine of confession.* One of the most pathetic parts of the *Orlando Furioso* is undoubtedly the death of Zerbino, and the devotion of his faithful spouse, Isabella, to his remains.† Yet this piece is immediately succeeded by the scandalous episode of Giocondo, and disfigured by the representation of the naked feelings of a monk who, while endeavouring to administer spiritual consolation to Isabella, had need of the most stoic heroism to preserve his own virtue. It is usual, indeed, for these poets to bring the pathetic in still closer connexion with the ludicrous, by dashing a stanza of solemn description with some levity that shall excite mirth by the startling nature of the contrast. Of this kind, Byron, who learned his art in their school, will afford us the best example where he represents the remnants of the crew who escaped shipwreck with Don Juan in a most terrific plight, weeping over their sad fate and that of their more unfortunate companions:—

‘ The long boat still
 Kept above water with an oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitched together, answering ill
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
 Though every wave rolled menacing to fill,
 And present peril all before surpassed,
 They grieved for those who perished in the cutter,
 And also for the biscuits, bread, and butter.’

Jeffrey, in alluding to the practice of the noble bard in surrounding the passion of illicit love with all the feelings and sympathies of pure affection, taxed him with degrading humanity by associating the holy with the profane; but if the reader will follow Rinaldo through his love adventures, in any of the humorous romantic poets, or revert to the licentious episodes which Ariosto has introduced into his poem, he will find that on this kind of contrast the wit of the Italian poets in their love description depends to a great degree for its success. Occasionally, their humour in this way takes a less exceptionable turn. Every reader knows with what solemnity the epic poets invoke the assistance of the muses—how the hand trembles with reverence and the diction becomes more elevated as Clio or Euterpe is invited to guide the poet’s flight. Ariosto generally thrusts aside these beings as phantasms, to invoke his mistress, whose smiles alone can excite his imagination to pursue the daring theme; or if he and Berni allude to them, it is in a similar spirit

* Cant. xxvii., v. 110.

† C. xxiv., v. 67.

to Byron, who is too much engrossed by the sensuality of the subject to observe the etiquette of Parnassus.

'Hail, Muse! *et cetera.* We left Juan sleeping,
Pilloved upon a fair and happy breast.'

The sublime passages of these poets are more numerous than the pathetic, but not less pervaded by the inimitable humour which is the principal characteristic of their genius. Burke has analyzed the quality of sublimity into a species of pleasing awe quite inconsistent, however, with any jocose sort of feeling. Had Burke read Ariosto and Berni in the original, he might have been induced to modify his opinion. For they do not even interpose Bonaparte's step, between the sublime and the ridiculous, but contrive, by some unaccountable manipulation of ideas, to be both at the same time.

But the sportful character of these productions is more glaringly evinced by the nature of their supernatural machinery and the mode in which it is introduced. If a poet be in earnest with his subject, he certainly will never venture to delineate the supernal agents who preside over the religion of his heroes, except with those majestic features which command awe and reverence wherever they appear. Without this course, nature must fail to be adequately represented; for there never can be, in the present construction of things, such a solecism as men placing faith in beings who do not exact the homage of the higher faculties of their minds. Hence all the serious epic writers, whether they believed in the supernatural agents they employed or not, have exhausted all the resources of their minds in investing them with attributes of a grand and imposing character. Voltaire, while conducting the spirit of *Henri Quatre* through the Elysian regions, sinks his deistical notions and writes like a pious Catholic. Though Camoens had the bad taste to represent Christian saints in conjunction with Pagan divinities, as watching over the destiny of the bark which effected the greatest revolution ever witnessed in the commercial history of nations, these beings are invariably introduced with pomp and solemnity, and inspire that awe which dilates the subject to the scale of epic grandeur. No serious poet, from Homer down to Klopstock, ever alludes to supernatural agencies without that gravity which shows for the time being that he is a believer in the pretensions to which they lay claim. Now this principle, so essential to the grave epope, is completely inverted by Pulci, Ariosto, and their followers. The invariable rule with them is to introduce the agents of religion in some position either at war with their profession or inconsistent with their dignity, for the purpose of

covering them with ridicule. If these authors should happen to be occasionally serious, the reader may be assured that priests and monks, angels and demons, are some thousand miles away. Their presence is invariably the signal that the fun is going to begin. In Ariosto the presence of Discord is necessary to create disunion in the Pagan ranks, and that of Silence to conduct the English contingent of the Christian army stealthily to the enemy's encampments. The archangel Michael is despatched by God to engage these two spirits in this mission, and flies to a monastery with the idea of delivering his instructions to Silence, whom he naturally concludes must be an inhabitant of the cloister. To his surprise, however, the monastery is not the retreat of Silence, but of Discord.* The demon having, according to the archangel's instructions, kindled the sparks of animosity in the Pagan camp, flies back to his beloved monastery to be present at the election of an abbot. While the malevolent spirit is blowing the fires of enmity among the monks on this occasion, the Pagans settle their differences and again present a united front to the enemy. God is extremely furious with Michael for having neglected to keep Discord in the Pagan camp; whereat the archangel again seeks the monastery in search of the demon, and having found him in the midst of the monks, who, under his influence, are flinging their breviaries at each other, he administers to the demon a few kicks, and drives him back to his charge by breaking a crozier across his head and shoulders.† This interlude we dare vouch to be one of the most decent of its kind. Pulci and Ariosto, in addition to being invariably witty at the expense of their religious agents, are frequently coarse and sometimes obscene.

One of the stereotyped forms in which their irreligious hilarity displays itself, is the frequent citation of a certain Archbishop Turpin, whom tradition assigns to Charlemagne as chaplain. The author of one of the prose romances which embraces the exploits of that monarch and his paladins, with a view to impart to his fictions greater credibility, palmed them upon that dignitary; and Pope Calixtus II. in the exercise of his infallible authority, pronounced both author and record to be genuine. This opportunity of indulging in a laugh at the expense of the church, was too rich not to be turned to account, and accordingly we find the author of the *Buovo d'Antona*, and Pulci commencing the practice, when they had anything particularly absurd to recount, of calling in Archbishop Turpin as an authority too potent to dispute. When Rhodomont sends the friar, who accompanies Isabella, spinning three miles through the air, with one fling of his arm,

* *Orlando*, c. xiv., v. 80, 81.

† *Ibid.*, c. xxvii., v. 37, 38.

the reader is gravely told the fact is indisputable, for Archbishop Turpin, the only competent authority in the case, has pronounced upon it. Berni avers in the spirit of Isaac Bickerstaff, that though everything which Turpin states is a falsehood, it is necessary to believe him because he is an archbishop.

‘ Perchè egli era arcivescovo, bisogna
Credergli, ancor che dica la menzogna.’*

Bello relates how a giant which Bradamante had slain, fell with such force to the ground as to overturn a Saracen king on horseback, and sink both steed and rider so deep in the earth that no trace of them has since been discovered. Of course the bent in the ground was still to be seen, but the *savans* of Paris would have it that the knight and his horse were buried after the fall, as the only rational mode of accounting for the latter part of the story. But Turpin decided the point by averring that horse and rider, instead of being driven into the earth, were crushed to powder by the concussion. Though the reader in every other circumstance of the case might follow his own opinion, from Turpin’s decision there could be no appeal.

‘ Turpin volendo poi tal question solvere,
Scrisse che colui s’era fatto in polvere.’†

‘ Ma poi che’l non è articolo di fede,
Tenete quella parte che vi piacej
l’autor liberamente vel concede.’‡

When it is remembered that the Roman church allows its members to use their own judgment with respect to points of doctrine on which she has not pronounced, and only accepts those which have been positively defined as an actual test of heresy, there can be little doubt as to the aim of the above passages, or of their being entirely out of character with any serious poetry of which that church furnished the supernatural element.

But the travesty in the religious aspects of these pieces is not confined to those particular forms of doctrine in which the heroes believed, but really involves the existence of supernatural belief itself. Ariosto throws doubt on the doctrine of the resurrection, and Pulci affirms that we can know nothing of our destiny with respect to a posterior stage of existence. Sidney Smith was of opinion that the hills and streams might remain, even should there be no more bishops and deans. Pulci ventures to think that the world may survive Christianity, and religion as well as other mortal things prove a dream.§ These doctrines certainly do not lack the support of ludicrous representations of Christian

* *Orl. Inn.* l. 18, 26.
‡ *Ibid.*, st. 37.

† *Mambriano*, st. 36.
§ *Morg. Mag.* xxvi. 31.

belief. If a battle takes place between the Christians and Saracens, the angels and devils who hover over the field are not unfrequently described scuffling over the soul of some departed combatant whose spiritual account is pretty equally balanced, much in the same style as porters from rival hotels seize upon a passenger's effects at an ill-regulated landing-place. The picture is generally heightened by the representation of St. Peter in a state of steaming perspiration, caused by the discharge of his duty as door porter to heaven.

'E perchè Pietro alla porta è pur vecchio
Credo che molto quel giorno s'affanna.
Si che la barba gli sudava e il pelo.'*

Unfortunately such sceptical opinions and derisive pictures have not been without influence over the most gifted mind of the last century. Lord Byron sometimes quoted, frequently imitated, and occasionally adopted passages from Pulci, Bello, and Ariosto. It is by no means an argument in favour of the serious character of their romantic poems that Orlando's Vision in *Mambriano*, and the scene at Pulci's battle of Roncesvalle, furnished that noble bard with the most impious banter of his *Vision of Judgment*.

We each have followed the steps of Ulysses and Eneas with more or less awe, as they penetrate into the infernal regions; for though we know that the spirits which cross their path are but the phantoms of a heated imagination; still the solemnity with which they are introduced, and the majesty of diction by which their recitals are sustained, overawe the judgment, and invest the scene with some appearance of reality. It remained for Ariosto to avail himself of the hint which these splendid pictures afforded, not to enoble scenes of a similar character, according to the light which a higher revelation pointed out to him, but to turn them into ridicule. Astolpho arrives at the entrance of hell upon his hippocriff, (one of the most humorous inventions of Ariosto) in the wake of the harpies, whom he has driven by the sound of his redoubtable horn from blind king Senape's table. He descends through the smoke, as a man would scramble down a dark cave, and being suffocated with sulphur, is about to effect a retreat, when he is accosted by one Lydia, who harangues him on the crime of coldness and ingratitude in women, and points out their effects in the immortal perdition of Anaxarcte, Daphne, herself, and a multitude of others, who might have enjoyed eternal felicity had they appreciated the passion of their lovers. Having gained the upper air, Astolpho mounts the hippocriff, and wings his way to the terrestrial paradise, which, as in Dante, is situate

on the summit of an adjoining hill, where he is received by St. John, 'the obscure author of the Apocalypse,'* and as Beatrice conducts Dante from thence to the empyrean heaven, so Ariosto represents the apostle as leading Astolpho in Elias's fiery chariot from his dwelling to the moon, that he may put the knight in possession of Orlando's lost reason which is bottled up in that planet, and confounded with a heap of other useless lumber. Amid the pile of trumpery stored up in the moon, for the most part consisting of the sighs of lovers, the crowns of dethroned sovereigns, the prayers of the wicked, and the praises of great men, Astolpho discovers the title-deeds of the Roman States which Constantine bestowed on Pope Sylvester.

* *Di vari fiori ad un gran monte passa
Ch' ebbe già buono odore, or puzza forte ;
Questo era il dono, se però dir lece,
Che Costantino al buon Silvestro fece.* †

Ariosto then puts into the mouth of the Evangelist a panegyric on the virtues of Hippolito d'Este, his cardinal patron, who was certainly one of the most libidinous and heartless princes of his age. This systematic employment of the supernatural to excite mirth at the expense of the belief which men place in its agency, is quite at variance with serious poetry of any kind. Instead of concurring to the representation of actual nature in its heroic aspects, it inverts the principles which enter into its sublimest realities, by placing the gravest feelings of man and his most solemn opinions, under the feet of the idle and dissolute banter of the hour. In works of every kind, and in none more than romantic poetry, there is, we admit, room for a variety of combination. Man is a complex creature, and can be made to laugh or weep, without doing injustice to his nature, so as the proper seasons and circumstances are observed in the picture; but if he be introduced as never laughing except at a funeral, and never jocose except at prayers; if in his most frivolous occupations he is always serious, and only inclined to be merry when others are sad, whatever meaning might be attached to such a character, nothing serious could be included in it. We readily allow that men do not always place their belief in the theogonies they describe, and that it is often a mark of the highest wisdom to cover them with ridicule; but if a poet deem the religion of his heroes too foolish for rational representation, he will show his sense by imitating Lucan, and excluding them altogether. The adoption of any other course appears to us inconsistent with serious heroic poetry. The arguments by which the opposite view has been maintained, besides involving a certain amount of inconsistency, do

* *Lo scrittore dell' oscura Apocalisse.*

† *Orl. Far. c. 34, st. 80.*

not singly carry with them much force. Ginguené, while classing the *Morgante* and the *Mambriano* among poetry of the burlesque kind, seems to think that the *Orlando Furioso* may pass muster as a serious poem, because it does not exceed the limits of that amount of comic humour which the romantic epic may receive without subverting its gravity. With this confession, Foscolo and Panizzi very naturally contend that the *Morgante* ought to be included in the same category. The principle which the French critic applies to Ariosto, the Italian critics apply to Pulci. It admits of this easy answer: that if the ludicrous in these compositions did not destroy their serious character, there would remain no mark by which the grave epic could be distinguished from the burlesque, or in other words, the actual representation of an heroic action from its travesty. Foscolo cites the case of Homer and Shakespeare, and Panizzi, with the zeal of a disciple, follows him. But if these bards be examined, their jests will never be found out of their proper place. Let it be supposed, however, that Homer had represented Venus kicking the shins of Achilles, the only part where that gentleman was vulnerable; or that Shakespeare had dressed the ghost in *Hamlet* in pantaloons, and made him deliver extravagances about the Roman doctrine of purgatory: would either of the Italian critics believe, if such jokes were repeated wherever the supernatural was introduced, that either of the bards in question could have the slightest claim to rank as serious poets, merely because in some ordinary scenes they had preserved a grave countenance? It is the invariable rule of Shakespeare in his tragedies, to put his jests in the mouths of his lowest characters. It is a rule almost as invariable with Pulci and Ariosto to reserve their whimsicalities for their gravest personages. If such be not the distinguishing feature of the burlesque epic, we ask our opponents to draw the line between the *Puccelle* and the *Henriade*.

But Foscolo imagined he had found a key to the elucidation of the seemingly hybrid character of these poems, in the principle 'that their comic humour arose from the contrast between the constant endeavours of the writers to adhere to the forms and subjects of the popular story-tellers, and the efforts made at the same time by these writers to render such materials interesting and sublime;*' and Mr. Panizzi, in his account of the romantic poetry of his countrymen, parades this axiom before his readers as a solution of the entire difficulty.† The world would be led by these gentlemen to believe, that Pulci and Ariosto went to work as gravely upon the narrations of the story-tellers, as Homer upon the rhapsodies of the early Greek minstrels, or as Tasso upon the

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xlvi., p. 521.

† *Boyardo and Ariosto*, vol i., p. 203.

traditions which had reached his day concerning the Crusades; and that they had set their readers laughing without the slightest intention to be facetious. We can only say, that every line in their poems contradicts so manifest an absurdity. The fact is, these poets had nothing to do with the subjects of the story-tellers, any further than they were connected with the prose romances whence they drew the materials of their poems; and we have seen, that instead of deriving their comic humour from an adherence to the narration of these works, it was only by departing from some of their principal features and exaggerating others, that their humorous character was obtained. With regard to the simple forms of the story-tellers which the romantic poets adopt, there is certainly nothing in them to excite merriment, even if accepted in a farcical spirit. They may be reduced to two kinds:—1. The interweaving story with story, and carrying on several threads during the same sitting, taking care to drop each at the precise point that the plot is most interesting, that the hearer may be kept in pleasing suspense till the next day. —2. The dismissal of the auditory with some courteous phrase, and the opening of the next sitting with an invocation or reflection either appertaining to the last narration, or to that on which the story-teller is entering. That man must be a wizard who could by an adroit management of forms like these, elicit such humour as to make a poem on a serious subject assume the appearance of a burlesque. But Foscolo's theory is nullified by the fact, that there exist romantic epics, by writers of undoubted genius who have exerted all the powers of their mind to make 'the forms and subjects of the story-tellers as interesting and sublime' as possible, and who yet have not exhibited a single spark of comic humour. If the theory of the Italian critic be true, at least the *Girone il Cortese* of Alamanni, and the *Amadigi* of Bernardo Tasso ought to display as much hilarity as *Mambriano* and the *Morgante Maggiore*. Why do the latter sparkle with jest, and the former read like prosaic epics? Simply because Alamanni and Tasso tried to reproduce the mediæval age and failed; while Pulci and Bello attempted its travesty, and met with some degree of success.

Mr. Panizzi, not content with leaving the question to be settled by the cautious generalities of his predecessor, ventures further into detail, but, as it appears to us, with still less success. If Pulci intersperses obscene stories with snatches of church prayers, we are informed that nothing irreligious is intended by the poet, inasmuch as this practice is observed by the story-tellers. We have heard the narrations of this fraternity, both at Naples and Venice, without having had our ears pained by such

contrasts, and we have as much right to infer, as Mr. Panizzi has to assert anything to the contrary, that the same propriety was observed some four centuries ago in Italy: but even admitting the authority, a burlesque tale in the street will not lose its character when converted into verse and recited in a palace. In the *Morgante*, Archbishop Turpin hears the confession of Orlando before he expires, and proceeds to absolve him 'by the power of the Grand Cephas,' having enjoined him to say a *Paternoster* or a *Miserere*, or if he wishes, one *peccavi* by way of sacramental penance.* Mr. Panizzi attempts to get rid of the ludicrous in this scene, by informing his readers that Cephas means a stone, which is quite tantamount to saying that a jest could not be a jest if one of the words in which it was conveyed could be proved to be of Syriac derivation. But he not only fails to account for the jocose passages of Pulci on other grounds than those of burlesque, but he actually cites the most refined drollery of his poem as a proof of the serious intent of the author. Astarotte, one of Pulci's friends, is made to convey Rinaldo, at Malagigi's behest, from Egypt to Roncesvalle. The author makes use of this episode to display his theological acquirements, by originating a discussion between these personages upon the divine economy, in which Astarotte undertakes to reconcile the prescience of God with the free will of his creatures, and to defend the justice which has banished him from heaven, and the overthrow of which he is continually plotting, against Malagigi and Rinaldo, who impugn, or at all events object to it. Now all this arch wagery, simply because conducted with a serious face, Mr. Panizzi thinks as solemn and edifying as a sermon; and avers, with an air of triumph, that if Pulci intended a burlesque, he would certainly not have allowed so fine an opportunity for indulging in his sportive vein to escape, without turning it to account. This impenetrability to a joke surpasses all bounds. We wonder whether Mr. Panizzi would think an author serious if he placed a homily on gaming in the month of a dicer, or allowed one of his robbers to dilate on the advantages of an efficient police. The fact is, that every writer, from Claudian and Vida, downwards, who have been at all in earnest with their devils, have represented them as impugning the justice of the Almighty; and even those of Byron, who was not very delicate with the subjects of his banter, have this character. Mr. Panizzi evidently cannot understand a jest except when the author laughs outright. The gravity which he so innocently accepts as real, forms one of the most telling characteristics of Pulci's levity.

But Mr. Panizzi's mistakes in this matter are not confined to

* C. xxvii., st. 120.

mere speculative opinion, but extend into the sphere of business, in which, we fear, they have proved equally disastrous to his publisher and himself. The prejudice which led him to confound all the early romantic poems of Italy under the head of serious epics, induced him to publish along with the *Orlando Furioso* a work which has been long since consigned to the shelf even in Italy. It will be borne in mind that, though Ariosto's poem is only a continuation of the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo, he was so far from adopting the style of his predecessor, that the two poems are separated from each other by the line that divides the grave from the burlesque epic. Ariosto, knowing his subject would not bear serious treatment, elicits humour out of everything; Boyardo, while dealing with very absurd traditions, is as much in earnest as Lucan could possibly be while versifying the gazettes of the civil war. The consequence was, that the *Orlando* of Ariosto so far flung that of Boyardo into the shade, that had not Berni applied his rich comic genius to recast the *Orlando Innamorato* in the humorous mould of Ariosto, not only the poem itself, but the name of its author would have been speedily forgotten. But Berni, while embalming the memory of Boyardo, by a scrupulous adherence to the thread of his narrative and the divisions of the poem, has introduced such rich veins of humour into his *Rifacimento*, that the latter work has entirely changed the character of the original, and taken its place as an introduction to the *Orlando* of Ariosto. Mr. Panizzi, however, not content with this exchange, though ratified by the judgment of three centuries, and deeming Boyardo's poem to be of the same stamp as that of Ariosto, is desirous to place the former in its original position, under the plea that so great a work ought not to be allowed to be forgotten. Mr. Panizzi, however, has not succeeded in gaining for Boyardo one whit more attention than he has enjoyed since Berni ejected him from the reading world; but in striving to rescue his poem from oblivion, has only sunk himself, and contributed, in some degree, to the ruin of his publisher. Like a man who, with more zeal than prudence, rushes into a stream to save his friend, Mr. Panizzi, instead of snatching Boyardo from his fate, has only steeped his own labours in the same gulf, and added another reputation to the waters of Lethe.

The question of the poetical character of the chief romantic poems of Italy is by no means one of a trivial character; for apart from the light which a correct appreciation of their qualities must throw on the features of the age, and the nature and object of poetic art in general, no one will deny that a right settlement of the dispute is essential to any acquaintance foreigners may desire to form with these productions, either

through the analysis of their own critics or through the more effective medium of translations. Were such poets as Pulci and Bello alone concerned, who are little read out of Italy, the matter would not be of so great importance; but as Ariosto's genius, though exercised in a lower school of art, was no less vivid than that of Homer and Virgil, the translation of serious Orlando imposes a deception of a vital character on the mind of educated Europe. Yet it is a remarkable fact that the two versions upon which most of the learned minds of this country have had to depend for their knowledge of Ariosto are of this description. Harrington candidly assures his readers that the poet wrote his licentious episodes to excite disgust for vice, and that the entire poem was designed to exhibit, under the veil of a pleasing allegory, the loveliness of virtue. Though Hoole does not go so far in his speculative opinion, his version of the Orlando is a much more serious matter than that of Harrington, as Hoole adheres less to the original and endeavours to trick out the airiest humour of the poet in the solemn għar that Pope flung round the Greek epic. The grave strut which Hoole labours to impart to the fantastic inventions of Ariosto is similar in its effects to the attempt of the clown of Astley's to imitate the solemn port of Prince Menschikoff. There is a travesty of the comic as well as of the serious, and we sincerely aver that the reader can obtain no more idea of Ariosto's poem from the pages of Hoole than he can form of the Eneid from the burlesque of Scarron or Lalli. All the extravagant exaggerations of the poet are accepted by the translator in a serious spirit, and though evidently written to cast ridicule on the old romances, Hoole cites Don Quixote to prove that the knight of La Mancha had such passages in his eye when writing his romance, and that the aim of Cervantes was to ridicule a work the design of which was to a great extent similar to his own. Nor is the poet better represented in France, if we may judge from the versions of Tressan, and Mirabeaud, and the criticisms of Boileau and Despreaux. The consequence is that the poetical manes of Ariosto must appear to a foreigner a more dismal representation of him than the mangled figure of Hector did in the dream of Eneas. Such misconceptions are not without their effect in the history of foreign literatures. By their influence writers like Spenser and Blackmore have been led to waste their talents on unnatural subjects, and England well nigh lost her greatest epic poet, who, under a similar delusion, meditated the serious folly which Blackmore subsequently committed. By their influence communication between the illustrious dead and the living is cut off, and generations of foreigners acquire an indifference to treasures which form one of the richest heirlooms which genius has bequeathed to posterity.

Of the burlesque *Romanzieri* who preceded Ariosto little is known beyond the cotemporary events of the age in which they lived and the circumstances under which they produced their poetry. Pulci was born in the December of 1431; it is stated of a poor but honest family; but what was his condition in life—whether he was married or single, or eat up church benefices or lived on the profits of his own industry—does not appear. Some of his biographers assert he was a canon; others place him in a civil office of Lorenzo's government, and connect him with matrimonial ties; both equally on their own authority, or without further warrant for their statements than can be obtained by surmise and conjecture. That he had children is past a doubt, but that these prevented him from entering or continuing in the church we think improbable, from the fact that his family had no means of educating him without ecclesiastical assistance, and that Pulci himself was not likely to attract the notice of Lorenzo in any other position. He did not commence his *Morgante* till the age of fifty, and before that time had published nothing to excite the attention of the court but a few scurrilous sonnets, undertaken in concert with one Franko, a priest, with a view to try who could launch at the other the most effective abuse. Whatever were the nature of his appointments, they were not worth much, for he died poor, somewhere about his sixty-fifth year, and, some add, was refused consecrated interment. Of Bello even not so much is known. That he flourished at the close of the fifteenth century, that he came blind to the court of the Gonzagas at Mantua to seek his fortune, and amused the courtiers and the prince by reciting the ill-connected tales which compose the *Mambriano*, and that he died as miserably as he lived, is all that Fame deigns to recount of one of the most gifted of his age.

The hard state of dependence in which these writers lived, their mean origin, and their few incentives to study, conspired to lower the tone of their poetry and to deprive their expressions of that elegance which, under a less chilling destiny, they would doubtless have exhibited. In Ariosto, however, these unfavourable circumstances were to a great degree reversed. Connected by consanguinity with the ducal family of Ferrara, and descended from the major duomo of the palace and the chief magistrate of the city, he had a kind of prescriptive right to the first employments of the state, and though salaried by its chiefs, could afford to act with a degree of independence. That he availed himself of the privileges thus afforded him is sufficiently evident from the fact that he spent the best part of his official life in composing and revising his works, and took care to decline every office that

seemed likely to interfere with his literary labours. He lived to revise and prepare for the press three editions of his great poem, with what minuteness and care will appear from collating his final corrections and additions with the first printed copy. With Ariosto, the composition of the *Orlando* was a far less serious matter than its revision. If it took him ten years to write the poem, the correction of it extended over a period of sixteen, during which time he was far more closely engaged at his task than in the previous period. In Pulci and Bello we behold the rude efforts of nature: in Ariosto, the richest results of nature combined with the highest efforts of art.

The poet's functions at the House of Este being generally prescribed by the exigencies of the state, appear to have been of a very miscellaneous character. Having abandoned the law, for which he was originally intended, he entered into the household of Cardinal Ippolito, the brother and the prime minister of the Duke of Ferrara, and was employed by that prelate in every mission where the poet's talents could be turned to any account. He fought in the ducal army, commanded by the cardinal, at the battle of Pullicella, and was subsequently despatched twice to Rome on the more peaceful mission of diplomacy, but where his life was in greater danger from the ire of Pope Julius II., who, indignant with the Ferrarese princes because they were not as fickle in their enmity to the Venetians as himself, threatened to throw their ambassador into the sea if he did not leave the city. The cardinal was not delicate in thrusting on Ariosto commissions of less import, such as conveying his congratulations and condolences to the numerous courts of Italy on any event of importance; and generally commanded the poet's attendance on his visits to the numerous abbeys and dioceses of which he enjoyed the possession. As these employments imposed a great tax on Ariosto's time and patience, and were attended with little profit, he chose the occasion of a summons to attend the cardinal to the banks of the Danube with a view of looking up an Hungarian archbishopric, to break with that prelate and transfer his services to his elder brother. The duke gave him all that he wanted—a slender pension of a few crowns a month and his time to himself, and would probably have heard nothing further of the poet, had not this source been dried up by the wars in which Ferrara found itself engaged, and the poet been again obliged to seek some office which might provide for his daily wants while it left him free to prosecute his literary undertakings. To his solicitation the duke yielded the government of that part of the Apennine called Grafagnana, which, however, proved no sinecure, as the province had only just ejected the papal troops,

and was so far disorganised by banditti that even the forms of justice were suspended, and the *sbirri*, or policemen, dare not show themselves. After three years spent in this miserable swamp, worried by complaints which he could not appease, and attending to injuries which he had not the power to redress, Ariosto returned to Ferrara, where he passed the closing years of his life in amusing the court by the representation of his comedies, and in preparing for the press the third edition of his great epic.

That Ariosto's genius was not extinguished by immersion in pursuits incompatible with its development, was certainly not the fault of the Ferrarese princes. They did their utmost to shut out its light from the world. Had Cardinal Ippolito's wishes been consulted, Ariosto's attention would have been so entirely absorbed in that prelate's private and public concerns, that he could not have found time to compose a single stanza. For, besides his postillion duties, the poet was expected to be within call of the presence chamber, to assist his Eminence with ideas or furnish him with advice on the shortest notice.* When Ariosto upbraided his patron with allowing the poem which was dedicated to him and filled with the most ingenious panegyric of his person to go unrewarded, his Eminence replied that Ariosto wrote the work for his own amusement, and took up that time in its composition that ought to have been bestowed on the more essential affairs of his household. What Ippolito thought of the *Orlando*, and the opinion he formed of the poet's genius, is sufficiently evident from his famous exclamation to Ariosto a day or two after a copy of the first edition had been placed in his hands: "Where, in the Devil's name, Master Ludovico, did you pick up so many trumpery stories!" Though this prelate was in possession of private means, though he held two archbishoprics, four bishoprics, and five abbeys in commendam, with sundry other

* Ariosto, in allusion to his numerous journeys, says that the cardinal converted him from a poet into a postillion.

‘E di poeta, cavallar mi feo.’—*Sat. vi.*

From the indignant manner in which the poet speaks of his rejection of the cardinal's invitation to Hungary, we might be led to infer that the prelate exacted greater instances of servility.

‘An illness, and an age that calls for ease,
Bid me decline such services as these.
Let those who thirst for gold, attentive stand
Close to his chamber, ready for command.
Except on errands sent, be always near,
And watch him as a keeper does his bear.
Rather than wealth on such like terms procure,
Give me but quiet, gods, and keep me poor.
Let no mean cares seduce me to neglect
Life's noblest use, to read and to reflect.’

livings, which brought into his treasury an annual rental of fifty thousand crowns—an amount fully equal to as many pounds at the present day—he did not disburse one bajocci to Ariosto for his literary merits; while his reward for services of another kind was confined to one or two paltry benefices in his gift, and a hundred crowns annually out of the episcopal chancery at Milan, which, in addition to being irregularly paid, involved the poet in much litigation, and imposed upon him the necessity of celibacy. Nor was the patronage of the duke of a more smiling character. He conferred on Ariosto the munificent pension of 24*l.*, which was withdrawn on the slightest monetary pressure; and when the poet threatened to enter another service, if some provision was not made for his advancing years, the administratorship of a disordered province, where his life was not worth six months' purchase, was the only boon accorded to him. It is singular, that while all Europe was enchanted with the poem; while Charles V. conferred on its author the patent of crowned laureate of the empire; and the Marquis Del Vasto, the chief of the imperial army, settled upon him an annuity of a hundred gold ducats, the house in whose praise it was written,—the emblazonment of whose ancestry formed the special object of its fable, should alone regard the work as so much waste-paper, and treat the author as if he had misapplied his time in its composition!

If Cardinal Ippolito did not encourage the work, there can be little doubt that he exercised considerable influence over its execution. It will be remembered that Ariosto commenced the poem in the second year of his installation in the Cardinal's household, and brought out the few copies that were printed of the first edition while engaged in the same service. The praises of Ippolito are frequent, and were, before the poem fell unrewarded from his hands, very probably sincere. How far the principles of the work consoled with the Cardinal's practice, we need hardly point out. If there be one feature which pre-eminently distinguishes the *Orlando*, it is the rich exuberance of Pagan forms, which the poet has steeped in the warmest colours of his fancy, and that revelling in sensual beauty which so much defaces spiritual ideas and conflicts with the inner life of Christianity. Now though these sentiments were only a poetic idealization of the feelings of the epoch, it is no exaggeration to say, that in the person of Ippolito they met with their most perfect embodiment. Out of his numerous ecclesiastical revenues not a penny found its way into the coffers of any religious or charitable association. All the sacred money was squandered on parasites and mistresses, on the patronage of sensual art, and the sustentation of an idle and luxurious retinue. His excesses were not

cloaked like those of Wolsey, but openly indulged in, and fearlessly avowed. Ferrara was rife with his intrigues with the maids of honour that surrounded the Duchess of Alfonso, and the eyes of his half-brother Giulio were pulled out at his request, that their possessor might not cross him in the pursuit of his passion. That such manners were not without their influence in the composition of a work expressly devoted to his praise, would be difficult to dispute, especially when it is remembered that the prelate liked to be flattered about his conquests, and that Ariosto urged as a reason for his not accompanying him in one of his journeys the allurements of love, the force of which, the poet urged, his Eminence knew so well how to appreciate. At all events it was appropriate in a poem dedicated to a man who marked in his person the lowest point of orthodox morality, to reanimate the voluptuous aspects of Paganism, and by placing them in strong contrast with the religious incongruities of the day, to represent their triumph over Christianity.

Of the private life of Ariosto, it may be safely said that his errors belonged to his age, while his virtues were peculiar to himself. Being early left, by the death of his father, to provide for the education and provision of his younger brothers and sisters out of a slender income, the poet made every sacrifice to that end, and always considered the claims of the weaker members of the family on his resources paramount to any which his own wants or luxuries could urge. Ariosto lived frugally not so much from necessity as from inclination. Had he been in possession of riches, he would doubtless have adopted the same regimen, and avoided in the same degree the pomp and ostentation of wealth, as incompatible with that learned ease and freedom which he preferred to all the titles and emoluments that monarchs could bestow. To say with most of his biographers, that Ariosto was not ambitious, would probably be advancing too much: that he cared not for ephemeral distinction and the mere gewgaws of office is readily admitted; but this we think is to be attributed to his belief that the active duties of diplomacy were inconsistent with posthumous glory; and he aimed at nothing short of immortality. No person possessed a more sunny and confiding disposition than Ariosto. Of vindictiveness, or any other species of malice, he seems to have known nothing but the name. Equally impervious to the darts of criticism and the blows of fortune, he passed his days in comparative seclusion and content, elaborating his great epic with a calm confidence in the award of posterity;—a striking contrast to his great rival Tasso, who suspected everything and everybody, whom a line of depreciating criticism would fling into a feverish state of excitement for weeks, and who only regarded him-

self with complacency as he glittered in the eyes of others. To the continence or piety of the bard of Jerusalem he could not lay claim, nor is it probable that he placed any value on these qualities. His manners were those of an Horatian epicure rather than a Catholic devotee, and he freely indulged the propensities to which his jocund nature was most inclined, without severer restraint than that imposed by the laws of honour. Few particulars concerning his amours have rewarded the diligence of his biographers, owing to the care of the poet to involve them in obscurity. The names, however, of three of his mistresses have come down to us, with two illegitimate sons whose mothers are unknown.

The acquirements of Ariosto were by no means extensive, even if measured by the contracted standard of his age. Of Greek he hardly knew the alphabet. Under Gregory de Spoleto, he acquired sufficient Latin to translate the classics of that language with ease, and to write Latin poems with some degree of elegance. His hexameters, however, have neither the strength or majesty of those of Vida, and his elegiacs must yield the palm of exquisite grace and delicacy to Bembo and Flaminio. In history and mythological fable he was highly proficient, which induced Raffael, Titian, and Michael Angelo to pay him the compliment of consulting him in their labours, and correcting their high conceptions by the suggestions of his taste. The Florentine sculptor eulogised the poet in a sonnet; in the vivid colours of Titian, he still looks down upon us from the walls of the Vianoli of Venice; and Raffael introduced him into his celebrated painting of *Parnassus*, in the Vatican.* Ariosto was not a great reader. We are informed upon the testimony of one of his sons, that he would pass months without opening a book. This perhaps is no wise singular, as the field of literature was then confined to the ancient authors, and most of these he had devoured in his youth. He occasionally looked into Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Ovid; but studied Catullus more frequently as a model of composition. Propertius was no favourite. Though he borrowed freely from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, he does not appear to have gone out of his way to seek their conceptions, but only used them when they fell in with his own design. As a writer of fiction he was undoubtedly true to his calling, relying for the most part on the inventions of his own genius, and seldom having recourse to the works of others unless to improve his style, or where similarity of design promised to heighten his pictures with fresh tints of nature.

Berni, who succeeded to the place of Ariosto in the school of

* The poet flatteringly alludes to the painters of his day in the *Orlando*, c. 33, st. 2.

the romantic epic, might have divided the honours of this kind of poetry with him, had not his indolent disposition, his straitened circumstances, and the cruel destiny which cut him off in the midst of his career, rendered him an unequal competitor. He who fills up the designs of another with ingenious colouring, who invests his incidents with felicitous diction, and converts his characters from dull, stupid personages into witty and amusing agents, if he cannot be pronounced the creator of the work, may be said to have the principal share in its existence. He infuses spirit into an inanimate mass, imparts intelligence to lifeless forms, and makes those combinations pregnant with meaning and interest, which in their original state had no more power over the imagination than the amorphous shapes out of which they were drawn. Something of this kind did Berni for Boyardo. He stands in the same relation to him as the plot designer of the old drama to the writer who filled up the skeleton play,—as Beaumont to Fletcher. Boyardo had composed a poem, which after creating some sensation on account of its novelty, was thrown aside, and promised to be speedily forgotten. Berni unravelled the piece, disconnected the characters and the incidents from the language and sentiment which he discarded, and by indulging in felicitous exaggeration and humorous contrasts in the re-composition of the poem, he threw over the whole a rich veil of travesty, and rendered it immortal. Had his powers been properly directed, there is little doubt he would have found it less difficult to create new materials for his fancy, than to unravel the web of an old poem, and help himself out of the stores of a neglected author. The charms which the reformed work has for the general reader are entirely owing to the colouring of Berni: not one particle of them are to be ascribed to the fable of Boyardo: and these are so generally felt, that the poem has been printed in Italy nearly as often as the *Orlando Furioso*, and commands quite as great a number of readers. The triumph of Berni is so much the more singular, as he relies less on extraneous aid than Ariosto, and strips his sentiments of every adventitious ornament. He takes the greatest pains to avoid the classical allusions and ideal paintings with which the *Orlando Furioso* is so rife; and none are to be found in his poem. Berni in everything is as simply natural as a humorous author can be. The moral reflections which interrupt the thread of his fable, are the indigenous product of his own breast; those of Ariosto, the fruits of an experience gleaned from a close observation of the world. Berni says the profoundest things without appearing the least conscious of the truths which he utters; Ariosto ushers in his wisdom with a flourish of trumpets. That Berni corrected his

poem with sedulous care is evident, from the fact that passages have been found which he re-composed upwards of thirty times. His labours in this direction, however, are not to be compared with those of Ariosto, whose erasures of one stanza sometimes filled a quire of paper. The revision of Berni simply extended over a few months, and was confined to the first impression; that of Ariosto occupied the best part of a studious life, and embraced three successive editions. Hence, though Berni cannot pretend to the bold inventions, to the refined imagery and exquisite pathos of Ariosto, there are, nevertheless, striking points of contrast, in which his genius stands in a more favourable light than that of the Ferrarese Homer.

Francesco Berni was born in Tuscany towards the close of the fifteenth century, and passed his youth in Florence, where he probably acquired from the writings of Pulci, Franco, and Lorenzo de' Medici, that taste for burlesque satire, which afterwards placed him at the head of that school of poetry in Italy. Being without resources in his native capital, he went to Rome with a view of entering the service of Cardinal Bibbiena, to whom he was distantly related; but that aspiring prelate, with all his taste for letters, was not inclined to patronize one who presented himself in the garb of a beggar, whatever proofs he might produce of superior genius, although he had risen from a low position himself. A nephew of the Cardinal, who occupied the lucrative office of datary to Leo X., treated him with the same want of consideration. Berni at last passed into the service of one Giberti, Bishop of Verona, who converted him into a species of secretary and amanuensis, and occasionally sent him to inspect the religious institutions of his diocese, and to reform one of his abbeys in Abruzzo, the monks of which were diffusing any odour but that of sanctity among their neighbours. As Berni was the slave of those passions which he was sent to correct, it is not likely that these commissions were attended with better result than to develope, by the whimsical position in which they placed him, those powers of humour which mark all his compositions.* While engaged in these various avocations he composed the *Orlando Innamorato*.

Though the work was principally executed at Verona, Berni came frequently to Rome during its progress, and amused himself in the gardens of Strozzi with Casa, Firenzuoli, Molza, and other wits of the same class, whom that gentleman occasionally collected at his table, to enjoy their merry banter and their more

* In one of his poems he complains of such a task being thrust upon him, and reproaches Love with having allowed one of its most devoted followers to be despatched on an errand so contrary to his inclinations.

serious conflicts of wit and learning. It was for these reunions, which assumed the form of academical meetings, that Berni composed most of those *capitoli* or burlesque satires which raised up so many imitators, and caused his name to be turned into a synonym for this species of poetry. While jesting over the evils and follies of humanity, while engaged in the composition of eulogiums on debts, on lying, on excommunication ; and addressing panegyrics to famine, to fevers, and pestilence, the storm of the Spanish invasion fell upon Rome, the house of the poet was pillaged in the general sack of the city, and Berni was obliged to seek refuge in a cellar from the bayonets of the Colonna. Rome becoming, after this event, distasteful to him, he went to reside at Florence, on the fruits of a canonry which his patron had conceded to him, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, and with the Duke Alexander, his mortal enemy. As the attachment of these rival princes to Berni was founded upon his intimacy with their disorders, the poet soon found himself in a fatal position from their respective attempts upon each other's lives. Alexander having resolved upon poisoning Ippolito, invited Berni to execute the crime. The refusal of the poet only caused the Cardinal to fall by another hand ; but the Duke, compromised by the confidence he had placed in his clerical associate, ordered Berni to be despatched in a similar manner.*

The Italian courts which had established themselves on the ruins of the old republics, or whose chieftains had expanded under the religious and commercial enterprise of Italy from the humble condition of papal condottieri to the position of sovereign princes, while they gave an additional impulse to the growth of literature,—the offspring of that wealth and freedom which had conducted them to greatness—increased the frivolous spirit which the early *romanzieri* had exhibited, and imparted to the broader development of genius, features of an unhealthy character. These establishments besides displaying the worst vices of despotic governments, allied the scepticism which they had inherited from the old republics with the forms of religion, and so bound up the highest offices of church and state with the most sovereign con-

* Mazzinchelli, the most recent Italian biographer of Berni, points out a discrepancy of date, which ought to cast some doubt upon the narration of his predecessors. It consists in the fact of Berni's death occurring in the July of 1586, that is, about a year after the cardinal's murder. Hence a strong improbability arises that the poet could have been poisoned for rejecting the guilty proposals of the duke. Alexander, who, by the way, was an illegitimate son of Clement VII., afterwards perished by the dagger of Lorenzino, who called the Florentines to liberty. Hence Alfieri's epic of *Etruria Vindicata*. Twelve years after Alexander fell, Lorenzino was despatched by the assassin of his cousin, John de' Medici, who had succeeded to the dukedom.

tempt for morals and indifference to public opinion, that universal corruption became inevitable. Each reigning house contrived to get its younger, and sometimes illegitimate, members raised to the cardinalate in early life, and installed into the richest bishoprics of their dominions. By every species of barter and intrigue, benefices were obtained for them in the leading countries of Europe; and the population of every ducal province saw the gravest ecclesiastical dignitaries vying with the temporal prince in the pursuit of pleasure and interest, and frequently surpassing them in mad ambition and folly. Rarely indeed did a prince, when a rival started up to dispute his mistress or his throne, allow either conscience, or religion, or family ties, to stand in the way of getting rid of his competitor by steel or poison. The voice of law was hushed; the will of the sovereign was the sole rule and standard of right; and in his eyes religion was too commonly but an embodied phantom to frighten his subjects into obedience, and grasp at fresh sources of revenue for his family. Under nine of these governments Italy lay at the close of the fifteenth century, each rivalling in extravagance the worst days of the Court of Charles II., each seeking to hide the forms of servitude beneath a glittering array of feasts and spectacles, and to secure their power by attaching men of genius to their interest, and by fashioning the rising spirit of literature in accordance with their autocratic institutions.

Such was the normal condition of these courts while they preserved their independent action; but after the invasion of Charles VIII. had weakened the towns of Italy, and brought in its train those sanguinary conflicts, in which the French, Germans, and Spaniards disputed its finest provinces, the native courts lost much of their magnificence, and yielded their national honour to the will of the prevailing despot. When the fortune of Charles V. and his son, after innumerable calamities, became paramount in the Peninsula, when Milan and Naples submitted to their authority, all the other states which preserved a shadow of independence trembled before them. Since a sovereign had not in his own state the right of asylum to his own subject whom a foreign viceroy persecuted, since he was obliged to allow his kingdom to be overrun by foreign spies and informers, who might swear away the lives of his adherents, everything like national pride or dignity became extinct. Instead of a race of sovereigns ruling by their own right, expending their resources in the embellishment, and impressing their own policy on the government of their cities, the courts of Italy became the seat of the auxiliaries of foreign despots, and their revenues were employed in protecting themselves from the aggression of the

Roman pontiffs, or in swelling the armaments of the power in whose existence they breathed. The Rovieri of Urbino wasted their substance in revel and dissipation, with the recklessness of a sceptical millionaire who knows his days are numbered. The Gonzagas of Mantua plunged themselves still deeper in pleasure and vices, to forget the perils of their situation. The Alfonzos at Modena and Ferrara endeavoured by a vain pomp to recover the appearance of a grandeur which they had lost. In lieu of the Medicean restorers of ancient learning, who preserved at least the semblance of a free constitution, Florence saw a group of tyrants succeed each other, under the protection of the cruel Spaniard, as treacherous and voluptuous as the Neros of the early empire.

The fate of letters, which in ordinary circumstances must have reflected the influence of the corrupt constitution and vicissitudes of these courts, fell completely under their direction, through the little encouragement which authors experienced at the hands of the country. It was not that there was no reading public, as in the days of our Tudors and Stuarts, but the division of Italy into petty principalities limited the copyright of a work to a few cities, hardly equal in population to an English county, and allowed booksellers out of the dukedom, by issuing pirated editions, to deprive the author of the profits which would otherwise have accrued to him had the country been under one dominion. The privilege conceded to the Roman licence of preventing this abuse was powerless during a time of internal feud and dissension; nor even in a period of calm was the check of extensive avail, as the dislike which the legal tribunals evinced to punish any of their subjects for enriching himself at the expense of a rival State, frequently allowed the mischief to be done before the papal license could be brought into operation, and gave an opportunity to the publisher to escape with all his profits. So general was the abuse, that scarcely any work of distinction was issued in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries without experiencing its effects. Each of Ariosto's editions of the *Orlando* was pirated at Venice, simply because that State was at war with Ferrara, and a cheap edition at Venice was sufficient to undersell his publisher and drive him out of the principal cities of Italy. Tasso had not published his *Aminta* before the piece was performed on the boards of Milan, and copies were hawked about in Piedmont. The *Jerusalem* got into every press of Italy, while the unsuspecting author dreamed that the manuscript copies were safe in the keeping of his friends. Berni published his *Orlando* at Rome, but the seal of Clement VII., by which it was fortified, did not prevent its surreptitious sale at Naples and

Milan, or in any city where the Medicean interest was not in the ascendant. During this state of things, no publisher could invest much capital in the purchase of a work, no matter what might be its intrinsic merits; and authors, with the advantage of an educated public, were flung as completely upon the patronage of the great as if they had existed in the days of Domitian or Augustus.

Had this patronage of the Italian princes been dispensed through the usual channels of Court favour, so much objection could not have been taken to the alliance, but Italy was placed in circumstances which rendered a more exceptional mode of controlling genius the rule of the day. What the military system is to Russia, religion was to Italy—the lever by which she enlarged her dominion, the store-house of titles and places for her sons. As the centre of Christendom, she contrived to get into her hands one-third of the benefices of Europe. The revenues of her princes being swallowed up in the maintenance of gaudy spectacles and expensive wars, left in their hands hardly anything else but their ecclesiastical trusts to offer as encouragement to men of talent. The chief reward which they could confer on their artists and poets was to make them canons; just as the principal distinction which the Russian Catherine could confer on the French Encyclopedists was to make them Colonels of Dragoons. The evils which flowed from such an application of church revenues involved sacrilege, and something more. No man had a right to bestow a benefice upon another without a religious object in view; as no man was justified in receiving the emoluments of such a charge without the intention of entering into full orders, and fulfilling the obligations which the trust imposed upon him. An abuse of delegation in the first instance only led to a more scandalous violation of duty in the second. Those authors who had no benefices refused to marry, that they might be eligible to enjoy them: those who had, refused to marry that they might retain what they possessed; so that these trusts, on account of the illicit connexions which ensued, were turned to the sustentation of the immorality they were intended to extinguish. Authors could not accept this species of patronage without falling into a low grade of morality, and acquiring an habitual disrespect for the church whose revenues they squandered on improper gratifications.

The new element of corruption which the Courts of Italy added to that proceeding from the old spirit of indifference about religion, and from the flagrant abuse of its highest functions, acting as it did in a twofold manner, first, by deteriorating the morals of the multitude, and then by directly leavening the

crowd of writers themselves, and reducing genius to its own standard, early manifested itself in the increasing frivolity and debasement of the national literature. In the days of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, commerce and manufactures flourished; the free States were in their vigour, and such Courts as existed were either in the timidity of youth or kept in check by the democratic spirit of their neighbours. That something like a healthy feeling at that time prevailed is evinced by the purity of tone that characterises the works of Dante and Petrarch, and from the fact that Boccaccio, though he wrote his novels as some representation of the manners of his day, did not anticipate any reputation from them,* and actually refrained from owning the production till interrogated on the subject towards the close of his life. But it seems as light was disseminated from the shrines of Constantinople, as new treasures of antiquity were revealed, and fresh translations of the classics were issued, the old sources of corruption grew apace, and new ones were opened, until society became utterly dissolute, at the crisis that it prepared, by availing itself of the monuments of learning and genius scattered over the two preceding centuries, to carry the first modern language to perfection, and resuscitate the Augustan era on the site of its old triumphs. The accession of the literary stores of antiquity appears to have cast discredit on the scholastic lore that formed the substance of ecclesiastical education, and by weakening to a proportionate extent the influence of the existing religion, which involved in its decay all the links of social morality, succeeded yet further in increasing the frivolous bent of genius, and in preparing the way for the association of the zenith of Italian letters with the nadir of public morality. The rough vigour and sombre colouring of Dante fell quickly into disrepute. The lyrics of Petrarch were only studied as affording a frame for heightening the pictures of sensual passion. Of all the works of Boccaccio, the *Decameron* alone was held up as a novel for imitation. The spirit of the tragi-comic romance which Pulci and Bello took out of the street and domesticated in the palace;—which, ennobled by the genius of Ariosto and Berni, gave rise to the grand national epic of Italy, soon extended itself to other kinds of composition, and assumed a dominant tone in the successful imaginative literature of the country.

The most prolific form of satire was that of sporting with the received opinions and principles of mankind under the name of Capitoli, in which species of verse he was generally deemed the victor who should establish some gigantic absurdity in a manner the most humorous to the company and the least exceptional to

* See preface to the Fourth Day.

the logician. The *canti carnascialeschi* were another class of popular satire, mostly turned to account at Carnivals and Court festivities, when the entire city went mad, and each person was privileged to fling from under his mask whatever kind of eccentric banter or gross indecency he chose at society, and indemnify himself, like the slave of old, for months of silence and reserve by a *saturnalia* of folly. Nor were these kinds of satire confined to the lower class of writers. The most considerate thought their claim to distinction unestablished until they had signalized themselves by some exhibition of this nature. Even Della Casa indulged his sportive vein in the praise of anger and jealousy; and Machiavelli pelted his squib at the Florentines in the song of the devils. The *Novelli* of the epoch are certainly the most licentious contributions that the most corrupt age ever made to any literature. If antiquity had left any models of this composition, though they might have combined the lascivious descriptions of Petronius with the mocking spirit of Lucian or Aristophanes, they could hardly have equalled the indecency and impiety of the average class of these productions. But they are like the romantic epic, the indigenous product of Italian soil; and must be referred not so much to the impure imagination of the writers as to the manners and customs of the period, of which we fear they are the too natural representation. There is, however, an unblushing effrontery displayed in the manner in which these tales are placed before the public, which oddly contrasts with the reserve of Boccaccio in concealing the authorship of similar compositions a century and a half before. Strapparola puts the most indecent of his stories into the mouth of young maidens, whom he would fain persuade the reader are above the average specimen of chaste manners and refined education. Some of the works are dedicated to ecclesiastical dignitaries, and some are written by ecclesiastical hands, who do not shrink from parading the sacred order to which they belong with their own name on the title-page. Bandello, who was a Dominican monk, and who owed to his scandalous tales most of that fame which opened for him the halls of the aristocracy, and which finally led Henry II. to confer upon him the bishopric of Agen, actually prefaces each of his two hundred and forty stories with a dedicatory address to some noble personage, whom he imagines, and we fear with too much reason, will be flattered by having the licentious banter ushered into the world under his name.

But the most national production after the tragic-comic epic, and one quite as indelicate as the *Novelli*, of which it is but a scenic representation, is comedy. It is the glory of Italy, that while farcical representations of Christian mysteries disgraced

the churches of the rest of Europe, and constituted the only drama that their artists could produce, she constructed theatres hardly surpassed by those of antiquity, and revived the legitimate drama of Greece and Rome, on a scale of princely magnificence: but it is some diminution of that glory, that the staple performance were comedies so dissolute in feature, as to surpass the lowest productions of any theatre, whether they belong to Terence and Plautus, or to Wycherly and Congreve. Though the interest of the plot, in what remains of the ancient comedies, is generally made to turn on some licentious adventure, yet the social moralities of life are respected, and neither the doctrines or ministers of the religion of the period are made to furnish their quota of ridicule to the feast of laughter which the audience assembled to enjoy. Not alone the force of public opinion, but the position of the authors, as affranchised freemen, obliged them to have some respect for the conventional proprieties of society, and while indulging in such licence as the times allowed, to impart a moral aim to their writings. If a lover was jilted, at least some avaricious wretch was covered with ridicule; if a woman failed to resist a criminal intrigue, some arch priest of imposture was outwitted, and his pretensions exposed. The public were indulged with loose adventures, that their scorn might be excited at loftier folly; and it was better to have their necessary vices turned into a vehicle of useful instruction than that these should be indulged elsewhere without any admixture which should convert the entertainment into a profitable lesson.

But in the early comedies of Italy, as in those of the era of our second Charles, this principle is entirely subverted, and worse elements are introduced, corresponding in some degree to the more vitiated tastes of society. These dramas, with very few exceptions, are divested of any aim beyond the criminal success of the gay Lotharios of the piece, who are represented as men of spirit, invested with all the attractions of wit and eloquence; while the moral agents, who permit themselves to be befooled by their intrigues, are held up to the derision of the audience, and intended to gain nothing but their immeasurable contempt. In Machiavelli and Aretino, as well as in Farquhar and Congreve, the husband is generally a witless cuckold, the guardian an obstinate churl, and the father a good-natured fool, or a stupid sort of Agamemnon. The rakes of both sexes are the only clever and captivating personages, the rest of the characters being simply introduced as a kind of foil to throw out their shining qualities. But there is this difference between the two eras, that while the clergymen of the dramatists of the Restoration are a well-intentioned but a coarse-mannered race,

those of the dramatists of the Italian revival, are actually made to assist in the very villainy that it is the object of their calling to defeat. The *Fra Timoteo* of Machiavelli's *Mandragola*, and the *Fra Geronimo* of Luigi Dolce's *Capitano*, are but types of this class who are represented as most scrupulous in the discharge of their religious offices, without being the less prepared to aid in the crime of abortion, and to gild over adultery, provided any money is placed at their disposal for charitable purposes. With regard to mere licence of expression and indecent arrangement of plot, the comparison is much to the disadvantage of the Italian dramatists, who, notwithstanding the superior tone of their Latin models, endeavour rather to amplify than contract their sensual imagery, and deem nothing too indecent for expression; whereas their successors both of the English and French school often have recourse to ambigitory phraseology to avoid the direct expression of obscenities, and rather than wantonly outrage decency leave many things to be understood.* But the distinction that marks the pre-eminent corruption of Italian society remains behind. The dramatists of the Restoration were men about town, living on their wits, with no rectitude of principle beyond that forced upon them by the laws of the country. But those of Italy were either men in possession of benefices, and consequently designed to set some kind of example to their neighbours, or grave ecclesiastics aspiring to the highest dignities of their profession. A loose comedy from such a man as Wycherly, and a loose comedy from the pen of Cardinal Bibbiena, even were they equal in licentiousness, fell with far different effect on the public ear. The one being a professed libertine, the public accepted his drama as a mere external embodiment of ideas and intrigues which they knew full well had long occupied his mind. Religion was not hurt, nobody professed to be scandalized at the publication. The other, occupying one of the highest positions in the church, outraged, by a similar production, the most sacred opinions of the day, and tended to produce the impression that Christian ethics were quite compatible with immoral entertainments which a respectable heathen auditory would have disavowed. Moreover, the plays of the loosest schools of English and French dramatists only attracted the gay portion of the population. We do not hear that divines, such as Sherlock or Stillingfleet, ever sat out a comedy of Shadwell or Etherege; or that prelates

* Dolce, in defence of the licentiousness displayed in the *Ragazzo*, invites his readers, in the prologue of the piece, to consider the manners of the time, and the necessity an author is under, who wishes to paint them to the life, of rendering the expressions and actions of all his characters lascivious.

like Bossuet and Massillon witnessed the representation of the plays of Quinault and Regnard: on the contrary, the churchmen, and indeed the graver section of the civilians of both capitols, openly censured such amusements, and petitioned the crown for their prohibition. But the representation of the most licentious plays of the early Italian writers formed the standing amusement of the leading dignitaries of the Italian church, and the gravest statesmen of the country. If a cardinal prelate arrived at his court, if the ducal or the papal circle was enriched by the presence of some wealthy potentate, or titled beauty, the exhibition of one of these dramas was the principal feature in the festivities which distinguished the event. When Leo X. arrived at Florence, that pontiff, with his numerous prelatical retinue, actually witnessed as a diverting species of relaxation, during one sitting, the representation of the *Assiugolo* of Cecchi and the *Mandrugola*, two of the cleverest, and we regret to add, the most licentious comedies of the period. Bibbiena's *Calandria*, and Ariosto's *Cassaria* and *Suppositi*, were stock performances at the Vatican, and none, doubtless, enjoyed their lubricity more than the ecclesiastical portion of the spectators. Scenes which old Drury might have disclaimed in its worst days, scenes which would have elicited the rebuke of such equivocal philosophers as Rousseau and Helvetius, were sufficient to stimulate to fits of laughter the Pope and the entire College of Cardinals.

While the revival of the regular comedy furnished a source of corrupt amusement to the higher classes, the improvising of *Canavacj*, on the model of the Greek mimes, administered, we fear, a greater stimulant to the coarser tastes of the commonalty. As these performances merely consisted of a skeleton plot, the language of which was dictated by the spontaneous impulses of the itinerant actors, nothing remains of them to afford ground for direct judgment; but, since they were distinguished by every species of buffoonery, and were frequently prohibited, as in the days of the Roman emperors, for their gross licentiousness, we may reasonably infer that they were hardly more moral than those which disgraced the reign of Domitian. Judging indeed from the prevailing corruption among the *élite* of society, and from the multifarious ways in which religion was pressed as it were into the service of immorality, we are inclined to think that society, at least in its intrinsic relations, during the golden age of Italian letters, was as corrupt as in the Latin decline. The naïve Boccalini often makes a jest the vehicle of a startling truth. In one of his *Centuria*,* he represents Berni as defying Juvenal to

surpass him in satire, and makes the Roman poet decline the challenge as unequal, since the vein of the satirist is more fertile and his chances of success greater, in proportion to the corruption of his age, and as the times of Berni were corroded with an array of vices unknown to the era of Juvenal, he must inevitably be overthrown in the contest. The incident is doubtless introduced to excite a laugh; but it is also accompanied with a reflection at which humanity might turn pale.

That tragedy did not flourish under such a noxious atmosphere need excite no surprise. The licentious spirit which infected the greater portion of the works of the day would alone have been sufficient to stifle its growth; but the division of Italy into minor states, under autocratic institutions, and the subservience of the petty despots at home to colossal despotsisms abroad, tended far more than a vitiated taste to depress that freedom of thought without which successful tragedy cannot exist. The example of Athens shows that in small states a free constitution is essential to the success of the serious drama. When Sophocles and Euripides produced their masterpieces the Athenian republic was in its greatest vigour. The honours of the state were open to all, and its destinies were committed to a man who embodied in himself the sovereignty of the multitude. In great empires we readily admit that the highest productions of the drama are quite compatible with a severe autocracy; but it must notwithstanding be acknowledged that among a great and civilized people the masses exercise a coercive power over the will of the most dictatorial despot, and frequently oblige him to consult his safety by yielding to their behests. In this respect, there is little difference between the reigns of Alexander and Augustus, Elizabeth and Louis XIV. Each was compelled to sacrifice something to liberty, to allow the free expression of the national will to be embodied in the arts, just as the present Emperor of France has shown his readiness to adopt the socialistic doctrines of Ledru Rollin, with regard to the employment of *ouvriers*, as a safety-valve for his government. Alexander patronised the literature of Athens, honoured the representation of the plays of Sophocles and Euripides with his presence, and if no tragedies distinguished his reign, he offered prizes for their production. Of the tragedies of the Augustan era, we know hardly anything beyond the mere titles; but accepting as a specimen of these the *Thyestes* of Varro, the *Medea* of Ovid, and the *Ajax* of the emperor himself, we are at liberty to infer, in the spirit of analogy, that they were not less animated with sentiments of liberty than the tragedies of the age of Pericles. Even the two Senechas, in the reigns of Caligula and Nero, contrived to write

plays quite as much distinguished for the adulatory rant of freedom as those of Alfieri. In an age when the civil liberties of Englishmen were at the disposal of the crown, Peele, Marlow, and Shakspeare, in plays addressed to their sovereign, descended as freely upon the miseries and follies of kings as if they had been the puppets of an exploded political system; and Racine and Corneille flattered themselves they reproduced the heroes of ancient Rome, in making the courtiers of Louis XIV. speak the language of freedom. But in the petty states of Italy, bound up as these were with foreign autocracies, there was no opportunity for any reaction against despotic power to manifest itself in literature. The population being few and impotent, the mailed hand of despotism was at every man's door, and ready to grasp the throat of him who produced a sentence calculated to cast a reflection on the existing government or its foreign patrons. If the Alfonsons of Ferrara, or the Gonzagas of Mantua and Guastalla, were inclined to pass over misdemeanors of this nature, the insidious Spaniard, who from the two ends of the Peninsula domineered over the interior, found an effective check to such ebullitions in the Inquisition. The people, whose energies were first divided and then crushed beneath these combined despotisms, whose sense of honour and national dignity expired in the foreign subjugation of their country, were unequal to any high dramatic effort, as they were certainly deprived of the taste to appreciate it by the want of earnestness manifested in the other departments of literature and the general corruption of manners which prevailed.

All that writers ambitions of tragedy attempted, even down to the days of the younger Tasso, when Luther's success had imparted a healthier tone to the morals of Italy, was the resuscitation of the Greek drama, with its extravagant doctrines about Fate, and its operatic chorus, which encumbered the progress of the plot and divested the scenes of every semblance of reality. With the ancients, as the earlier comedy degenerated into farce, so the representation of the loftier aspects of life sublimed itself into mystery, and put on the awful vesture of religion; but while the early comedy of the Greeks was driven by political edicts into a more general approximation to real life and manners, tragedy remained in its old alliance with ethics, and was employed as a means not so much of reproducing actual nature as of supporting a peculiar system of politics and morality. To introduce this form of the drama amidst a society so opposed in its principal features to the institutions which called it into being, was as vile an anachronism in the arts as the picture of Grandmison's Elysium, where we encounter troops of Christian heroes with the

Mahomedan sorceress Armida, and the Puritan of Cromwell accompanied by Adam and Eve. The corrupt tendencies of the age rendered the anomaly still more incongruous. With the Greek, the moralities of the ancient chorus assumed the form of solemn lessons. The greatest libertine in the crowded throng who pressed to hear a play of Sophocles, trembled at the responses of the oracle, and submitted to the dominion of his spiritual feelings under the prophetic warnings of the personifiers of destiny. If the Italian, however, discarded the moralities of his own religion when presented through the medium of a church, he must have listened to the teaching of an exploded system of ethics, when offered by way of amusement in a theatre, with feelings of utter revulsion. The extravagance of catering to the tastes of a licentious people by dramatizing an obsolete system of morality, could hardly be surpassed by expounding Jeremy Taylor for the entertainment of a gaming-club, or by commenting on the *Enchiridion* by way of diverting a company of voluptuaries who are waiting for their dinner.

A similar spirit of imitation deteriorated the greater part of the serious poetry of the epoch. Writers did not consider their subject in its intrinsic bearings by the light of pure reason and correct taste; but considering the organization of society as immutable as that of the human frame, sat down to paint its customs and reproduce its aspects, as the cotemporary sculptors sat down to form a statue,—by copying the old models. Instead of anatomizing the social fabric, and adapting their pieces to the novel elements which had destroyed its old frame-work, they rhymed away without attention to any object beyond the conformity of their verses to the heathen classic whom they regarded as their standard. The epics of the period, apart from those of the grave romantic class, are a mere recast of the *Iliad* and the *Enclid*, with new decorations, scenery, and titles, but with substantially the same characters, plot, and machinery which distinguish the poems of Homer and Virgil. Hence, from the attempt to associate ancient customs and opinions with the manners of modern society, the *Avarchide* of Alamanni, the *Italia Liberata* of Trissino, and the *Costante* of Bolognetti are as practically forgotten as the romantic epics which deal gravely with subjects at which the Roman bard invites us to laugh.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemmures, portentaque Thessalum rides.

In poems of less magnitude, the same inclination to copy antiquity is manifest, though attended from the nature of the subject with less disastrous effects. Ariosto attempts to infuse into his satires the delicate naïveté of Horace, as Alamanni in similar compositions assumes the port and gesticulations of

Juvenal. Rucellai was not content with treating the Florentines to a modern play in a Greek dress ; he must develop the fourth book of the *Georgics* into a poetic dissertation on the management of Bees. Scandianese closely adheres to the *Cynegeticon*, both of Gratius and Nemesien, in his poem on the chase, and Girolamo Muzio transcribed Horace's *Art of Poetry* with modern variations. The lyrics of the period were the only serious poetry untainted by this spirit of servility. In every other department it seems to have been the highest object to place the nascent literature on its ancient footing, as if men's thoughts ran exactly in the same channels scooped out for them two thousand years ago, as if the gods had not stirred from Olympus, and the white-robed crowd still assembled in the Forum to hear the crier promulgate an edict of the Senate. Authors appear to have forgotten that no literature can become truly dear to a people, —can attach itself to their memory and mingle with their amusements and passions, but that which was cradled in the prejudices and reared by the historic adventures of the nation.

This raving after antiquity was not confined to mere imitation, but threatened to change the language, and modify, if not subvert, some of the leading institutions of Italy. From an early period Latin had been considered the only vehicle in which elevated thought could find appropriate expression. The vulgar tongue, even after Dante had shown of what tension and flexibility it admitted, was deemed only fit for higgling in the shop and the market-place, or to express the rude conceptions which enter into the household concerns of the commonalty. Every book of learning was written in Latin. The friar preached in that language; and in that language the peasant was taught to address his prayers to heaven. The churchman and the diplomatist used it as well in carrying out their intrigues, as in registering or communicating the results of the graver transactions in which they had been engaged ; nor did any author consider his reputation safe who had not enshrined his thoughts in the same medium. Indeed, it may be regarded as a general practice among writers in the earlier stages of Italian literature, to compose those works in Latin on which they relied for posthumous celebrity, and only to employ the vulgar tongue to gratify a private passion, or to indulge some passing whim or caprice. Petrarch fondly imagined his Latin poem *Africa*, for which he was crowned in the capitol, would preserve his memory from oblivion, while he judged his Sonnets of no account, beyond the smiles they might draw from his mistress. Boccaccio, who wrote his *Decameron* to indulge the frivolous taste of the princess Mary, confided his fame to his learned work on the

Genealogy of the Gods, long since moth-eaten in libraries with the other Latin works of the period. Had the *Divina Commedia* been a production of a purely imaginative bearing, Dante would have written it in Latin, according to his original intention, which he only changed in order to infuse into the minds of his own generation a dislike for their existing rulers. Even in the time of Politian, the Italian language could no more claim the rank of its ancient rival, than the plebeians of Rome could expect to obtain the privileges of the consulship in the earlier days of the Republic. The various dialects which pervaded the language of Italy—the mistrusts which men felt lest the national tongue, as yet but newly formed, should play the bankrupt with the treasures committed to it—equally contributed to the subjection of the vulgar literature to the ascendancy which Latin had acquired over its old domain. If in later times the ancient language was obliged to forego its new conquests; if it failed to become once more the living speech of Italy, and again awaken the banks of the Tiber with its echoes; it was only vanquished by the grace and majesty it had furnished to its young competitor, by which the latter was enabled to rival the brilliancy of its former triumphs. A band of poets arose in the sixteenth century, who, while carrying Latin hexameters and elegiacs to a height of perfection, almost equal to that attained by the bards of the Augustan era, yet contrived to infuse into their Italian compositions all the dignity and strength of their ancient models. Under the red hat of Bembo, Catullus might have acknowledged a kindred spirit, and Flaminio and Sanazzaro might have shown their verses to Virgil, and relied equally with the Mantuan bard on the patronage of Augustus and his prime minister.

The revival of the old literature naturally engendered among a corrupt people a liking for the accompanying mythology, which arose with the charms of a fresh juvenility to wean men from the existing faith, and to domesticate itself among the supernatural opinions of the country. The Greek religion, being the product of the choicest aesthetic principles acting on a refined sensuality, just hit the tastes of the higher classes of Italy; and threw into the background, where it did not entirely subvert, the influence of the Roman theology, which upheld institutions quite at war with the existing temper of the Italian mind, and appealed to principles which no longer existed. One of the first movements in the Pagan direction was the discarding baptismal names, and the adoption in their stead of the maternal title, according to the practice of antiquity. Some, like Pomponius, openly renounced their belief in Christianity, as suited only for people plunged in the depths of barbarism, and erected

domestic altars to the *Lares* and *Penates*, while they regarded the divinities of Hesiod and Homer as so many tangible personages presiding over the great powers of nature. Even in minds most deeply committed by education and interest to the existing religion, a disposition manifested itself to associate the old mythology in some form with its doctrines, and to trace in the legends of the saints and the miracles of the early Church, an identity of principle with the labours of Hercules and the metamorphoses of Ovid. Even so early a writer as Boccaccio did not scruple to call the Pope the Vicar of Juno, and to represent Venus appearing to Fiammetta during the celebration of mass in order to reveal her future lover. Marullus addressed a series of hymns with every sentiment of piety and veneration to the Pagan deities. In Ariosto and Alamanni, we find at one time the saints, at another the Pagan deities, then the muses and Jesus Christ supplicated. Sanazzaro, in his *De Partu Virginis*, introduced the looser divinities of Olympus into the chaste dwelling of Bethlehem: and Trissino, in his epic, changed the deity into the Capitoline Jupiter, and embodied virtue in the form of Pallas. In the *Louisaad*, which was to a great degree formed on the Italian models, Gama calls upon the Trinity, and Venus answers his request; and Bacchus is introduced in company with Paul and the Holy Spirit. From the aggressive inroads of Paganism, and the corruption of her ministers, the Roman Church was far more in danger in the first half of the sixteenth century, than from any forces which Luther could array against her.*

Julius II. and Leo rather encouraged than rebuked this singular mélange of heathen fables with gospel truths, in the literary and artistic creations of their reign. The classic remains, which their early predecessors had laboured to destroy, they lavished their treasures to exhume and preserve. The restorer of a lapidary inscription might rely on a pension; the discovery of a statue was equivalent to a bishopric. It was impossible to enter a church without meeting with something to carry the mind back to the ancient Polytheism. If the shell of the building like the Pantheon and the temple of Ara Coeli had not enclosed the shrines of the Pagan divinities, either an altarpiece appeared to recall their existence, or the statue of some demigod turned into that of a saint, showed how narrow was the partition that divided the creeds of the modern and the ancient world. Even the discreet Michael Angelo was so far carried

* If the German Augustinian deprived the Latin Church of some portion of its dominions, he, at all events, recalled it to a purer standard of morality, and led to that purification of the heart-blood of the system which preserved its existence.

away by the fashion of the day as to introduce Charon and his ferry into his picture of the Last Judgment. The fable of Jupiter and Leda was sculptured on the bronze doors of St. Peter's, and Mars and Venus, with the whole fraternity of Cupids, after the model of the arabesque paintings in the Baths of Titus, arose under the magic of Raffael's pencil to decorate the antechambers of the Vatican.

The two ecclesiastical writers who evinced the greatest predilection for the Pagan revival, were undoubtedly Paolo Giovio and Bembo. The historian passed through the different gradations of priest, canon, and bishop, without performing any of the functions attached to those stations. His diocese he never saw. With regard to his canonry and other benefices, he forgot he had a duty to perform, and only remembered he had a salary to receive. All his revenues were employed in rebuilding the villa of the younger Pliny on the borders of the Lake Como, and in adorning it with magnificent gardens, galleries, porticoes, and palatial chambers, in which antique statues and mythological paintings seemed to recal the ancient genius of the spot, and render it a summerhouse that Trajan might have loved to visit. In the solitude of this retreat, which, newly environed with classic embellishments, seemed like some Cæsarean palace that time had spared amid the wreck of the past, Giovio sat in judgment upon his own age, much in the spirit of an old Roman who, being obtruded into modern society, and finding nothing in accordance with his sympathies, should indemnify himself by a sweeping condemnation of everything that passed under his review. A pension, however, or a valuable present, or a flattering notice from the hands of royalty, was sufficient to turn his censure into indiscriminate panegyric; and popes and emperors condescended to see him, that their characters and administrations might be arrayed in dazzling colours before the eyes of posterity. When fatigued with the quiet pursuits of Como, he plunged into the distractions of the Roman court, apartments being fitted up for his stay at the Vatican, and his introduction insured to the first circles of the Capitol by the favour of three successive pontiffs who patronized his genius. The retirement at Como gave a zest to his city amusements, and these again prepared the way for the grave avocations of study. Caressed by Clement VII., flattered by Charles V., and feared by Maximilian, he could afford to despise the smaller fry of writers who envied his intelligence and aspersed his fame. While grasping at the glittering prizes of the Church, no person had less sympathy with the avowed objects it is destined to promote; and he revelled as freely in the fugitive pleasures

which the licence of the day offered him, as if the dominant philosophy had been that of Epicurus.

Giovio, in reality, extracted nothing out of his own age but what he may be said to have possessed in common with the choicest spirits of antiquity. The things, however different in title, were the same in substance. The crosier of the bishop was to him what the fasces were to the lictor, or the ivory wand to the consul, the badge which enhanced his importance in the eye of the public. Everything in connexion with his sacred office, except the pomp and the emolument, he discarded with the same indifference as a child throws away the husk after it has extracted the kernel. His manners and sentiments were those of the more reflective sort of the old Roman society, and he might have occupied an idle hour in tracing a resemblance between the Bishop of Nocera and some luxurious wit of the Suburra. Latin was the habitual medium of communicating his thoughts to the public, and of conversing with himself. In that language most of his letters were written. In that language only could he adequately embody his conceptions, and express with ease what, in the vulgar tongue, required to be imparted by constant effort. It has been esteemed a blemish on the character of his co-religionists, that they made Paganism contribute to Catholicity, but Giovio made Catholicity furnish its quota to Paganism. The strong mould in which his mind was cast, defied the revolutions of manners and belief to shake its resolves, and ranging at will through the centuries of earth in common with man, he chose to surround himself with the influences of that society which seemed most in consonance with the well-being of his species, and laid the present under contribution to that end. Of the customs and opinions of his day, all those which had not their root in antiquity he deemed perfectly barbarous; and he regarded the first gleams of modern science, the religious metaphysics of Germany, and the chivalric notions of Europe as so many spectres destined to disenchant mankind of a third civilization. His closing years were embittered by the attacks of his enemies, whom his proud and aggressive spirit had recklessly multiplied. To the irritation caused by envious malice was added that of the accession of a pontiff, who considered his manners too free to merit the honours of the cardinalate, which the predictions of an astrologer had led him to expect, and he expired at an advanced age, the victim of gout and of a splenetic temper.

Bembo, with less genius, and with morals even more exceptionable than his illustrious cotemporary, attained the position he had in vain inspired to, by the adoption of more conciliating

manners, and by the exercise of a prudent reserve in his conduct and of a discriminating judgment in the choice of his confidants. Habituated from his youth to the tactics of diplomacy and the manners of courts, he soon learned to win the esteem of those the least espoused to his interests, and by a frank and insinuating manner, to mask or attenuate his defects in the eyes of the most envious of his competitors. Though early initiated into sacred orders, and employed by Leo as his first secretary, his conduct at the onset evinced a decided predilection for the manners of the Augustan epoch, and a desire to array all the elements of modern society in the dress of the old civilization. The papal briefs were written in the same phrasology in which Cicero was accustomed to express a mandate of the senate. The Pope was the *Pontifex maximus*, who, like the ancient emperors, united in his person the double power of offering sacrifice and wielding the destinies of the state. The saints were the *Dii immortales*, and the Virgin mother the *Dea lauritana*, whose supplications were to be entreated to incline Jupiter to yield to the popular requests. Bembo appears to have thought, as the religion of Italy was only an adaptation of paganism to modern ethics, that it was a mark of good taste to invest its properties with their classical designations. At least his practice was not wanting to this supposition. His private life, when most immersed in the sacred duties of the Vatican, when employed as one of the principal agents of that machine kept in motion with the avowed object of spiritualizing the universe, was a succession of loose intrigues, which were so much the more gratuitous as he kept a mistress who bore him offspring, and whose beauty and attachment might have fixed the affections of a less stable character. Of commanding presence, and fastidiously delicate in his dress and deportment, he easily acquired the affection of the high-born dames in whose ears he poured his flattering eloquence; and Lucretia Borgia and Maria Orsini are numbered among the ladies who responded to his passion. From his recollections of the court of the titular Queen of Cyprus, whom the Venetians, with their usual respect for the rights of property, had despoiled of her dominions, he wrote his *Asolani*; and rumour ascribes to the exiled sovereign a fondness for his society. Not content with the mere excitement of passion, himself and Cardinal Bibbiena, by means of an ingenious cipher, imparted their conquests to each other without compromising the high personages whose reputation they involved; and both took care to record every trait, in the progress of their amours, that could awaken a fresh appreciation for this sort of pleasure. These ecclesiastics must have been struck with the similarity of their pursuits with those of the love-sick bards of

ancient Rome, and have been startled to find the voluptuous mind of Ovid, and the gayer spirit of Catullus, arrayed in the priestly robes of an ascetic religion !

Perhaps no writer ever acquired fame upon such easy terms as Bembo, or preserved the ascendancy he gained over the republic of letters, to the close of his life, with such slender credentials for that position. In reality he produced nothing worthy of being remembered but a collection of Epistles after the manner of Tully, and a volume of Latin elegiacs and native amatory poetry, after models of a more equivocal description : yet among a generation fecund in great men he was singled out as the writer whose colossal powers threw his contemporaries into the shade. The infatuation of the age for classical learning, and the prestige with which the favour of courts surrounded a character, conspiring as they did to set Bembo's qualities in the most advantageous light, may serve to account for the hallucination. His life was fashioned to catch the greatest share of popularity men had to bestow ; and he sacrificed to temporal prospects those pursuits that might have gained him fame of a lasting duration. A boyhood spent in the court of Lorenzo de Medici, under the eye of Politian and Picus Mirandola, and in the company of the future Leo ; a youthful career crowned with the honours of two universities, and with an intimate knowledge of Greek, the fruit of three years' retirement at Messina under the tuition of Constantine Lascaris, sufficed to carry his name into the mouths of men. His reappearance in Italy at the courts of Ferrara and Urbino, of which he became the special favourite, and the honours and benefices showered upon him by his pontifical master, advanced his star to the literary meridian. In every town through which he passed, men, the latchets of whose shoes he was not worthy to tie, left their homes to pay to him the homage of a superior spirit. Machiavelli consulted him concerning his *History of Florence* : Castiglione, having made him the principal interlocutor in his *Cortegiano*, referred the work to his censorship : Ariosto requested his opinion on the final corrections of the *Orlando*, and invited him to name a tutor for his son. Indeed, the reputation of no work was deemed secure which had not obtained his sanction, as the pleasures of every festivity were thought incomplete which was not graced by his presence. As purveyor to the amusements of Leo, he omitted nothing that could add to the royal pleasures, from a boar-hunt in the woods of Malliana to the nocturnal banquets of the Vatican, or a theatrical representation in the gardens of Rucellai. Rome, in his day, assumed the appearance of a new Athens ; and his exquisite taste, and the influence he exercised at the papal court, enabled him to shine

among its artists with the lustre of another Pericles. After a discussion with Bramante on his projection for the cupola of St. Peter's, followed by a visit to the Farnesina, where he ventured to impart suggestions to the Greek mind of Raffael, which that artist at once embodied in form, as if by the stroke of enchantment, he passed to the Sistine Chapel to watch the rapt eye of Michael Angelo, as he filled its ceiling with the awe-inspiring forms of the sibyls and the prophets. A day so spent was appropriately concluded by an Attic supper with Morosina and a play of Ariosto. When all this glory had passed away, when the great minds who felt their proportions dwarfed in his presence had retired from the scene, Paul III. elevated him to the cardinate, and empowered him to dispense those favours he had so profusely received from the hands of others. In his Roman palace, environed with magnificent gardens, and adorned with a choice collection of statues and paintings, he affected the position not so much of a prince of the Church as of the Mæcenas of European letters. His habitation was the resort of all the talent, beauty, and nobility of the capital. Every stranger of importance considered his mission incomplete if unsignaled by a visit to the Palazzo Pellegrino. More than twenty languages were heard within its chambers, and the music of every country echoed from its walls. To a life variegated with such fortunate incidents, the crowning honours of the Pontificate would have been added had not a concussion of the thigh, while riding on horseback, abruptly terminated his career.

It would convey a wrong impression of the characteristics of the Italian revival to leave the reader to suppose that literature was confined to the wealthy and the noble, that it did not deeply pervade all classes, and prove the solace of the lower as well as of the higher orders of society. The fact is, in this respect, the golden age of Italian literature not only throws that of our own times into the shade, but may challenge a comparison with that of Athens during the most enlightened period of the Republic. Commerce, though entering as one of the principal ingredients into the growth of Italian pre-eminence, was not the mad thing it is in some of the corners of this country. The masses, while employed in manufactures, the artisan, while trained to the pursuit of his craft, were taught to appreciate the beauties of their own language, and could discover, without extraneous aid, the weak or the strong points of any literary work in the vulgar idiom. It was notorious that an artisan of Florence or Ferrara could distinguish the Lombardisms in the pages of Castiglione, as the Greek housemaid is said to have discovered the Lesbian descent of Theophrastus from his affectation of the Athenian

aceent. Owing to this universally prevailing taste, the number of editions issued of the various works of merit in the fifteenth and sixteenth century seem perfectly fabulous, even to this book-reading generation. The *Orlando Furioso*, after receiving the final corrections of the authors, passed through fifty editions in the course of a few months. The success of the *Jerusalem Delivered* was still more startling. Though sold at a low price, a bevy of booksellers made their fortunes out of the speculation, while the unfortunate author could not command a penny. The demand for Berni's *Orlando* exhausted sixty issues during the lifetime of the poet. The editions of the *Aminta*, and the *Pastor Fido*, might be counted by weeks during the first year of their publication. It must be remembered, that these works owed their success, not to any melo-dramatic plot which forms the principal feature of our popular novels, nor to their pandering to any favourite prejudice of the day, but solely to their conformity with the principles of æsthetics, and to the seasoning of that Attic wit which depends for its appreciation on a still more educated class of readers. As soon as any popular poem of this character was issued, its verses were caught up by every rank of society: the chamber-maid conned over its pages in the nooks of the kitchen; the mercer hummed the lines across the counters of his shop; the banditti wafted the strain through the mountains of Abruzzi, and the gondolier echoed it from the lagunes of Venice. The robbers who respected the person of Ariosto in the wilds of Gargagnana, who offered to escort the company of travellers to Rome whom they had forced to retire to Mola, as soon as they heard that Tasso was of their party, afford one of the most singular evidences of the sympathy of the vulgar classes with literature. Then no periodicals existed to write a book into notice; no author was obliged to suborn an editor to help him to mount the pedestal of fame: the people, without the intervention of the critic, exercised their own judgment on the literary feast prepared for them, and prevented either faction or cabal from eclipsing genius. If occasionally they erred by valuing too highly a turgid mediocrity, at least they allowed no work of real merit to fall like so much blank paper on the age. The phenomenon of a national epic of the first importance, dropping still-born from the press, and lying for half-a-century unheeded on the back shelves of the bookseller, and even then requiring a literary usher to introduce it to the notice of society, was reserved for the more enlightened times brought by the English Restoration!

This feeling of admiration in the masses of the people for the classic literature of the day, led as might naturally be expected, some of the more able to descend into the literary arena, and claim

some share of that applause they assisted to lavish upon others. In England it is customary to point to Bloomfield and Blackett as rare examples of literary merit; but Italy in the sixteenth century possessed many such artisans, who delivered themselves without any literary aconcheur to preside over the operation. Pacci, a bell founder at Florence, threw the chronicle of Villani into *terza rima*, and sustained the flight of his muse through ninety-one cantos. The barber Burchiello, though he tells us that

‘The muses with the razor were at strife,’

has left poetry which is still read in Italy, and divides, with respect to its merits, the suffrages of the learned. Even the boatman of the doge Grimani corrected proof-sheets, and had his quarrels with his publisher. Cagnani has published a collection of poetry of a still inferior grade of artisans, each of which circulated to a large extent in their day, and acquired for their authors a certain portion of notoriety. The communistic spirit in the public institutions of Italy, the admission of the lowest classes to the museums of art and the galleries of statuary and painting formed by the munificence of its princes, the attractive music of its churches, and the glittering array of marbles and mosaic work which adorned their sanctuaries, before which the noble forgot his pretensions and the peasant claimed equal rank with the wealthy and the proud, all conspired to cherish a lofty spirit in the minds of the community, to refine their feelings, and enable them to respond to the most exalted sentiments that the muse of their country could produce. A country in which every aristocrat was taught some manual art, in which the nobility were allowed to engage in commerce without any compromise of their dignity, was not inclined to regard even the lowest branches of trade as a necessary disqualification to the pursuit of letters. Gelli pursued his calling as an hatter up to his death, and yet found time to attend to his duties as a member of the Florentine Academy, and to deliver a series of lectures on Dante at the invitation of Cosmo. We do not hear that Cellini's statuary was less valued because he was a watchmaker, or that Sangello's books were depreciated because he followed the occupation of a blacksmith. A critic, instead of showing his taste by sneering at the productions of a writer simply because they came from the counter or the anvil, would most assuredly have pronounced his own condemnation. The Italian revival, with all its corruptions, solved a great problem in the social history of man. It taught the world a lesson at which this age should blush, that the most busy commerce is not incompatible with a high state of refinement among its agents, that the masses of the

people may be trained to a keen appreciation of their national literature without unfitting them for their manual occupations, or producing any disorganization in the structure of society ; that to keep man steadfast to the performance of the lowest duties which the commonwealth may impose upon him, it is not necessary to stunt his faculties, or to deprive him of that intellectual training which is his birthright as the crowning feature of creation.

It has been adduced in favour of the superiority of the minds of antiquity over those of modern times, that the genius of their great men was not confined to any special department, but maintained its ascendancy in every branch of the public service, and in every species of art to which they directed their attention. Cæsar produced the best tragedy of his age : he wrote Commentaries in his travelling-carriage while engaged in the turmoil of campaigns, which down to the present day stand unrivalled as models of this species of composition. He even composed a work on synonymous, and another on punning. But this devotion to letters did not hinder him from combining the powers of a great engineer with those of a great general, or detract from those talents by which he coerced senates into applause and swayed the civil destinies of the world. Augustus was as variously distinguished. Severus was a great general, a clever historian, and a prudent statesman. Alcibiades could give a good account of an enemy both on land and sea : he could command the votes of the Prytaneum by his eloquence, discuss some knotty point of philosophy with Socrates in the market-place, and direct the pencils of the artists in the studios of Athens. Such examples of versatility admit of explanations which must at once present themselves to every thinking mind. In those days knowledge was confined to a small territory ; the arts were few, and the scientific portion of these only in their elements. The efficiency of the higher departments of the civil and military service depended on the spontaneous suggestions of minds, unaided by previous training or established routine. It was, therefore, quite competent to a man of moderate ability to fill the office of questor, to produce a work of literary merit, to lead an army to victory, and to steer the national fleet. When knowledge, however, became indefinitely extended, when the arts had multiplied, and science had enlarged its boundaries, Italy produced a number of men who, in the highest walks of art and literature, combined in themselves such a variety of talents as to eclipse the most versatile capacities of Greece and Rome. Michael Angelo carried painting, sculpture, engineering, and architecture, to as high a pitch of perfection as they

have ever attained in the hands of persons who have devoted their lives to one pursuit. The defence of Syracuse by Archimedes, is yet deemed a marvel in art; but Archimedes was versed in nothing else than mechanics, and the Roman besiegers triumphed over his ingenuity. But Michael Angelo, who might have challenged Phidias to a trial in architecture and statuary, or defied Raffael to a contest in painting, defended Florence single-handed against the imperial armies for eight months, and would have saved the republic had not treachery opened its gates. The cosmopolitan knowledge of Leonardo da Vinci, his success in the same arts in which Michael Angelo triumphed, render him a still greater prodigy than his Florentine competitor. In all the branches of natural science he was the pioneer of his time, and made discoveries in every department which his successors were only able to perfect and demonstrate by the aid of a more extended system of analysis than that which science had placed in his hands. In the theory of physics he combined the geometrical method of Descartes with the inductive principles of Lord Bacon. His ideas of the military art are quite equal to those of Machiavelli and Albert Durer. Yet while inventing bombs, and modelling the most destructive engines of modern warfare, he gave increased facilities to commerce by the formation of navigable rivers, and taught Correggio to impart grace and sweetness to his portraits, and Raffael life and sublimity of expression. Brunelleschi found Florence a gothic town; he left it a Grecian city, adorned with statuary, the fruit of his chisel, with palaces and churches constructed from his own designs, and with paintings which derived their animation from his pencil. In literature the same extraordinary combination manifested itself. Poets, so far committed to their art as Tasso, were found to lecture on the various branches of philosophy, to publish editions of Euclid, and, in fact, to take the whole region of knowledge for their domain. Patrizzi was more known in his day for the metres he invented and his published verses, than for his contributions to natural science, and his skill in eloquence and history. Bernadino Baldi and Varchi, were equally at home at a funeral oration or a comedy. They published eclogues, satires, and physical treatises; and, in addition to translations of Archimedes, Boethius and Seneca, allied the pursuit of design with that of letters, and passed from the school of poets to that of architecture. Leibnitz is deservedly thought a prodigy of versatility; but every court of Italy contained half-a-dozen writers who surpassed even his aspirations after universal knowledge, and drove all the sciences abreast. Men, after the long night of barbarism in which their

ancestors had been plunged, after a thousand years' abstinence from everything in the shape of letters, in the ferment of repletion, tried the force of their minds upon every object which came before them. The success which they individually acquired in the most opposite departments of art, establishes the psychological truth,—a truth so destructive to one of the most popular systems of mental science in our day, that genius does not consist in any special formation of the faculties pre-adapted to a certain end; but in enlarged powers of mind, dependent in a great measure for their development on accident or the arbitrary choice of the possessor.

Were it not for the lax character of her morality, it might have been imputed as a merit to Italy, that while other states confined the splendour of their literature to their own capitals, she scattered her light through the entire Peninsula, and illuminated cotemporary nations. If science and the arts passed from Athens to Rome, and thence to Alexandria, it was not by the empire which the age of Pericles and that of Augustus exercised over their cotemporaries, but by the use that posterity made of their manuscripts, of their monuments, and history. Rome, notwithstanding the extent of her empire, concentrated within her walls all the literary genius it produced. The lustre of her civilization, as the wealth which accompanied it, was borrowed from the provinces, and she left them nothing in return but a sickly reflex light in the courts of her proconsuls. When Athens drew from the surrounding continent, from Asia Minor and Sicily, all that they possessed of distinction, and took her spring above other republics, hardly a ray of the literary splendour which distinguished her ascendancy stole out of Attica. But in the sixteenth century, not Rome alone, or the capitals of other Italian states, but native cities of inferior magnitude, shared in the general enlightenment and entered into the contest of literary pre-eminence. The position of Italy as the centre of the Latin church; her intestine divisions which so often invited the armies of foreign powers to invade her territories; the splendour of her courts which as frequently attracted the visits of foreign nobility; each equally combined to spread her literature throughout Europe, and to compel, in some measure, other nations to dispute her glory.

There can be no doubt that the influence thus exercised was of a humanising tendency; that it suppressed serfdom, awakened the liberal arts, and infused a tone of refinement into the savage manners of more northern countries: of this let Italy have all the honour. But there can be as little doubt that the immorality which pervaded her literature tended to ally wit with licentious-

ness, and to introduce that dissolute spirit into the development of letters abroad, which had so luxuriously germinated at home ; of this let Italy have all the blame. It cannot be forgotten that Chaucer imbibed the spirit of his poetry from Boceaccio ; that the early English dramatists were well acquainted with the novels of Cinthio and Strapparola ; that Montaigne caught his scepticism from the essays of Pomponatius and Patrizzi ; that Rabelais drew his inspiration from the pages of Aretino and Folengo. Even so advanced a country as Spain in the sixteenth century was not proof against the attractions of a licentious literature, and the epics of Ereillo and Camoens exhibit blemishes derived from the imitation of the most lascivious scenes of Ariosto. It is not unusual with Catholic polemics to refer to the *de Veritate* of Lord Herbert, in evidence that the modern spirit of infidelity had its birth in England ; but before Lord Herbert was out of his leading-strings, Pulci and Franco had astounded Florence with opinions of which his was but a faint echo—opinions, in fact, which might have been extracted from the works of the Greek Arcesilaus, and reflected in the pages of Hobbes and Spinoza. Mr. Panizzi, and even so circumspect a writer as Tirasboschi, have endeavoured to involve their readers in a similar delusion. In their eagerness to palliate the excesses of the chief ornaments of their country, they point to the lax character of English literature during the Elizabethan era, as if the immoral effects which the works of the Italian classics produced at London or Greenwich could furnish any excuse for the original perpetration of the mischief at Florence and Ferrara. To form a correct idea of the influence exercised in this direction by Italy, recourse must not be had to the standards furnished by the histories of more modern countries. The most flourishing period of French and English letters found other nations impregnated with a literature of their own which, to a great degree, neutralized the effects of foreign models ; whereas Italy found Europe in darkness ; and every gleam of light which she shot across its horizon derived increased splendour from the gloom which it dispersed, and roused the most gifted minds of surrounding countries to imitate and admire. Her language succeeded the Provençal as the mark of distinction and the badge of intellectual progress at foreign courts. As no modern diplomatist could think of discharging the functions of his mission without some acquaintance with French, so no mediæval writer could have the slightest pretence to the notice of his countrymen, who was not acquainted with the standard authors of Italy. For four centuries every engine of intellectual domination was in her hands, and thought ran in the channels in which she ordained it to flow. Even in her fall she instructed her

conquerors ; and while they covered her with wounds, she infused into their breasts the elements of that civilization which constitutes their present glory. Her academies were extinguished, and her arts were scattered, but to raise their head in other lands, and to lead the literatures whose infancy she had nursed, to surpass the perfection of her own.

That overthrow to which the aggressions of Spain and France led the way was completed by Germany. The horrid sack of the Lombardian cities, followed by the devastations of the plague, which, in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, ravaged Italy both north and south, emptied her schools of design, closed her universities, and gave the final blow to her literary ascendancy. Her political power had long before expired under the dictation of those who once regarded her with reverence, but who now ransacked her churches and palaces with impunity. There is a political Nemesis in the history of nations. Italy, in the old world, robed herself in the spoils of the provinces, and organized a system of government by which the fruits of their granaries, and the wealth of their cities, flowed into her capital through regularly appointed channels, as if the whole thing had been a process of nature. At length these provinces turned upon their oppressors in the days of their effeminacy, razed their cities, and subverted their dominion. Italy, in the new world, by a monopoly of commerce and by a skilful use of religion as an instrument of personal aggrandisement, drew the wealth of Europe into her cities, and revelled in luxury at the expense of other nations, until the light which she shed abroad opened the eyes of her tributaries, and induced them to reclaim with the sword the wealth of which they had been despoiled, and in the plunder of a day to balance the account of centuries of delusion. Notwithstanding the marked dissimilarity of their features, the course of the two empires presents a striking resemblance in the order of events which advanced their prosperity to its culmination, and accelerated its decline. In each, liberty at home and a spirit of conquest and oppression abroad, produced riches, and these in turn gave rise to factions which ended in the establishment of despotism. The splendour which succeeded was only the flash which precedes the destruction of the flame.

‘This is the moral of all human tales,
‘Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory, when that fails
Vice and corruption, barbarism at last.’

To this last stage Italy is fast approaching, and though occasionally an Alfieri and a Canova may arise to remind her

that she was once the land of artists and of poets, the shades deepen at the lapse of each generation, and we see nothing to avert her fate but some moral cataclysm, which should weaken her oppressors and stimulate her dormant energies to united action. For ourselves, she has a name associated with the world's brightest memories, a people still superior in intellectual and bodily endowments to most continental nations, a soil adorned with the richest scenery that God has lavished on the kingdom of man ; and however slight may be the ground for such an aspiration, we would fain indulge in the hope, that Austria may be led, by the contest which at present absorbs the attention of Europe, to relax her grip upon the fairest provinces of that favoured country, and thus afford scope for some modern Theseus to consolidate its governments, and form out of the fragments of its broken people a free, happy, and united nation.

ART. II.—*The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt; illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends and the Specifications of his Patents.* By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, Esq., M.A. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1854.

THE age of romance is said to be past. Poetry is supposed to be retreating before science. The dim domain in which the imagination once roamed without check is gradually contracting before the eager approaches of intellect, just as the ancient forests of America are melting away under the axes of civilization. There are no magicians now. It would be in vain to look for enchanted castles on European soil. The great dragons are all gone. We have done with witches for ever. Nobody keeps a familiar spirit in the nineteenth century. The fairies are never seen footing it merrily in their moonlit dells. Would it not be pleasant to hear of a Puck or an Ariel in these degenerate days ? Even a single genuine well-authenticated ghost might do something to redeem the dull dry aspect of the era, and connect us once more with that glorious period when every respectable stream could boast of its troop of water-sprites, when every grove was stocked with legendary terrors, and when every ancient mansion kept an hereditary phantom for the terrace walk,

or a family goblin for the kitchen and pantry. But alas! as Coleridge says, in his *Wallenstein*, the beings

‘That had their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat’ry depths; all these have vanish’d,
They live no longer in the faith of reason.’

Such we may suppose to be the lament of poetical minds—of those who would still dwell delightedly ‘mong fays and talismans and spirits,—who think that science is warring against imagination when she explains the optics of rainbows or the chemistry of tears—and who believe that her office is to break into all the enchanted woods of fancy, like Tasso’s Rinaldo, and chop down the trees whence sounds of mysterious sweetness issue, and where beings of angelic beauty are enthralled.* We confess we cannot participate in these regrets. Science gives as much as she takes. She creates as much poetry as she destroys. For the romance of fiction, she substitutes the nobler romance of reality. She, too, has her spirits, many and mighty; and of these the most potent, whilst it is also the most manageable, is STEAM. At the present hour this country is covered with a host of dumb docile giants, who are toiling night and day for man, and who have done far more for their masters in a single hour, than all the fairies and familiars that ever lived in the poet’s brain, or the peasant’s faith. Rightly considered, we believe there are few spectacles so striking as the services which are rendered by these versatile but obedient monsters. Is water to be drawn up from the recesses of the mine, or ore to be lifted to the surface? Set your giant to work, and the duty will be performed without pay or reward. Are the thousand wheels and spindles of a manufactory to be kept in rapid rotation, and yet each thread spun out with as much delicacy of movement as if you were weaving a spider’s web? Summon up the ready vassal steam, and he will execute the work with a gentler touch than that of a lady, and with greater power and persistency than forty horses. Is force wanted to drive those massive hammers which mould the glowing iron like dough, or those rollers which crush a lump of metal as it passes through them like a long fiery serpent, until it emerges a straight shapely rod? Not Vulcan, with all his Cyclops, could manage the process as neatly and dexterously as steam. Go into the

* ‘Il cavalier, pur come agli altri avviene
N’attendeva un gran tuono d’alto spavento
E v’ode poi di Ninfe e di Sirene
D’auré, d’acque e d’augei dolce concerto, &c.’

printing office, where thousands of copies of a journal are required before day has well dawned; and there the busy giant is at work patiently twirling the type-covered cylinders, and stamping their news upon broad sheets, which will be scattered over England before the sun has fairly set. Do you wish to traverse the island at the rate of some forty miles an hour, or to transport a huge mass of luggage from London to Edinburgh in the course of a day? Put the faithful servant steam in harness, and that which all the fantastic creations of mythology could not have accomplished, had they been yoked to the vehicle, he will effect with the precision of an intelligent thing. Turn to the ocean, and there the potent spirit is to be seen impelling vessels across the Atlantic, or conducting war ships to the point of attack, and carrying them out of the line of fire, as if engaged in a great dance on the surface of the deep.* In short, wherever science has obtained a firm footing, numbers of these magnificent myrmidons are now to be found. She has supplied us with a race of servitors who will bend their energies to any task their masters may think proper to prescribe. Without one murmur at the severity of the labour imposed, without needing a single day's holiday, or scarcely an hour's repose, these noble helots of civilization are now charging themselves with the chief drudgery of this planet. Who then will say that there is no poetry in steam, when he considers the multifarious offices to which its powers are applied—pumping, sawing, printing, coining, spinning, blasting, forging, paddling, propelling? We do not wonder that the good Marquis of Worcester, who made some small advances towards this great invention, fell upon his knees ‘when first with his corporal eyes he did see finished a trial of his water-commanding engine;’ and though he could have but a very dim perception of its coming glories, yet from the ‘bottom of his heart and bowels’ rendered thanks to Heaven for vouchsafing to him ‘an insight into soe great a secret of nature, beneficent to all mankind.’ The man to whom we are chiefly indebted for conjuring up this host of valuable goblins—the magician, at whose summons they came from the vasty deep of thought, and filled the land with their labours—was the memorable James Watt. Respecting him and his splendid creations, we have now three goodly volumes before us. They contain first, an introductory memoir; second, the correspondence of Watt; and third, a collection of patents, specifications, law cases, and other illustrative documents. Considering the interest attached to the steam-engine, we think that its history is as well worthy of

* The reader will remember the naval attack at Odessa, last year.

copious research as that of any little kingdom. We therefore welcome Mr. Muirhead's valuable contribution to the most brilliant chapter in the annals of mechanical science. The author—perhaps we ought rather to say editor—has discharged his duties with scrupulous fidelity, and with a sincere desire to rear a worthy monument to the memory of his illustrious relative. As an executor of James Watt the younger, who died in 1848, he became possessed of the papers which that gentleman had prepared for a work on his father's inventions; and the discovery of a long series of letters, of which it was thought that no copies had been preserved, has enabled Mr. Muirhead to fill up a blank of the most provoking description, because it comprehended the period when Watt was working out the idea which may be said to constitute the vital principle of his engine. The writer has endeavoured as far as possible to make Watt his own historian and commentator; to use his own expressive phrase, he has striven to render it a *self-acting* biography. But in doing so, he has been compelled to omit much of the incident which appertains to a true memoir; and the reader who goes to these volumes must not expect to meet with a complete life either of the man or the inventor. Perhaps we could have wished, for the sake of securing the work a larger circulation, by lessening its bulk and price, that Mr. Muirhead had crushed a portion of his materials into a much smaller compass. He might have employed a 'condensing apparatus' with some effect. The vaporous verbiage of a patent might have been reduced to a single paragraph of fact; nor do we think that readers would have objected, had the Act of Parliament and case at law, with the speech of Mr. Rous, and other legal prolixities, been compressed into a shape demanding less time and patience for their perusal. Perhaps Mr. Muirhead will also pardon us if we venture to give him a good-humoured hint respecting his tendency to the employment of the Johnsonian tongue. We submit that this dialect is not only too antiquated for the modern press, but that it is particularly unfortunate when applied to such a lively, rattling thing as modern steam.* It was all very well for the Leviathan of literature to write big, but it won't do for us little fishes to talk like great whales. Johnsonese is almost extinct. A crisper style is required. The impatience of readers, the exigencies of space, and the importunities of printers, alike demand that he who undertakes the perilous duty of informing

* E. g. 'In the case of illustrious heroes and statesmen, poets, orators, or artists, who have attained the height of their glory in their own time, it often happens that when the excitement of contemporary interest, the influence of power, or the partiality of friendship is removed, the judgment which posterity pronounces on their achievements is not unalloyed by the hesitation of doubt, the coldness of criticism, or the severity of censure.'—*Introductory Memoir*, p. 1.

the ignorant, or amusing the curious, should endeavour to write with the brevity of Tacitus, the terseness of Macaulay, and the rapidity of Dumas. Prolifickity of composition, were it always practicable, were rarely appropriate; it chills the ardours of genius in him who produces, as it fatigues the attention of the student who peruses, and empties the pocket of the collector who purchases.

With this faint little demur, which we regret the more because the space assigned to matters of a formal description might, at any rate, have been devoted to a fuller biography of Watt, we have great pleasure in commending these handsome and elaborate volumes to the attention of the public. It is not our purpose to enter into any details respecting Watt's life, except so far as they bear upon his inventions. The reader must therefore be pleased to suppose him born at Greenock in 1736—a feeble and delicate child—brought up by parents in a somewhat humble rank—drawing geometrical figures on the floor at an early age, after the fashion of Blaise Pascal—displaying an infantile affection for mechanics by pulling toys to pieces, not from any natural propensity to destroy, but from a sincere curiosity to understand their construction—reading all the books to which he could obtain access, but exhibiting a particular fondness for poetry and fairy tales—pondering over steam as it issued from the tea-kettle, and contriving electrical machines, or trying miscellaneous experiments in natural philosophy—and then, when it became necessary to put on harness, and take his share in the world's work, choosing the business of a mathematical instrument maker as that by which his future livelihood might be most congenially procured. After a short engagement as a journeyman in London, where he caught a severe cold, which is said to have sown the rudiments of many an ache in his constitution, and where he was frequently compelled to remain in-doors, lest he should be seized by the press-gang, then very busy in picking up naval heroes in the streets, Watt proceeded to Glasgow in 1756, and in 1757 established himself within the walls of the college, having obtained permission to mount the title of 'mathematical instrument maker to the University.'

It is always interesting to notice the trivial circumstances on which the fortunes of mankind appear to depend. The history of inventions is rich in illustrations. The University of Glasgow happened to possess a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine. This fact is of no slight moment to us all; for had it not been the case, it is to be doubted whether a single railway would yet have been in existence in the kingdom. By a further stroke of good fortune, this little engine would not work satisfactorily;

had it done so, not a single vessel in our fleets of war might have been provided with paddles or screw-propellers to the present hour. It was resolved that the refractory thing should be repaired, and it was accordingly sent to an instrument maker in London for the purpose; but, as if entertaining some dim presentiment that to succeed would be to stand in the way of civilization, this individual obligingly failed in the attempt. The model was then returned to Glasgow, and the box that contained it carried a far more valuable freight than Cæsar and his fortunes. In the winter of 1763-4 it was placed in the hands of James Watt, who had happily been driven to seek refuge within the precincts of the university by the hostility of the borough authorities, these worthies not considering him formally qualified to practise in the city itself. This was the most felicitous occurrence of all. Had the model been entrusted to James White or James Brown, it might have been 'all up' with that age; and we, instead of travelling express, might still have been creeping along rough turnpike roads in those four-wheeled cottages which seemed to be the lairs of importunate guards and insatiable coachmen. But, falling as it did into the hands of a youthful mechanician, to whom everything became the subject of 'a new and serious study' which it was known he would not quit until he had extracted some decisive result, there was hope that he, if any one, would discover the colossal capabilities of the power which lay slumbering in this little toy. He applied himself accordingly to the task. Without wishing to assign any fantastic importance to a mechanical invention, we may well believe that the hours during which Watt hung over this model, were hours deserving of more honourable mention in the chronicles of our race than many of those wherein great battles have been fought, or great political convulsions have occurred. If the big heart of humanity ever flutters in its pulsations when some pregnant event is about to transpire, may we not fancy that it would beat with a quicker throb when the genius of this man spread its wings over the chaos of schemes then associated with the thought of steam, and shaped them into a creation of marvellous beauty and power? If a new race of animals were about to be added to the tribes already existing on the globe, with what interest should we watch their advent; why not, when a splendid invention is about to be ushered into the world, and a new order of herculean agents is brought into the field to toil and struggle for mankind?

Watt's quick eye soon discovered the great defect in the Newcomen engine. But to provide a remedy was a task of the most formidable description, because it appeared to involve a paradox. He concentrated all his thoughts, however, upon the machine.

To use his own words, he became ' quite barren' as to every other subject of research. It was his opinion that there was generally a ' weak side in nature,' and that if this vulnerable spot could be detected, she might be easily ' vanquished.' See him, therefore, day after day, examining the subject in every light, and probing it in every part, in order to discover the most assailable point. With a tenacity of purpose and a patience of attack which would have charmed all spectators had these qualities been exhibited in some showy enterprise, Watt laid stern siege to the question, and for many months kept ' Nature' in a state of inflexible blockade.

To understand the difficulty, it is necessary to advert to the principle of the Newcomen machine, which was then the only popular form wherein steam-power was employed. It may be enough to inform the general reader that after the vapour had been admitted into the cylinder, it was condensed by allowing a jet of cold water to enter. In consequence, a partial vacuum was produced beneath the piston, which we suppose at starting to be at the summit of the cylinder. The pressure of the atmospheric column resting upon the upper surface of this piston, and loading it with a weight of 14·7 pounds to the square inch, then forced it down; just as the plunger of a squirt, if raised when the hole is stopped, will be driven to the bottom of the tube the moment the hand is withdrawn.

When the piston had travelled to the foot of the cylinder, steam was re-admitted until the pressure of the atmosphere above was counterbalanced beneath, and then the weight of the apparatus attached to the other extremity of the beam drew up the piston-rod again. The business of the steam, therefore, was simply to neutralize the weight of the atmosphere during the ascent of the piston; but when this was accomplished, it became desirable to kick away the ladder whereby the latter had mounted, as speedily and as effectually as possible—a very human sort of proceeding—in order that there might then be no obstruction to its descent.

But here lay the seeming paradox which Watt had to vanquish. He saw that the value of the engine depended in a great measure upon the rapidity and the completeness with which the vacuum could be produced. Yet were it necessary to wait several minutes between each stroke, or if the steam were so imperfectly condensed that the atmospheric force must be largely counteracted by its presence beneath the piston, just by so much was the practical efficiency of the machine diminished. The colder therefore the water injected, and the larger the quantity supplied, the sooner would the vapour be disposed of within the cylinder. Very good: but there was a *per contra* side to the question. The more effectually the process of cooling was executed during the

down-stroke, the worse for the engine when the up-stroke was to be performed. For upon the readmission of steam into the cylinder—now severely chilled by the cold injection—much time was necessarily lost in simply recovering from the exhaustion of the previous beat, and much vapour consumed in merely making head against the wintry temperature within. Here then was as pretty a problem as could well be imagined! For one part of the process, it was desirable that the apparatus should be rendered excessively hot; for the other, excessively cool. One way, the cylinder should be kept not lower than 212° ; the other, not higher than 100° . And to make the matter more perplexing, it was essential for the well-working of the engine that these transitions from a tropical to an arctic climate should be brought about with considerable rapidity—just as it was all-important in the description of Purgatory given by Drithelm, and reported by the Venerable Bede, that the poor souls who are represented as passing alternately from a region of extravagant heat to one of everlasting frost, should be compelled to make the change without any gradual seasoning, in order that the fullest possible amount of torture might be extracted from their circumstances. It seemed in fact as if Hot and Cold, those ancient champions fierce, must needs be shut up in the same cylinder, and an attempt made, not merely to reconcile them, but to render their hostility so harmonious that it should produce a steady, regular, and even rhythmical movement.

At first Watt appears to have thought that as the saving of fuel was a cardinal consideration in all questions of steam economy, it would be safest to take part with the champion heat. Accordingly he tried a great number of experiments to ascertain how the cylinder might be best defended against cold, either by forming it of some nonconducting substance like wood, or by clothing it with a 'jacket' of that material, or by surrounding it entirely with steam. And during the course of these inquiries, it is worthy of remark, that he stumbled upon the doctrine of *latent heat*, without any intimation that Dr. Black had already elicited the same interesting principle himself.

Early in the year 1765, however, a lucky conception flashed through his brain. *Suppose that instead of attempting to condense the vapour in the cylinder this part of the process were effected in a separate vessel?* Steam, being an elastic substance, would rush into any cavity which might be opened to it, and there it might be reduced to water without damaging the temperature of the rest of the apparatus. And thus, instead of ushering those two pugnacious principles into the same receptacle, where their energies were crippled by a system of mutual assault, it

would be possible, when severed, to turn their resources to the fullest account. The condenser might in fact be immersed in the frostiest water which could be procured, whilst the caloric of the cylinder might be husbanded by every artifice that ingenuity could suggest. The former might be kept as cool as Spitzbergen; the latter as ardent as Ethiopia.

Now simple as an idea may seem when your egg *has* been made to stand on an end, and obvious as Watt's discovery may appear when once expressed, we are bold to affirm that if the notion of a separate condenser were to be estimated by its money-value alone, it would have been cheap at many millions sterling. It was proved on one of the trials at law that with a single bushel of coals thirty millions of pounds could be lifted a foot high upon his principle, whilst only eight millions could be raised through the same space by Newcomen's engine. Had it therefore been necessary to purchase this brilliant conception on the ground of economy merely, Englishmen would have done well to subscribe and buy its author a small county, and the British government would not have taken an injudicious step had they obtained for him the fee-simple of the Isle of Wight or of some snug little colony.

The spots where great discoveries are achieved ought to be held in perpetual respect. There, monuments should be erected to show that a new thought alighted in the world. The latitude and longitude of Watt's valuable conception have been roughly indicated by himself. One afternoon as he was proceeding to take a stroll in a large open meadow on the Clyde, known as the Green of Glasgow, and whilst on the road 'half-way between the Herds' House and Arn's Wall,' the notion of the condenser rushed into his mind. We are afraid to add that the day was Sunday, lest many of his good countrymen should henceforth regard all steam-engines with distrust, and cease to wonder that boilers explode, when Watt owed so much to a sabbatical suggestion. Be this as it may, the inventor perceived in an instant that he had grasped a clue which would lead him to results of the highest importance. He had detected the 'weak part' he had so long been labouring to discover, and the rest would be matter of contrivance and detail. Great was his joy. 'Well,' said Mr. Alexander Brown to Mr., afterwards Sir, John Robison, 'have you seen Jamie Watt?' 'Yes.' 'He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?' 'Yes,' said Robison; 'very fine spirits.' 'Certainly,' said Brown; 'the condenser's the thing!' Robison had just visited Watt, with whom he had frequently conversed on scientific subjects, and particularly on the question of steam. Entering the parlour, he had found the great mechanician sitting

before the fire with a little tin cistern on his knee, which he was examining attentively. Ignorant at the moment of the discovery just effected, Robison began to talk about steam, when Watt interrupted him by exclaiming briskly, ' You need not fash your self any more about that, man ; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot; —aye, and hot water injected if I please ! ' This was uttered with an air of complacency, such as a man whom had just ' vanquished nature,' and was still glowing in all the pride of his victory, might be expected to assume. Robison naturally put some question, with a view to elicit the secret; but the inventor, pushing the tin apparatus under the table with his foot, answered him 'rather drily,' and the querist was afraid to press for an explanation, knowing that he had offended Watt by revealing some little contrivance only a few days previously. But the interview with Mr. Brown cleared up the mystery. The instant this gentleman declared that the ' condenser was the thing,' Robison says that the whole flashed upon his mind at once.

Such being the central idea of the improved steam-engine, we can only glance with great brevity at a few of the expedients by which it was gradually developed into the masterly apparatus it has now become. Thought after thought was added—organ was piled up on organ—until, in the hands of Watt, it was shaped into the grandest cluster of contrivances ever produced by man. First of all, as the steam was now to be reduced in a separate vessel, and as the injected water and the accompanying air would go on collecting there, it was obvious that the condenser would soon attain a plethoric condition utterly fatal to the production of the requisite vacuum in the cylinder. The engine would speedily be ' choked.' To prevent this evil, Watt hit upon the idea of employing an *air-pump*. This subsidiary instrument was to be worked by the engine itself, stroke for stroke with the piston, so that the condenser should be regularly cleared of its contents or kept in a state of due depletion. And in order that the separate vessel might be prevented attaining a temperature inconsistent with its duties, and with a view to leave the champion cold as unmolested as possible, this part of the apparatus was immersed in a cistern of water, and a pump attached to the engine to feed the latter with the cool fluid. Then the *piston* was a source of considerable perplexity. This important little implement cost the hero of the steam-engine a world of trouble. In Newcomen's machine it was covered with water to keep it steam-tight. Much heat was consequently wasted in vaporizing this liquid, and to add to the loss, the descent of the piston constantly exposed the interior of the cylinder to the chilling in-

fluence of the atmosphere. Such evils could not of course be tolerated in an engine where the grand object was to economize fuel to the utmost. To put a stop to depredations from the first of these causes, Watt proposed to discard the layer of fluid from the surface of the piston, and to secure tightness by employing oils, wax, fats, resin, or even quicksilver. To cure the second evil—the entrance of the cold air—he placed a cap upon the cylinder, leaving a hole through which the piston-rod might slide, and admitting hot steam in place of the atmospheric pressure, to compel the descent of the piston. The value of this latter expedient may be fairly imagined when we observe that it opened the way to a complete change in the character of the engine. Hitherto the machine was an atmospheric one, the moving power being in reality not steam, but simply the weight of the column of air resting upon the surface of the piston and driving it to the bottom when the internal vapour was reduced. Now, however, the piercing eye of Watt perceived that, if necessary, the system of cold water injections with the principle of condensing itself might if necessary be relinquished, and the engine worked by the action of steam alone. In fact, he saw that the machine might be wrought upon a high pressure plan, and the 'separate vessel' repudiated.

For these and other improvements, his Majesty George III. was 'graciously pleased to condescend to grant to James Watt'—such is the modest phraseology his Majesty employs—his royal letters patent, dated the 5th January, 1769, authorizing him or his deputies—his Majesty spells somewhat quaintly—to make and vend his invention for lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in fire-engines, for the period of fourteen years from the date of those presents—for which, by-the-bye, Mr. Watt had paid a handsome figure—fully to be 'compleat and ended.'

This royal document obtained, Watt did not rest on his oars for an instant. Another brilliant improvement had already suggested itself, but it was not until 1782 that it was secured by letters patent from the Crown. The principle to which we now allude—that of using steam *expansively*—presents a somewhat paradoxical appearance at the first glance. According to old Hesiod, the half is often better than the whole. According to James Watt, one-fourth may be more serviceable than the entirety. He discovered that if, instead of allowing the steam to pour into the cylinder during the whole ascent or descent of the piston, the supply was cut off when a quarter only of each beat was effected, the remainder might be accomplished by the expansion of the vapour alone. In virtue of its elasticity, the admitted steam would dilate and drive the piston before it to the foot of

the cylinder. True, it would do so with gradually declining power; and therefore, so far, a positive loss would seem to be incurred; but it will be seen that as the inertia and friction of the piston are overcome during the first part of the stroke, it would perform the rest of its jaunt more rapidly than it ought were the vapour allowed still to operate with all its original force. Hence, by shutting off your steam at a certain point, an adjustment may be effected between the momentum of the piston and the elasticity of the moving power. To say nothing of the value of such an arrangement in regard to the smooth working of the machine, it is only necessary to repeat that the great object for which Watt was then battling was economy in the consumption of fuel. When, therefore, one-third or three-fourths of the steam previously used could be made to suffice, the retrenchment effected was prodigious. In some Cornish mines the flow of vapour into the cylinder is actually stopped at one-twelfth of the stroke.

The next step was one of a still more brilliant description. It converted the steam-engine from a single acting into a *double-acting* machine. At first, as we have seen, the motive power was derived from the atmosphere, and this was available in one direction only—namely, by driving the piston downwards; the up-stroke being produced, as stated, by the weight of the pump-rods attached to the other extremity of the beam. Now this half-and-half sort of proceeding might be tolerated where the engine was employed to hoist water exclusively; and to this occupation the machine had hitherto been applied; but there were hundreds of mechanical duties to be discharged for which a steady continuous force, pulling the piston in both directions alternately, was urgently required. The age was in want of an ascending as well as a descending power, capable of acting with uniform energy. Luckily, James Watt was at hand. He responded to the call. Out of that prolific brain of his there leaped the precise conception desired. As in the case of the condenser, nothing could appear more natural than the new notion—when actually elaborated. Why, thought he, should not the process of forming a vacuum in the space beneath the piston to compel its descent, be repeated in regard to the space above the piston to compel its ascent? Why not admit the steam alternately above and below, so that its elastic force should be brought to bear upon the piston during the whole of its travels from the commencement to the conclusion?* The principle once perceived, the rest with him was a matter of mere mechanical detail. We regret that it is not in our power to fix the geography of this for-

* The reader will understand that though Watt had long ago introduced steam above the piston, he had done so by way of substituting it for the atmospheric pressure, and without adopting any contrivance for the production of a vacuum above that implement.

tunate conception, nor yet to say whether it was the product of his working-day meditations, though it would have given us great pleasure to have pacified Scotland in this particular; but certain it is that the doom of the old atmospheric engine was now sealed, and the age of steam-power may be said to have been fairly inaugurated. The first machine constructed upon the double-acting plan (in the earlier part of 1783) gave good proof of its capabilities; for it set to work with such heartiness that, as Watt says, it broke all its tackling repeatedly, and cost them some trouble in 'taming' it.

Having thus noticed some of the principal improvements introduced by this great genius, it would be impossible to advert at any length to the many other efforts which were made by him to bring his favourite engine to a state of perfection. Without alluding to his schemes for circular machines (where the steam was to drive a piston round a cavity instead of producing a reciprocating motion), or for semi-rotative machines—or for double-cylinder machines, it may be enough to say that Watt's subordinate contrivances alone might have made the name of any other man a household word and a nation's pride. The *parallel motion*, for example, is a proof of the elegant felicity with which he mastered the difficulties that lay in his path. It is charming to observe how this man solved one puzzle after another almost as fast as presented! It will be seen that the piston-rod must rise and fall in a perfectly vertical direction; whereas the end of the beam to which it was to be attached necessarily played through the arc of a circle. Could these two movements be readily reconciled? Certainly, said James Watt, and from that wonderful head there issued a device which enabled him to adjust both operations through the instrumentality of a beautiful piece of mechanism; and at the same time to discard all the chains, perpendicular guides, and other clumsy contrivances previously employed. 'Though I am not over-anxious after fame,' said he, 'yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical invention I have ever made.' And who is there that has not looked with admiration upon the dexterous application of the *governor* to the machine? Who has not watched with a feeling of deep curiosity those two balls whose centrifugal force is so cleverly employed to check or increase the supply of steam, and thus enable the engine to feed itself with vapour more securely than if a human sentry had been stationed at the throttle-valve perpetually? Perhaps, however, the *sun and planet wheels* afford a still livelier illustration of Watt's resources. The crank had been long known as the means by which an up-and-down motion might be converted into a circular one. But its application to the steam-engine was the idea of the great Scotchman.

Not thinking it of sufficient importance to merit a patent; for he spoke of it modestly as simply 'taking a knife to cut cheese which had been used to cut bread,' he adopted no steps to protect it; but one Wasborough having purloined the conception through the aid of a 'blackguard named Cartwright, who was afterwards hanged,' as Watt says with a touch of satisfaction in his tone, a patent was secured by the freebooter and a friend. Thus excluded from the benefit of his own ingenuity, Watt set his wits to work to invent a substitute for the crank. Forth there came a number of schemes for this end; but beautiful above the rest was the idea of a wheel attached to one extremity of the rod of the beam, and travelling like a satellite round its primary, which was another cogged wheel fixed on the axle of the fly. But, waiving all mention of the improvements proposed by him in valves, pistons, boilers, furnaces, and other parts of the apparatus, it is enough to say that Watt did for the steam-engine something like what Augustus did for Rome. After finding it a clumsy, imperfect, intermitting machine, fit for little else but to serve as a drawer of water, he left it a complex elegant engine governing itself with extraordinary precision, and capable of employing its powers in almost any task that might be prescribed. The rude nucleus of Newcomen had expanded into a splendid construction, just as some humble dwelling to which wing after wing, and story after story have been added, ultimately dilates into a stately and palatial edifice.

To invent, however, was one thing; to carry into execution was another. The difficulties Watt had to encounter in the latter respect were prodigious. His extreme diffidence, and still more his habits of despondency, were in the highest degree unfavourable to the realization of his own dashing projects. Fortunately at an early period he had met with a warm friend in Dr. John Roebuck, the originator of the Carron Works. Once satisfied of the value of the condensing machine, this energetic gentleman advanced money for the prosecution of the requisite experiments, and to enable Watt to procure the patent already mentioned. In return for this assistance, two-thirds of the property in the invention were assigned to him. But in the year 1769, poor Roebuck became embarrassed in his affairs; and after a little struggling, Watt found himself stranded on the beach, instead of pursuing his voyage with flying colours and well-filled sails. It was not long, however, before he was floated off, and though his life was long bound in the shallows and miseries which inventors must generally encounter, he now formed a connexion of the most propitious character for himself, and the most valuable consequences to society. As we have already intimated, Watt was a timorous man, easily depressed, looking at the 'black

side of things,' as he himself asserts, shrinking from all business intercourse with his fellow-creatures, and declaring that he would 'rather face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain.' With such habits it is plain that he of all men was eminently unfitted for the work in hand. To force an invention into note—to dissipate the thousand prejudices it would excite—to undertake the painful task of fighting for patents, acts of parliament, and injunctions in chancery—and then to manage all the business duties which must press upon the proprietor of an invention, if it were to be rendered available as an instrument of profit; all this was as foreign to his tastes, as if he had been asked to take the command of a regiment of dragoons or a vessel of war. What was wanted by way of complement to his productive brain was an executive arm and a capacious purse. With the hour came the man. There was one person pre-eminently fitted for the post of coadjutor. This was Matthew Boulton, of the Soho Works, near Birmingham. Head of one of the largest and most varied manufactories in the country, and gifted with that energy which has raised many an English mechanic into princely prominence, this gentleman was master of a capital that enabled him to lavish a little fortune upon the nascent invention. It was by his money and his practical sagacity that the giant intended to do such prodigious work when fully grown, was now to be matured. Let us therefore add this circumstance to the striking series of events which led to the full development of the power of steam, and let us say that perhaps the most important link in the chain was the subtle destiny which brought Matthew Boulton into alliance with James Watt. In fact, as Professor Playfair intimates, had Europe been ransacked, not an individual could have been found with better qualifications for the office of associate than the lord of Soho. It seemed as if the beautiful old fiction of halved souls seeking out and finding their mates, had been realized in this instance; and if we look beyond the mere incidents of a commercial connexion, it may safely be asserted that scores of national treaties have been signed, possessing far less interest for mankind than the deed of partnership which originated the potent firm of Boulton and Watt.*

These two individuals had met at Soho in 1768. Some cor-

* It may be worth mentioning amongst the incidents to which we have already referred, that the benefit of Watt's genius might, in some measure, have been lost to this country in consequence of two invitations he received from Russia. In 1773, his friend, Dr. Robison, recommended him to some situation there; and in 1775, employment was offered him under the government at a salary of 1000*l.* a year. Watt prudently declined. 'How frightened' (writes Dr. Darwin) 'I was when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you with his great paw, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray don't go if you can help it. Russia is like the den of Cæcus—you see the footsteps of many beasts going thither, but of few returning.'

respondence was kept up, until Roebuck's embarrassments compelled the diffident engineer to look around him for help. In 1773 the doctor agreed to offer his share in the patent to Boulton, which the latter finally purchased, being excited thereto, as he said, by a 'love of Watt, and a love of a money-getting, ingenious project,' and being anxious to make engines not for 'three counties only,' but 'for all the world.'

Innumerable difficulties, however, sprung up before the allies. Alps rose on Alps. In the first place, it was necessary to obtain an extension of the term granted by the patent, as the few years still remaining would not afford them any adequate compensation for their toils. With this view, Watt applied to the legislature for an Act of Parliament, calculating that one of those 'omnipotent' documents would cost less than a new patent. But he did not take into account the hostility he would have to overcome. The legislature was very obstinate. The fear of monopoly was strong upon the honourable House. Some of the most influential senators resisted the measure fiercely. They got up such 'a various and violent opposition,' that poor Watt felt as if he was some plundering proconsul seeking impunity for his crimes, instead of an inventor soliciting a reasonable protection for his ingenuity. Edmund Burke, one of the last men who ought to have put a spoke in the wheel of civilization, was amongst the number. Fortunately, Watt had friends of interest who supported the application warmly, and at last, after a tedious struggle, he issued from the arena, greatly disgusted with the imperial parliament, but carrying with him an Act, vesting the property of the invention in him and his assigns throughout Great Britain and Ireland, as well as the colonies, for the further term of five-and-twenty years. Two-thirds of the patent right were then assigned to Mr. Boulton, who courteously expressed his hope that, the partners would live to wear out that quarter of a century harmoniously; which, said he, he would rather do than gain a Nabob's fortune by becoming the sole proprietor.

In the next place, the labour of bringing the condensing engine to a state of working perfection was immense. Some of the model machines tried were unaccountably perverse. Says Mr. Boulton, reporting the performances of one of them, 'it goes marvellously bad. It made eight strokes per minute, but upon Joseph's endeavouring to mend it, it stood still.' This seems to have been pure *quasi-human* caprice, for with all his research Mr. Boulton could not then discover the slightest excuse for such unreasonable behaviour. In a few days afterwards he states that he had attended the engine, but could not coax it up to nine strokes per minute; though he was fortunate enough to discover

and rectify some evil in the valves. In a few days more he has another 'touch with the engine,' when he succeeds in raising its energies to eleven strokes per minute, and things look more promising for awhile; but soon afterwards, 'Joseph' comes to inform him that the machine has relapsed and 'goes very badly,' although the pressure of the steam was greatly increased. Step by step, however, the performances improve, and in time Mr. Boulton is able to 'rejoice at the well-doing' of the machine, and to flatter himself that they are on the 'eve of a fortune.'

Meanwhile the proprietors of Cornish mines had been impatiently on the watch. From the low price of copper, and the large consumption of fuel under the Newcomen régime, their profits were declining; and as Watt remarks, some of them were at their 'wit's ends how to go deeper with their mines.' The new machine promised to save one half of their fuel. Hence the great anxiety which reigned in that county whilst the bill was in parliament, and whilst the patentees were maturing the invention. Cornwall, as Mr. Boulton writes, was continually enquiring how they went on. People were daily coming to see the engines. Applications for them flowed in from various quarters, and good Mr. Boulton could scarcely sleep at night, his mind being so much absorbed in steam, and his brain being so busy calculating how much the cost of that valuable vapour might be reduced per atmosphere. Then it appears that if a hundred small engines were ready, and twenty large ones, they might all be disposed of at once, so pressing was the demand. The plot began to 'thicken apace.' Therefore, says the sanguine Boulton, 'let us make hay 'whilst the sun shines, and gather our barns full before the dark 'age of Tubal Cains, or Watts, or Dr. Fausts, or Gainsboroughs, 'arise with serpents like Moses, that devour all others';—meaning thereby that they were to rear a fortune before any new inventor should start up with some engine of mightier capabilities or more economical habits.

Cornwall, however, took some time to conciliate. That county was the field where it was expected the greatest profits would be reaped. Watt had to undertake several arduous campaigns before the doubts and prejudices of the proprietors could be subdued. Nothing but the clearest evidence of the practical abilities of the engine could convince the copper population. Oddly enough, he found that its 'velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise' appeared to give more satisfaction than anything else. Once or twice he tried to moderate its stroke, but, says he, 'Mr. —— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious. And by 'the bye, the noise serves to convey great ideas of the power to 'the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit

'in an engine than in a man.' His struggles with the 'villanies of mankind' kept him in a state of feverish annoyance, and 'prevented the enjoyment of life.' He was so distracted with claims upon his attention, and the multiplicity of orders, that he sometimes thought, as he rather irreverently expresses it, he 'must be cut in pieces, and a portion sent to every tribe in Israel.' The barbarism of the lower classes pained him, for he observes with great disgust that 'the enginemen actually eat the grease for the engine.' In short, in January, 1782, we find him fervently expressing his desire to escape from that tormenting county. 'Peace of mind,' says he, 'and delivery from Cornwall is my prayer.' The merits of the machine, however, were at length fully ascertained. The saving effected in fuel over the old engines amounted to three-fourths. For a single large engine at Chacewater, the partners agreed to accept 700*l.* as their quota of the retrenchment; and for three, the proprietors ultimately compounded for 2500*l.* per annum. The working of mines already long abandoned was now resumed, and many which must have been shortly relinquished but for the interposition of Watt, were continued with golden results to the owners. Boulton and his colleague only stipulated for a third of the savings by way of remuneration, 'and yet,' says Watt, writing in 1780, 'after we have passed six years of a most laborious and anxious life, and have spent many thousands of pounds in thoroughly establishing the powers of the engine to the conviction of all men, the people who receive the greatest benefit from the invention, to whom we freely resigned two parts of the profits out of the three, those people propose to petition parliament to take away the remainder!'

There was another class of evils also to be encountered. In all civilized communities like ours, there are people who make it their business to plunder other men's brains. They lie in wait for new ideas or ingenious contrivances, and give chase to the producers with all the ardour of a Captain Dampier or Sir Henry Morgan. James Watt was too rich a galleon to escape the attention of these buccaneers. Pirates swarmed in that part of the sea of knowledge where he was known to ply. Hence, after fighting his way through innumerable difficulties, no sooner was his reputation established, and the value of his inventions admitted, than he became the victim of a new order of grievances. 'We are so beset with plagiaries (he observes), that if I had not a very good memory of doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvements on the steam engine; and the ill will of those we had most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly preju-

'dicial to the commonwealth?' He declares that he is not safe for a single day together: his thoughts seemed to be stolen before they could be uttered. People pilfered his ideas, and then complained of his rapacity in stealing *their* inventions. 'Of all 'things in life,' he writes, 'there is nothing more foolish than 'inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, 'and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *aveillé*, gets three patents at 'once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires 2000 men, sets 'them to work for the whole world in Saint George's Fields, gets 'a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my invention.* In defiance, too, of the patent right, engines were made in various places, though these were generally poor and inferior in their performances. Watt alludes to their defects with good-humoured contempt. At Radstoke there was an illegitimate machine which was afflicted with asthma; it was obliged to stand still every ten minutes 'to snore and snort.' Others enjoyed better health, but were models of caprice. Evans's mill was a 'gentlemanly mill; it would go when it had nothing to do, but refused to do any work.'

At last, it became necessary to strike in self-defence. There was nothing for it but an appeal to a court of justice. Now an action at law is only inferior in peril to an action at arms. But, a proceeding for the redress of a patent injury is a terrible business, into which no man but one possessed of great intrepidity and an unfathomable purse will voluntarily plunge. Mr. Muirhead, writing with a bill of costs sent in by the London solicitors before him, says that for the short space of four years only, it amounted to between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* Nevertheless Boulton and Watt determined to make a dash at a model offender, and for this purpose selected one Edward Bull, a worthy who had formerly been in the employment of the firm as a stoker, and afterwards as assistant engine tender. In 1793 they marched into the Common Pleas, and brought their man to bay before a special jury, backed by witnesses, amongst whom were Herschel, General Roy, De Luc, Dr. Robison, Rennie, Ramsden, and other names of note. Bull, finding himself taken by the horns, fought with great desperation. A verdict was given for the patentees, subject to the opinion of the court on a special case, raising two points—was the patent good in law? and was the specification sufficient to sustain that patent? These questions were argued in May, 1795, when two of the judges decided in favour of the

* Mr. Moore was a linen-draper—like John Gilpin, a linen-draper *bold*—who resided in London, and applied steam to the traction of wheel carriages. This object, Watt at first had intended to accomplish by means of the circular engine, described in his patent and specification of 1769.

plaintiff's and two for the defendant! Various legal operations then ensued in this and other actions, and several hearings took place, until at length, in the year 1799, the judges unanimously decided in favour of the patent. Will the reader believe it? The great game of the pirates was to show that Watt had obtained a patent for an *abstract* idea—a mere principle or method of employing steam—and therefore for that which, being neither tangible nor vendible, could not be legally made the subject of protection! It should be observed, indeed, that unless Watt had invented some apparatus which was both new and palpable, he was entitled to no exclusive privilege according to our laws, because a man is no more entitled to fourteen years' enjoyment of a thought or a scheme, than Berkeley was entitled to a patent for his ideal philosophy, or Dean Swift for flying islands and Lilliputian empires. But here he had described a tangible, visible, vendible mode of executing a given purpose, and, as his counsel smartly remarked, it would be ridiculous to suppose that he meant to keep a cylinder hot with a mere idea.

Passing, however, from the wars of Boulton and Watt, let us devote a few paragraphs to some of the other contrivances which the fertile intellect of the Scotchman produced. His genius was by no means exhausted upon steam. On the contrary, just as his own favourite machine in Jeffrey's famous *éloge* can engrave a seal, or crush masses of obdurate metal, can embroider muslin or forge anchors, so Watt's powerful intellect could address itself with equal pliancy to schemes for drying linen, or engines for draining all the mines in England. In 1781, we find him sketching the plan of an apparatus consisting of three cylinders of copper which are to be filled with steam, so that cloth may be deprived of all its moisture when wound off wooden rollers and passed over these cylinders in succession. His father-in-law, Mr. M'Gregor, to whom this plan was communicated, had it duly executed; but some predatory being stole the idea and claimed it as his own. At one period Watt is engaged in making artificial alabaster, and has brought it nearly to the hardness and transparency of marble; and again, he is labouring on a scheme for waterproofing cloth by means of a solution of alum, with which he practises upon umbrellas. Now, he is suggesting to Dr. Withering certain experiments for heating iron red-hot by simple hammering; and then he appears to be much troubled about the diversity of weights and measures prevailing amongst philosophers, to remedy which he proposes a decimal division of the pound, together with sundry other alterations of great value, provided they were once adopted and could be generally enforced. At another time his attention has been attracted by some lamps,

which he pronounces 'clumsy, loggerheaded top-heavy things,' whereupon he forwards to Mr. Argand a plan for bettering them, and in the same letter sends him drawings and descriptions of four several schemes for 'lamps with the reservoir below,' one of these being a complex apparatus with a small fly like that of a smoke-jack turning round very swiftly under the influence of a current of air, and working a miniature pump about the size of a goose quill, so as to raise an abundant supply of oil from the tank beneath. Of this ingenious little contrivance he writes rather exultingly, and offers to go halves in a patent for England; or if Mr. Argand is not inclined, then the idea is entirely at his disposal. Whilst engaged in canal surveying (a line of business pursued by him for some time whilst in Scotland), he devised two micrometers for measuring distances by sight. It is worthy of remark that Sir D. Brewster contrived a similar apparatus without any knowledge of Watt's performances, and still more singular that both of these illustrious men should have been preceded in the principle by M. de la Hire, in France, and Gascoigne, in England. Another 'gimcrack,' as Watt sometimes styled his productions, was the perspective machine, invented in the year 1765, for enabling persons to copy natural objects by moving an index between the eye and the things to be delineated, and thus acting upon a pencil by which they were depicted on paper. He constructed upwards of fifty of these instruments, and disposed of them in various quarters; but complains that Mr. Adams, the author of a treatise on the use of the globes, 'made them for sale, putting his own name upon them,' and expressing himself in such terms as might lead the public to suppose that they were of his own devising. In 1778, Watt invented a method of copying writing expeditiously by subjecting the document to pressure, and striking off a fac-simile upon thin prepared paper. For this he obtained a patent in 1780, and the machine is now in common use. Somewhat kindred in character was his machine for copying works of sculpture. If an apparatus could be contrived for mimicking plain surfaces, why not for reproducing busts, solid masses, and other objects in relief? In 1809, he reports that he has made such progress with a carving apparatus, that it is necessary to christen it with a Greek name. Professor Young accordingly supplies him with a selection of Hellenic terms which would delight the heart of any advertiser seeking to puff his wares into notice by the help of a pedantic title. Watt took great interest in this instrument, and amused himself in his latter days by preparing copies of busts, which he distributed amongst his friends with many apologies for their imperfection, because they were the work of

so young an artist. In the year preceding his death, he forwards Mr. Thomas Thomson a specimen of his carving, which is a 'wooden John Locke *without* human understanding,' adding, that he hopes to be able to make a reduced copy of Chantrey's bust of himself, as he thinks he ought not to occupy so much space in his friends' houses as the original does.

One striking instance of Watt's comprehensive genius appears in his anticipation of the screw-propeller. One of his correspondents, Dr. Small, having mentioned to him that he and Mr. Boulton were desirous of employing the condensing engine in the propulsion of boats on canals, for which purpose they had made a model of a reasonable size, his reply, dated Sept. 30, 1770, contains this quiet but pregnant remark:—'Have you ever considered a spiral oar for that purpose, or are you for two wheels?' To leave no doubt respecting his meaning, this question is accompanied by a rude figure of the screw he proposed. It is due, however, to Dr. Small, to observe that this clever gentleman had already anticipated Watt in the idea, for he says in rejoinder—and the remark, by the by, occurs in a letter where he describes himself as infamously lazy, though his head is evidently buzzing with projects—that he had already tried models of spiral oars, and found them inferior to oars of either of the other kinds, the reason for which he supposes to be that a 'cylinder of water immersed in water can be easily turned round its axis.' Thus says Mr. Muirhead—

‘Did it happen that the project of the screw-propeller, to be worked by his own improved steam-engine, was propounded by James Watt more than eighty years ago; that, when propounded, it was by the discouragement of his friend abandoned, or at least left *in retentis*, and that only his suggestion of it has remained, to be disentombed at this distance of time, as a fresh instance of his singular ingenuity and foresight, and as one of the greatest curiosities of what may already be termed the traditional history of engineering antiquity?’

We cannot refrain also from alluding to Watt's *counter* as it was called. The Soho partners were liable to be defrauded in regard to their 'thirds,' by misrepresentation as to the amount of work performed by the engines in the Cornish mines. But Watt was not a man to be cheated if mechanism could afford any protection. He saw that the strokes of the machine might be registered by compelling the beam to operate on an arrangement of wheels, with a dial-plate and index to express the result. The requisite apparatus was soon constructed, and by securing it in a box accessible only by two keys, one to be kept by the proprietors and the other by the patentees, the latter were enabled to entrust

their interests to the guardianship of this cunning tell-tale contrivance with perfect confidence.

Respecting his flexible iron-pipe for carrying water across the Clyde, his arithmetical machine, his method of heating rooms by steam, his beautiful siphon for ascertaining the specific gravities of fluids, his indicator for determining the effective force of steam-engines, and his various other projects, it is impossible for us to speak. We must also leave the great water controversy untouched, except to quote Mr. Muirhead's conclusion, and to say that both Cavendish and Watt would have been surprised to learn what a fine battle would one day be fought in their honour, and how resolutely their respective partisans would struggle on their behalf for the palm of priority in regard to the discovery of the composition of that fluid. Mr. Muirhead observes 'that as in the wonderful history of elemental nature, by Newton, 'Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit,' first was developed the magnificent idea of the composition of light, so it may safely be recorded 'that to Watt, the great subjugator of the power of steam, first occurred, and by him was first set forth, the no less novel, astonishing, and fruitful idea of the composition of water.'

Such then were some of the schemes which sprang from this man's prolific brain. His skull seemed to be a magical cave where projects of all sorts were elaborated just as the occasion appeared to require. To employ a much abused word, we believe that Watt was a true 'hero' in his own department of mechanical science. That splendid union of power and facility—greatness of conception, and ease of execution—which characterizes true genius is nobly exemplified in his exploits. The impression awakened by his contrivances is, that you are dealing with a mind not only possessed of inexhaustible resources, but capable of wielding those resources with an address and aptitude which would exactly meet each emergency. Given the want, it would seem hard if James Watt could not devise some plan for satisfying it. It may sound like affectation to talk of such a thing as mechanical beauty; but we confess that this is a property which strikes us forcibly in regard to his contrivances. The neatness and symmetry of invention displayed in his projects give them a peculiar charm to which few attentive spectators can be insensible. They are embodied reason. If ever logic was cast into a metallic shape, and made patent to the eye, it is in some of those exquisite schemes and adaptations to which we have already referred.

And yet we cannot forbear calling the attention of the reader once more to the fact that with all this fertility of invention, and with all this boldness of conception, Watt was a remarkably shrinking man, and that he was continually complaining of his

indolence and want of enterprise. He speaks of his 'irresolute and inactive disposition,' and of his inability to 'struggle with mankind,' as utterly disqualifying him for any great undertaking. He says that he is not adventurous, seldom 'choosing to attempt things that are great and new.' He professes frequently to be labouring under a disease which least of all we should fancy likely to have fastened on such a man. This was *ennui*. His friend Dr. Small writes to inform him on one occasion, that he (Small) has invented the easiest of all possible schemes—he intends to purchase an annuity, and pass the rest of his life in sleep! Watt does not exactly approve of this proposal, but says in reply, 'if ambition or avarice does not lay hold on me, I shall soon be almost as much *ennuyed* as you are.' He had previously recommended this gentleman to 'hire himself to a ploughman by way of cure.' Frequently, too, he asserts that he is growing less inventive, though he admits that what he contrives generally answers better. 'I am indolent to excess (he writes in 1773) and what alarms me most, I grow the longer the stupider.'

Much of this is obviously to be taken in a comparative sense. What Watt might deem idleness another might consider intense activity, deserving of being rewarded during life with a national statue, and after death with a tomb in Westminster Abbey. In another of his letters he fears that 'Nature' has given over 'inspiring him, as it is with the utmost difficulty he can hatch anything new'; and yet just before he has been so busy with schemes for equalising the motion of engine-beams that he fills 'one whole sheet royal with equalisers, and shall probably fill another before he has done.' Even Dr. Small, who gives him a severe rub by telling him how vexed he is to see a man of Watt's superior genius neglect to avail himself of his great talents, and who says, with friendly malice, that 'short fevers will do him good,' yet supposes that the great engineer may have invented five hundred machines since he last saw him. And Wedgwood advises him to moderate the action of the mental engine which harasses the body beyond endurance. 'If (says he) this was the case with any other machine under your direction, except that in whose regulation your friends are most interested, you would soon find out a remedy.'

It should be observed also that during a considerable portion of his life, Watt had to contend with a fragile constitution and treacherous health. He was often a sufferer from severe headaches. It was in vain that Dr. Small hinted to him how Pascal had allayed the most raging pain by studying the properties of curves. That wonder-working head ached on. Some spiteful demon might have taken up its quarters there, as if to stop the

coinage of projects which were to prove so valuable to mankind. In 1785 he tells Mr. Boulton his health is so bad that he thinks 'he can't hold out any longer, at least as a man of business.' It is also instructive to mark that the work performed by him for the benefit of the race was executed in defiance of much mental as well as physical antagonism. The most splendid prospects could not 'raise his spirits to par.' Life he considered a mere 'negative state at best.' 'To-day (says he, in a letter dated 31st January, 1770), I entered into the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world.' Forty-four years after, when his race was nearly run, he asks why, with so many new ideas, he did not complete more of them? And to this he gives the touching reply, 'The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.' Nor was this natural tendency at all diminished by the profession he pursued. He soon discovered, as we have seen, that the life of an inventor was full of vexations. Through briars and thorns he had to push his way for many tedious years. The prey of numerous unprincipled schemers, he toiled on like some noble courser with the wolves clinging to his panting sides, leaving a trail streaked with blood: and not until he attained old age and had flung off the cares of business, did he find a covert of rest.

We attempt no panegyric upon a man who has been made the subject of such various eulogies by writers like Brougham, Jeffrey, or Arago; and to whom statues have been erected and posthumous honours paid with such universal consent. Our purpose has not been to delineate his character or to detail the events of his life, but simply to present an outline of some of his principal inventions. It would be difficult to overrate the value of the changes effected by him in the steam-engine alone. As Jeffrey has brilliantly remarked, it is this machine 'which has fought the battles of Europe,' and 'exalted and sustained the political greatness of our land.' And it is this engine, with its accumulating improvements, and with its varied adaptations to the wants of society, which will continue to exercise a sway more valuable to mankind than that of half the crowned heads in the world. It is the monarch of machines. It wields that magical thing we call power. It develops force, and applies it to industrial purposes with the precision of intelligence, and yet with a patience and sleepless activity which nerves and sinews could never display. Certainly if there is any one to whom the thanks of mankind should be voted for services in the department of mechanical science, it is to the genius who first taught us how to discipline and employ steam in such a way as to render it strong as the giant, and yet docile as the child.

- ART. III.—(1.) *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology.* By THEODORE PARKER. London. John Chapman. 1853.
- (2.) *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER. London. John Chapman. 1852.
- (3.) *The Essence of Christianity.* By LUDWIG FEUERBACH. Translated from the second German edition by MARION EVANS, Translator of 'Strauss's Life of Jesus.' London. John Chapman. 1854.
- (4.) *Catholic Union.* Essays towards a Church of the Future, as the organization of Philanthropy. By F. W. NEWMAN. London. John Chapman. 1854.
- (5.) *The Religion of the Heart.* A Manual of Faith and Duty. By LEIGH HUNT. London. John Chapman. 1853.
- (6.) *Système de Politique Positive.* Par AUGUSTE COMTE, auteur de 'Système de Philosophie Positive.' Tome première. Paris. 1851.
- (7.) *The true Constitution of the Church, and its Restoration.* Read to North Association of Litchfield County, Connecticut, September 28, 1853. By Rev. W. W. ANDREWS. New York. J. Moffet. 1854.
- (8.) *A Chronicle of certain Events which have taken place in the Church of Christ, principally in England, between the years 1826—1852.* London. Charles Goodall and Son. 1852.
- (9.) *Irvingism and Mormonism tested by Scripture.* By Rev. E. GUERS. London. James Nisbet and Co. 1854.

SCHELLING, in his lectures on the *Method of Academic Studies*, made the observation, 'that no idea has acquired importance or 'reality, before it has passed from the mind that first gave it a 'form through other intellects, and has thus become an historic 'fact of the past.' The domination exerted by the ideas of men depends not merely on the numbers of the individuals who have espoused them, but on the quality of those adherents, and on the order in which they have succumbed to the sway of those ideas. The stability of such sway depends rather on the depth of its root than on the spreading of its branches. Precedent is a more valuable ally to the innovator than the adhesion of great names; and an historical test will often prove more searching than a logical inquiry. Thus sufficient time must be allowed to elapse for tradition to authenticate new science; for experience to vindicate a new faith; for old prejudices to disappear before startling novelties; for the passions and follies of discoverers to be laid in the dust; so that at length the judgment of mankind may operate upon a new idea, under the double advantage arising from the

fact, that distorting passions are quenched, and the idea put upon the same terms with that with which it has to contend.

Religion, although it may be difficult to give it an exhaustive definition, holds the reins of human affairs. In the religious faith of a people, or a generation, is the ganglion of nervous energy, to which all the sources of its science, art, industry, and politics, are attached; and from which they cannot be severed, without depriving them of their appropriate stimulus, and of their true link of connexion with each other.

Religious faith and feeling, and the social relationship and system which grow out of them, touch mankind at so many points, occupy mind and heart and hand so fully, that it is impossible to overstate the importance or reality of these mighty forces.

Variations of the mode in which the human understanding formulates the essence of religion, or the object of worship; the development or degradation of the idea of God, and of His relation to the universe, have been accompanied with complete change in national character. The introduction of new elements into religious creed has before now shaken the old world on its axis; while the mere removal of obstructions in the department of religious inquiry or practice, has produced great political complications.

It is not every raw conjecture, or sentimental symbol, or bungling *culte*, that has produced these modifications. New ideas must become *historical* before they wield a sceptre, or accelerate the process of faith. New gods will not darken Olympus at the magic of a tyro: new philosophies cannot be distilled into the mind of a generation by any vigour on the part of its priests or its press; new forms of worship are not created by clever men without a conflict; a liturgy is not written off *currente calamo*; a sacrament cannot be invented on the spur of a moment. Yet well known facts of this kind have not deterred many hardy and ingenious thinkers from attempting the tasks which have been thus indicated.

At the present time many subtle intellects are occupied in re-arranging, not some of the details of knowledge, but the very first principles of all knowledge. It would seem still to be a moot point whether human beings are the creatures of a blind unconscious fate, or the offspring of a universal father; whether we are the accidents of the surface of the globe, or the end of the creation of God; whether we are the forgotten parasites on the organic development of the world, or worshippers in the great temple of the universe,—the priests and flamens of all created things; whether we are the only minds in the infinite Kosmos, the only self-consciousness in the universe, or whether spiritual

existence be not itself a huge delusion. It is debated with uncommon ardour, whether 'man is the creation of God,' or 'God the creation of man.' It would still appear to be questionable whether theology is a *method* of inquiry, or a class of substantive *truths*; whether the mysteries of religion are the magnified objectified mysteries of human nature, or mighty truths objective in their own being, which loom through the darkness, and are difficult because only partially known; leaving every possible variety of opinion to prevail as to the authority on which they depend, the supports on which they rest, and the means by which they can be realized.

Although vast and fearful consequences have attended the progress of religious revolution, neither the possible return of Chaos, nor the groping of the wisest in the noon-day as in the night, has deterred the polished Mirabeaus or crack-brained Gordons of such revolutions from attempting the inauguration of their wretched Arcadias. Although very few solutions of the problem of the ages have gained such a hold on the feelings or the obedience of men, as to be dignified by the name of 'new religions,' yet the number of those who have essayed the task is always multiplying.

There have been many periods in the world's history when speculations of this kind have been cruelly multifarious; when the poor diseased conscience of the human race has been racked with unproved remedies; when the blindness of humanity has been bewildered by the conflicting proffers of blinder guides; when she and they have been rolling in hopeless and irre-mediable impotence in the deep ditches which cross and re-cross their mysterious pathway, and when with an unblushing arrogance individuals have set up *their* personal feelings as generic principles; when the idiosyncracies of nations, and tribes, and classes have been declared to be world-wide wants, and the misfortunes of agitators have been confounded with the crying evils of the human race.

It may be honestly avowed that the proofs which our most venerated forms of faith propose to the human understanding do by their very nature provoke the manifestation of rivalry. The history of their progress and their purification presents many periods when innovators have presumed to stand on the ruins of an older faith, and have attempted their own reconstructions; and not unfrequently out of the magnificent *débris*, the broken columns, and shattered monuments of the past, there has arisen a composite and unfinished structure which, while it has been adorned and cemented by the ivy of ages, yet anxiously awaits another convulsion to set its costly elements free for other and more successful hands.

The argument from miracle, the claim to supernatural insight and Divine inspiration, are comparatively easy to mimic with baser material, and we are not at the present time delivered from preposterous and egregious claims to the possession of Divine Wisdom and the command of Infinite Power.

Not only is novel doctrine broached on the divine informant of man, but an utter rejection of any such source of divine truth is made consistent with what is still called the religious sentiment. We have men denying a God, and boasting of their religious experience.

Again, the supposed supernatural solution of the social relations of men effected by the Christian Church, has stimulated inquiry which it could not hush; and at the present moment the subject is debated with deeper earnestness than ever. Older forms and systems are being exchanged for new experiments; and while the multiplicity of these schemes of social amelioration has become an important fact, their complication, their novelty, their strangeness, and in some instances their popularity, demand some consideration at our hands.

As the social relations of men approach more nearly to the really true, they look to religion for a new consecration. As they recede from that ideal, they fetter the free spirit which first rendered them appreciable. So long as the democratic principle is stimulating every social organization, the aristocratic framework of Church Polity will never become or remain national; when the personal independence of educated men is within certain limits a matter of consciousness, the sacerdotal functions of a few are mistrusted; and when the holiest of all stands unveiled before us, the Levitical priesthood has lost its charm. The unequal distribution of property, of talent, of power, is a natural obstacle in the way of religious oneness; and those doctrines which cannot be realized in facts, run great danger of being boldly denied. Often between the wealthy mill-owner and his work-people, between the rich deacon and his shopmen, between 'the miserable sinners' who chant the Litany together and those who sit, or kneel, before the symbols of the great sacrifice, there is no real fellowship. Others look on, and say there *must* be more harmony between profession and reality; we must either have a religion which *can* govern our social relationships, or none at all. It is no cause of wonder that men should be found who, with different combinations of the various elements of our human nature, draw upon paper the rough draft of a new Utopia, and are perpetually deluded by the idea that it is possible to cure the radical corruption of our humanity by their new schemes of religious feeling and organization, and who throw the blame of

previous failure on the old religion, rather than on the *nature* which it undertakes to remedy. Every attempt to solve the complicated problem of human happiness and progress will involve new definitions of religion, new methods for acquiring religious truth, new modes of exciting, sustaining, and expressing religious feeling.

In a recent paper in this journal, entitled 'Christianity—or What Next?*' our readers were invited to conjecture the effect of the disappearance of Christianity, its doctrine, its sentiments, its organizations, from the face of the earth, the awful and calamitous blank which would accompany a catastrophe so suicidal to the hopes and aspirations of our species. These pages are devoted to an examination of a few of the wretched sources of consolation and the wild travesties of the religion of Christ which some men present to us as the answer to that formidable inquiry. The period is favourable to the outbreak of 'new religions'; there is no one homogeneous system of doctrine overspreading the world commanding assent where it does not secure spiritual allegiance. A disintegrating process has followed the laborious and necessary attempt to create for the human mind such 'a body of divinity.' The old creeds which like bladders filled with a fluid of a lighter and more ethereal character than the medium in which they were placed, availed to teach men to swim through the deep, dark waters of political convulsion and stormy controversy; but now many of them torn in the conflict are filled with those very waters; and others wabbling about our armpits, and flapping coldly and uselessly in our faces, depress rather than stimulate or sustain our energies; we have learned to breast the waves, to breathe the air, and can dispense with their help.

There is no one great hierarchy which absorbs or repudiates and persecutes all spiritual power except that which it can itself wield. In western Europe and America we know that our social relations have escaped any such control; the espionage and mysterious functions of the priest are at a discount; there is no room for the rebellion attempted by Arnold of Brescia, by John de Wycliffe, by Huss, by Luther. Those who refuse submission to the dictates of the hierarchy, do not now set free any new force to trouble Christendom; and they claim to be the most consistent defenders of Christianity. There is no one vast and ambitious social system which can succeed in making laws for those relationships which we sustain to each other; and the efforts made to originate a church are left free in England and America so long as they do not interfere with public order.

But the absence of these controlling forces has allowed a great number of divergences from the faith and discipline of Christendom to become historical. The latitude granted to religious opinions by the secular power allows the free forces of truth and falsehood to fight their own battles, while the magistrate neither gives a strangling protection to truth, nor confers a spurious importance on martyred error. The great conflict is now to be maintained on its own ground, and it is yet to be seen whether human corruption will give way before the skirmishing of divided forces, and whether the separation in their counsel is really disunion in their fundamental feelings. It is yet to be seen whether it is better for humanity that friends and foes should be all covered with the same uniform, should pride themselves on the unity of their plan, and consume or stupify their valour on insignificant desertion from their ranks, or that ten times more sincerity in the struggle with evil, and one coincident with divided and opposing colours, should gain the victory, while no forced uniformity shall prevail in the ranks, and no single hand appear to govern the world. The conflict, however terrible it is to our feelings and to our sense of veneration, has now, for the first time since the rise of the ecclesiastical system, the chance of consummation on its own grounds—viz., the unfettered intellect, the bleeding heart, the perverse and mysterious will of man. And we believe that just as common-sense, and the Christian consciousness, and the spirit of Christ, have overthrown innumerable insurrections of human reason and passion without the help of the secular arm; as the Holy Ghost has conserved in the heart of humanity, in spite of its own corruptions and false admixtures, ‘the faith once for all delivered to the saints,’ and brought it forth as ‘silver seven times purified,’ so the same powers still at work, only at a greater advantage than before, will gain the victory for *that* truth which God has made accessible to the human understanding.

Christianity in its earlier stages suffered from its contact with the oriental theosophies and the philosophy of Greece. The Gnostic sects on the one hand, and the Christian neo-Platonists, who refined upon its sublime simplicity, on the other, are the historical witnesses of the struggle which it had for centuries to maintain with the ardent efforts of the intellect to cross the boundaries of human knowledge. At the present time in its freer and more spiritual form, it is exposed to the sensationalism of England, the idealism of Germany, and the eclecticism of France; and while these influences have produced some effect on its *form*, and on the nature of the vindications it has demanded; such exposure has often led to impure and mischievous results, in which the body of Chris-

tendom has brought forth many short-lived explanations of its own marvel, which have strutted in gay uniform and with bold and menacing protestations against acknowledged institutes and opinions, like the heresies of the first four centuries, have destroyed each other. As long as philosophy persists in reducing to scientific formulæ the mysteries of faith, it lights the altar fire of new and transitory temples, and assumes the aspect of a new and hostile religion.

The conflict of Christianity with Paganism brought it into many dangers, inflicted upon it many scars. It is true that the idols fell, and were broken to pieces; but they left their shattered fragments within the Christian temple. Fresh familiarity with heathenisms of all kinds, induces the opponents of Christianity to stand up once more as their avowed partisans. We have to fight the battle of Paganism *now*, with those who do not believe either in Paganism or Christianity. If, however, the strong affections of the human heart could not save those venerable forms of faith, we need not fear a contest with them when their supporters exceed ourselves in loathing the object of professed admiration, and only stand within the blood-stained and licentious entrenchments because these oppose a bristling front to our Christianity. Again, during the early days of Christianity, barbarian hordes were transformed into great nations, and the traditions, the mythologies, and the immemorial habits of the races which then received the truth as it is in Jesus, were fruitful causes of subsequent divergences: for as soon as any one of the new elements of religious and national life was set free, and the pressure exerted upon it by its previous fusion into a homogeneous system of faith and discipline was removed by circumstances, it was not surprising that new forms of religion should seek to assert themselves.* And now the origination of new nations and new types of civilization in hitherto untrodden fields of territory, the operation of the great safety-valve of emigration, the reaction of the newly-formed commonwealths of the far west and south upon the mother country, the unlimited field for the trial of new experiments upon our human nature, the contest of the proud and strong and active races of Western Europe, with the sluggish and much enduring sorrowfulness of the dark-skinned tribes, cannot fail to produce many new ideas and forms of faith; to suggest worthless novelties, and open new vistas into the future history of the race. When men cut themselves off

* F. W. Newman, in his 'Catholic Union,' says, 'At the opening of the fourteenth century, new nationalities became sharply and vigorously developed. This was, perhaps, the deepest cause of the Reformation.' It was certainly an active cause.

from the circumstances which gave tenacity and longevity to their traditions, we may expect in the nineteenth, as well as in many other centuries, extraordinary hybrid constructions and conjectures.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the outburst of intelligence which was consequent upon a vast accumulation of circumstances, the study of antiquity, the revival of classical pursuits, the invention of printing, the growth of political liberty, the rottenness of the bandage which priestcraft had fastened round the opening eyes of men, all led to a great variety of divergences from the faith of those few who laid their axe at the root of the great upas; and there was a return, if not to Pagan modes of thought, to classical expression. Ovid was read *pari passu* with Boethius, Seneca with Augustin and Bernard; Plato was made the great commentator, and Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* regarded as the Old and New Testament of paganized Christianity. Again, Venus took the place which Magdalen had usurped; and the arrows of Sebastian were removed that he might be at once transformed into an Apollo, while the bosoms of wanton goddesses were seen gleaming and budding in the domes of Christian temples. Fashion tried to prove Catholic doctrine from the writings of heathen sages, and the unlimited field thus spread out for the investigation of the faithful, was sure to seduce many wanderers to escape altogether from the fold.* But if results of this kind flowed from such causes, no one can fail to see that as great a proportionate advance has been made in the means, the freedom and diffusion of education within the last twenty years, as was made in the fifteenth century on that which preceded it.

The cheap literature of the present day is as gigantic a step in advance upon the pompous quarto and the majestic folio of the past century, as they had been upon the MSS. of fabulous price, the illuminated missal and the dubious palimpsest. Means of education which for centuries were limited to men holding religious creeds, are now virtually open to all. Every man has, or will have, a faith of his own, if he can think at all, and

* Few passages of ancient literature are more interesting than those which describe the return to classical study, and the vehement and virulent opposition to which its abettors were exposed. The odium theologicum covered for awhile the learned and acute Reuchlin; but the spiritual authorities of Cologne and Louvain, with their monkish satellites, contrived to outwit themselves, and bring down on their unlucky heads a perfect storm of satire and ridicule. The immortal lampoon contained in the 'Literæ Obscurorum Virorum,' and accepted by themselves as a veritable tribute to the cause of monkery, settled the question of the free study of ancient literature; and, in the opinion of the followers of Luther, contributed very powerfully to the downfall of the papal domination.—See Sir W. Hamilton's 'Discussions,' in which, in an able essay on the subject, the learned writer establishes the triple authorship of the 'Literæ,' and refers them to Ulrich von Hutten, Crotus Rabianus, and Buschius.

having such a faith he will make some effort to diffuse it. Some of the new substitutes for the faith of the ages are the offspring of the grossest ignorance, and are the signs rather of dissatisfaction and moral perversions, than the exponents of any mental power. A religious epicurism, and an impatient lust for mental peace, have induced the partially informed to make use of the small amount of knowledge which the spread of education has put within their grasp, to push their ill-starred conjectures and flimsy inventions before public observation. The door of the temple of discord is open, and many rush forth to flesh their maiden swords.

Lastly,—the origination of new methods of thought has always been the day-star of religious revolution. The 'Organum' of Bacon, the Method of Descartes, the researches of Locke, and the theories of Leibniz, had prodigious influence on the intellectual development of religious faith in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Nor can we doubt that the new *forms* of those methods of inquiry and investigation which have been pursued in Germany, France, and England, have great influence also on the progress of opinion and the origination of new religious ideas, new ministries, and of new socio-religious organizations. It is not our intention to review all the creeds of Christendom, but rather to look at the effect produced by the several and joint operations of these causes of change and novelty, in some of the offshoots from the central stem of religious faith. We shall attempt it by brief reference to the three departments to which frequent allusion has been already made. (1). The essence of religion itself. (2). The means of arriving at religious truth; and (3). The mode of expressing and organizing the new faith or the new social system. Let us bespeak the attention of our readers in the *first* place to the novelties which are now current on the essence of religion itself.

We choose this tripartite division of our subject, because there are some novelties that belong only, or chiefly, to one of the three spheres we have indicated, and which seek in the other two spheres to approximate as much as possible to the faiths or disciplines of Christendom.* Novel conceptions of the nature of

* Thus Irvingism seeks to retain the doctrine, but innovates on the organization and the ministry of its church. Positivism desires to annihilate the doctrine and methods, and preserve the discipline of Catholicism. Congregationalists differ from Evangelical Anglicans in their church polity rather than in their doctrine or their divine authority. The same may be said of Wesleyans and Presbyterians. Some Unitarians agree with one form of church polity, and some with another; some recognise the authority of Scripture, and some verge to the authority of the Church; and modern English spiritualists seek to innovate in each department.

religion itself are closely allied with the philosophical speculations of their originators: and frequently represent the introduction into the realm of *feeling* and *duty* of the solutions that have been already broached in the realm of *phenomena*. They reflect the fearful storm and conflict that has swept over the human consciousness when it has asked for explanations of its own processes, and has debated the fundamental nature of all knowledge, and all existence.

Novelties in the mode of acquiring truth assume the provisional solution of the previous problems, reduce the methods that have been before supposed satisfactory, to methodical criticism, and bring themselves to the crucible of common sense and experience; while novelties of organization and system reflect the dissatisfaction of men with the social relations that have grown out of older religions or discarded methods. It will be difficult to treat these subjects without closely limiting ourselves to a very few of those *solutions*, *methods*, and *systems* which may be regarded as specimens of the classes to which they severally belong.

It would not be correct to treat the view taken by the extreme and absolute idealists of Germany as a novelty held in the fundamental essence of religion, because it is the legitimate inference from the premises of the transcendental theology of that country. But the work of Ludwig Feuerbach, a translation of which by Marian Evans has been recently published in Chapman's *Quarterly Series*, presents in glowing English the bathos of that theology, and is thus made to run a tilt against our holiest thoughts and deepest feelings. Feuerbach is to Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, what Comte is to Bacon, Locke, and Condillac. He puts into words the inferences which the restless reader is always drawing from their lucubrations. In reading the writings of Fichte, or Schelling, we involuntarily ask whether these distinguished men meant that God has any objective being or not. If He has,—is He the world? or is He the absolute substance, or the absolute self,—or a living active intelligence and will. If He be not this,—is He a conception of our own imagination, or is He the subjective reality of our own consciousness, objectified into a huge delusion, a concatenation of plausible falsehoods? In either case, if they answer in the affirmative, we have too deep an intuition of His presence, and too secure a faith in the veracity of our strongest instincts, to elevate with them into *quo nihil majus cogitari possit*, one who has practised upon our credulity, and has by the mental analysis become the most despicable conception within the limits of our understanding. Feuerbach accepts the analysis of the idea of God, and constitutes a religion which consists in what to his

mind is a justifiable and practical return to the state of feeling which preceded this critical process. It is well known that Kant, although he considered valueless the speculative proofs of the Being and attributes of God, fell back on the practical consciousness of such an existence as the development of the philosophy of feeling and duty, rather than as the cause and living source of all things. Fichte in his earlier writings closed up the circle of our knowledge more effectually than his illustrious predecessor; and by reducing all phenomena to the *inferences* we draw from our own subjective states, and to the objectified limits of our own inner activity,—he left no *analogy* whatever to assist any faculty he possessed in the realization of the Being or Character of God. But, when thus everything material and spiritual had vanished from his gaze, and self alone remained submitted to the laws and limits of its own activity: the questions returned with ten-fold earnestness, What are these laws? what are these limits?* Must they not be the modes in which the mind views its own operations? and will not the introspection by which it discovers them be also governed by laws, to be determined yet again by a similar process? And must not this process be carried on *ad infinitum* until at last the *ego* posits absolute nihilism instead of absolute mind as the centre of all things. Fichte drew back from the verge of something less defined, and even more awful than atheism; and he and Schelling between them (it is debated which) sought to find in the absolute identity of the subject and object a cog on the rapidly revolving circle; and by laborious processes they argued that whatever we find within us or without us, is a manifestation of the same absolute mind, not a creation of His Power, but a modification of His essence. Hegel, instead of resting with absolute existence, or the identity of the subject and object of knowledge, declares that neither of them are realities in themselves, but that the relation between them is the only reality. God is not a Person, but *personality itself*, realizing itself in human consciousness. To him the existence of the Absolute is identical with our conception of it. God is the whole process of thought. The idea of the Infinite is * the Infinite. There is no Divine consciousness apart from the human consciousness. Knowledge of human nature is knowledge of the Divine nature. God and man are identical.†

Hegel always professed himself a believer in the dogmas of the

* See 'Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel. By H. M. Chalybeus.' Translated by A. Tulk. Lecture VII.

† *Ibid.* Lectures xv. xvi.; and Morell's 'History of Modern Philosophy,' ii. 188, seq.

Lutheran Church, and from such a starting-place endeavoured to weave an anthropology which might run *pari passu* with the theology to which the Christian consciousness of Germany had adhered. His followers have differed very widely among themselves in the degree of their correspondence with that theology, and the extent to which they have used *unctuous* and evangelical phraseology as the vehicle of their speculations.

Feuerbach and Strauss represent 'the extreme left of this school,' and base thus on the Divinity of Humanity their criticism of venerated forms of faith, and their reconstruction of the very essence of religion. We do not pretend to review the recent translation of Feuerbach, nor to subject his system to a critical process; but we are anxious to place some of his main positions before our readers in their real light. The former portion of the work deals with what he calls the true or anthropological essence of Christianity (Religion). The latter portion of it deals with the false or theological essence of Religion. The first tries to prove that there is a true version to be given of those considerations by which the religious consciousness of men has dealt with the Divine nature;—that 'the mysteries of Religion' are all of them mysteries of human nature; that the nature of man really satisfies, when properly analysed, all that can be predicated of the Divine nature. The second portion of the work attempts to prove that the real meaning which men have attributed to their own words, and the belief of the human race in a Divine Being, is a mass of hopeless contradictions.

'Religion,' says he, 'is the relation of man to his own nature; 'therein lies its truth and its power of moral amelioration—but 'to his own nature not recognised as his own, but regarded as 'another nature—therein lies its untruth, its limitation, its contradiction to reason and morality.'—p. 196.

Feuerbach commences his wretched task by trying to bamboozle our consciousness not merely by the confusion that his whole philosophy introduces between the subject and object of knowledge, but between the subject and predicate of a proposition. In page 17 he says:—'What the subject is lies only in 'the predicate; the predicate is the truth of the subject:—the 'human subject is the personified existing predicate—suppose we grant this conclusion—*therefore*,' he proceeds, 'if the Divine 'predicates are predicates of human nature, the subject of these 'predicates is also the human nature.' This is not far from the open fallacy of the undistributed middle term contained in the well known illustration—the horse is a quadruped, the dog is a quadruped; *therefore*, the horse is the dog. It is very easy,

having gone through this process of thought, to exclaim, 'What-
'ever a man declares concerning his God, he declares concerning himself, and vice versa.'

When a man has managed to objectify his own subjectivity—to abstract himself from himself—to look at his own understanding as objective, he has in that process the God of pure intellect, and our author sets to work in thoroughly German fashion to show that this God is omnipotent—self-subsistent—universal—infinite, and the necessary being. Having satisfactorily dismissed these little points, he advances to the discovery of God as the moral being; and this entire chapter is a bold apotheosis of conscience. A dissertation follows on the mystery of the incarnation. Now we have been accustomed to hear from the theological disciples of earlier German metaphysics, that *we*, as well as Christ, are incarnations of God, 'the eternal Reason made flesh.' * The identifying of Christ with humanity has been dogmatically effected by many different classes of theologians, but Feuerbach tells us 'that the contemplation of God as *human* is the incarnation.' If he had told us that the contemplation of the divine nature of man was the contemplation of the incarnation, or that the human form of God suggested the idea of the incarnation, we could have understood his meaning; but as it is, we should find it easier to believe in any amount of objective miracle than attempt to set at nought the most fundamental distinctions of which we are conscious.

Thus our author labours hard to rid us of the difference between subject and object in the phrase *God is love*, and pours contempt on the divine expression, 'God loved the world,' because it destroys the predicate, and necessitates belief in a Deity separate from humanity. 'Who is our saviour—God or love? Not God,' says he, 'but love.' What is it that I love when I love God? Answer: 'The love of God to man—that is, I love myself when I love God. *Therefore, God is myself.*' Let us indulge in a parallel train of reasoning. What is it I love when I love my wife? Not my wife, but her love to me! And when I love the love wherewith my wife loves me, do I not love myself? Yes, verily, and therefore my wife is myself, and we 'two are one flesh.' Therefore the wife is the husband, and the husband is the wife. 'Am I my own wife?' asks the puzzled disciple of these transcendental relations. 'Yes, truly,' answers the grave philosopher, 'and your wife is her own husband.' 'Delightful!' he exclaims. 'Let me kiss my own forehead, and kneel at my own feet, and lay my head on my own bosom.' We will leave the wizard of words trying to torture himself into these ingenious attitudes, and assure him that he has reminded us, in much of his raving, of the old epitaph,

'Here lie I and my five children dear,
Three buried at Oswestry and two *here*.'

All the anthropological explanation that he is at liberty to proffer of what he calls 'the mystery of the suffering God,' with all its cognate subjects, is this—*heart, feeling, sympathy*, ARE God. 'The mystery of the Trinity' seems to him a mere magnified representation of the mysteries of human nature—its generation and its shame—the desire of man to have the idea of father and mother too without the actual relation that subsists between them; and this is the process of mind out of which 'the eternal Sonship' and 'the Virgin Queen of Heaven' have equally sprung. The father is 'THE I,' the subjective nature delivered from its limitations; the Son is the personal nature of each man objectified—'THE THOU' within a man. We are surprised that he does not continue this interesting pronominal illustration, and declare 'the Spirit' to be 'THE HE,' and the Virgin Mary 'THE SHE,' and the whole Trinity (or quaternity, in which he seems to believe) to be THE IT. The Holy Spirit is only the love of the two persons to each other—*i. e.*, of the 'inner I' to the objectified self. 'The Thou' or the Logos is the nature of the imagination rendered objective—the image of God lifted into himself and confounded with the reality. Perhaps the hardest task is to cover over with any veil of words what he is pleased to term the cosmogonic (world-generating) principle. Fichte* has spoken of the Eternal Will which has created the world in the finite reason of man. Spinoza† and Schelling‡ are comparatively intelligible when they tell us that we—nature and spirit—are emanations from the Absolute substance and the Eternal Reason. Auguste Comte is intelligible when he says, 'Cease your pursuit into the nature of cause—acknowledge that you are utterly unable to solve the problem of existence; be content with sequences and laws.' But Feuerbach seems to account for the presence of the cosmogonical element in our religious consciousness, by telling us that we gain our consciousness of the world through our conscious dependence on humanity, and that the human nature in which we share is thus the link between our *ego* and the *universale*; and therefore, as thought is *existence* (?), humanity is the *cause* as well as the *end*—the efficient as well as the final cause of all things. Why then, he supposes us to ask, does

* See Fichte's Popular Works, Catholic Series, 'The Vocation of Man,' Book iii. 'Faith,' especially pp. 530—537.

† 'Œuvres de Spinoza,' Traduites par Emile Saïsset. *Ethique*, 1^{re} partie. De Dieu.

‡ Schelling's Bénard's treatise on this system: *Prologomenes to Isidore St. Hilaire, &c.*

humanity exist, or indeed anything exist? He virtually replies, 'Don't ask such a foolish, childish question as 'Who made God?' nor posit the silly alternative of non-existence. It is easy for him after this to dismiss the whole question of the Personality of God, by making the desire after it a mere expression of our own egoism. According to him, the belief in a 'creation out of nothing' is essential to a religious spirit, and is involved in every miracle; and Providence is the trusting of man's heart in perpetual miracle. Prayer is only a dialogue of man with his own omnipotent heart. Imagination and feeling can remove mountains. Is not, asks some timid believer in German idealism, prayer the feeling of dependence? It is rather an awkward question, but our author replies at once—No. 'Dependence stifles prayer.' 'Prayer is the sense of absolute independence over all the limitations of our lot'—our own true conquest over our destiny.

'Christ is the Personal God of Christians.' He is 'the appeased conscience,' 'the visibility of virtue,' 'the living law,' the wish and triumph of the soul realized. Faith in the future life is faith of man in himself! It is a glorious lie! Let it take the form of a future state of everlasting life, if need be; it will help to make man what he ought to be, and will be.

All this is 'the *true*,' 'the anthropological side of religion.' But if this be our author's notion of *truth*, it is not worth our while to detain our readers with his notion of the false, or theological essence of religion. He endeavours throughout to cover all his egregious interpretations of our consciousness with tit-bits from Paul, John, Augustine, Bernard, and Luther. Verily, if he can make us tell lies to ourselves about ourselves, we need not wonder that he should try and make out that the greatest of our race have done the same.

This is one answer to the question, 'Christianity—or what next?' But philosophical religions of this order, bursting at boiling heat from the volcanic depths of metaphysical speculation, may, like the geysers of Iceland, raise suffocating clouds of steam, but they must soon fall to congeal around their sources into fantastic craters of ice. The everlasting ocean of thought is near, and the streams of living water may reflect the explosion, but will neither be perturbed nor darkened by it.

That which, under the name of the 'Gefühl-Philosophie,' justified a practical return to the decisions of the heart, after the understanding had crushed upon the logical anvil all the forms of the popular theology, has long since received a patient hearing. The schools of Jacobi and Schleiermacher were so far sup-

posed to mean by their terminology what the Christian consciousness had long couched in similar phrases, that their religion could scarcely be considered 'a new thing in the earth.' But when the object of worship ceases even to be that Presence which is ever immanent either in nature or man—for in the lowest deep there is a lower deep—when the doctrine of the incarnation is reduced to the formula 'Man is God'—when religion is declared to be 'the disunion of man from his own nature,' and the recognition of a lie in the very heart of it; when the mental analysis requires the discovery of the falsehood, and the strongest instincts and deepest convictions of the race are dealt with as varying forms of one system of self-deception; when there is no stay provided for the conscience, no method for arriving even at truth, no practical or moral outgoing of the religious nature, no end in human life except the cultivation of additional falsehoods about it—we may fairly denominate this a new view of the *essence of religion*, and express undiminished confidence that the hold which deeper views of life have upon the human soul will prevent such a pseudo-philosophy from even occupying a niche in the Literary Pantheon.

Auguste Comte—the laborious and long-winded genius who has professed to solve the whole mystery of human thought and social progress, by discovering the law of the development of all our knowledge, while he leaves the question of knowledge itself unsolved—has arrived at religion, its functions and destiny, by perfecting sociology as a science of phenomena, and by creating a new *Grand-étre*—Humanity—who shall thoroughly respond to the religious sentiment, and embrace in himself all our relations. So far from religion being 'the disuniting of man from his own nature,' with him it is the synthesis and co-operation of all our faculties. Comte does not pretend to solve on his theory the creation of the world. He boldly declares it insoluble; and asserts that we do not want, from that which is to engage our reverence or reciprocate our affections, any deliverance on such a knotty point. He agrees with Feuerbach in giving the name of God to Humanity; but his conception of Humanity is altogether different from that of the extreme disciple of Hegel. With Feuerbach God is our own nature made objective—that is, delivered from the limitations of the individual. God always *has been* this process of thought, concealed by prejudices and ignorance. With Comte the *nouveau grand-étre* is now for the first time 'constituted'—the idea was never possible before the foundation of the *Social Science*. With both of these worthies the religions of the world have all been falsehoods and self-delusions. Feuerbach

holds, however, that theology has been an awkward way of stating certain facts in our own consciousness. Comte considers all theologies to have been necessary and successive attempts to reach his own peaceful conclusion, that the human mind must be satisfied with laws and sequences, with the modes, in fact, in which it is obliged to think.* Feuerbach pretends to discover the unknown God whom all mankind have been ignorantly worshipping. Comte says, 'There is no God, and I am his prophet.' They both exclaim to poor sickened human nature, 'O Supreme Being, live for ever!' But the German says that all mankind have been doing this from the earliest ages; the Frenchman says they never have done it, and never could, until he had shown them how. Some of the points of contrast between Theodore Parker and Auguste Comte will be instructive, while we are attempting to deal with novelties in the essence of religion. Parker is a novelty in one sense, for he alternately disdains and compliments every phase of religious faith; while his own becomes necessarily difficult to seize. He enumerates, with apparent approval, a long string of definitions of religion,† chiefly minted in the school of German metaphysics. But he adheres to the following as the dictum of the religious consciousness within us:—'Voluntary obedience to the law of God,—inward and 'outward obedience to the law of God, written in various ways 'upou our nature.' We do not quote this for the purpose of showing the uniqueness of Parker's standpoint, yet a sentence which follows his definition, beautiful and attractive as it will seem, does much to explain his sentiment. He declares that this obedience may be '*unconscious* as in little children who have 'known no contradiction between duty and desire, and perhaps 'also in the perfect saint to whom *all* duties are desirable, who 'has ended the contradiction by willing himself God's will,' and 'thus becoming *one with* God. It may be *conscious* as with 'many men whose strife is not yet over.' These are his illustrations of the principle here, but later pages and later writings of this author show that he extends it heartily, lovingly to men who may be speculative atheists, whose religion is, in fact, of an incomparably higher character in his opinion than that which is stimulated by 'the Popular theology.' He draws a horrible caricature of that theology; blinding his eyes to the fact that there is any evil in the earth, beyond that which is produced, according to him, by the cursed notions of God and man inspired

* Comte is sufficiently idealistic in his implied solutions of metaphysical problems to justify our condensing into the above sentence much of the reasoning of the 'Système de Politique Positive.'

† 'Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.' By Theodore Parker, p. 27.

by the New Testament and the Old. He throws back on the God of the Bible, on the Saviour, on the Spirit of God, all the discoveries made to us of the evil and danger of sin,—tries to persuade Christians that the devil is an hypostasis in their Godhead, and that the revealed and worshipped Father is a thousand times more malignant and hateful than the prince of darkness,—he spreads out the dregs and scum of the patristic theology and the New England Calvinism as the essence of the gospel, and then says—‘The ‘atheism’ of Comte and Feuerbach is higher and better than the theological idea of God, as represented by Jonathan Edwards, the great champion of New England divinity.’* He appears, in fact, from his whole doctrine of *unconscious obedience* to unrecognised law to have virtually extended his definition beyond the limits of criticism, and with the fiery welcome he gives to the religious spirit of his speculatively atheistic friends, he might just as well embrace the baboons and the rats, who may unconsciously obey the law of God written on *their* nature. In his treatment of the three great forms of religious feeling and theology, he uses the terminology, and draws largely on the principles, of Comte. The difference between them being, that Parker makes them all more or less true, because expressive of a truth in which he believes; Comte treats them all as equally false. Parker regards the Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism of the past, as veils and obscurations of the vast and true conception which has always haunted the human spirit; one which is accepted by himself as a sufficient subjective realization of the greatest objective fact in the universe—the living and true God. Comte deals with that conception as a metaphysical abstraction, and equally transitory with all that have preceded it. Parker believes in a Creator, not ‘dimly seen in these his lower works.’ Comte draws an abrupt line through the point where recorded observation or legitimate hypothesis reveals existence, and ridicules the notion of any previous intention, purpose, mind, or will. Parker is too much of a metaphysician to follow his example here; he feels that he is himself becoming acquainted with the thoughts of God; but Comte dogmatically holds that no mind had ever comprehended the universe, its laws, or harmonies, until he achieved the discovery of the sociologic law. Parker evidently, in spite of his hatred of popular theology, believes in a Father God, and is trying to conceive something of His magnificent plan. Comte thinks that the stability of the universe is a delusion, and that a cometary disturbance might put an end to his idol humanity to-morrow. Parker holds to some kind of faith in the immortality of the soul; but Comte ridicules the idea with

* ‘Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology.’ By Theodore Parker. p. 82.

supreme disgust, and contents himself with the 'recognition' of posterity. We refer our readers to a previous article on *The Religion and Philosophy of Positivism*,* for some details on the construction and growing maturity of the new supreme Being whom Comte professes to have discovered and to reveal.

Theodore Parker, as well as Auguste Comte, has often been referred to in our pages. His destructive criticism has more than once passed under review: its onesidedness—the bombast and raging fury with which he 'exploites' the race of theologians, have been put in their true light. We are now chiefly concerned with his standpoint—with the substitute for Christianity which he finds in speculative and practical theism. He is indignant with 'the popular theology,' because the inference he draws from it is, that the misery and the punishment of sin invests the character of God with 'malignant' and hateful features. To use the mildest language in which we can describe his recent work, he offers a revolting and base misrepresentation of the theology of Christianity: one which rests chiefly on this judgment about its God: he wilfully ignores the patent fact, that *that theology represents evil* as the consequence of *sin*, and God as reconciled to the world; he charges the hell which sinners have created upon the will of God, sweeps away the only effective barrier which has ever been laid between the dead sea of perdition and the human soul, and then asks us to accept his view of God, of man, and of the universe, as lifegiving and perfect. What is it? A bold, thorough-paced optimism, and therefore a mass of contradictions. The first cause is, infinite justice, an attribute which according to him should inspire no fear in a human breast. He is absolute love, working with a perfect material, with a perfect machine, to an absolutely perfect result. Parker deliberately refers every event that has occurred in the history of the world, in justification of his own theory, to the infinite foreknowledge, design, and control of God. The hyæna eating a baby—the kidnapper murdering an 'Eliza'—the drunkard reeling into polluted arms, and breathing misery and madness about him—the tyrannical man, and still more tyrannical mob, are all alike parts of these perfect arrangements, and are prophesying the glorious future. His faith in human nature, in spite of the popular theology, is unbounded and wonderful; and while he denies the existence of hell, because he seems utterly unconscious of the nature of sin, he charges all that is commonly called *evil*—not on the perverse will of man—but on the absolute intention, and purpose, and plan, of the God whom he introduces as a substitute for the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

* 'British Quarterly Review,' No. XXXVIII. April, 1854. Article, 'Auguste Comte—His Religion and Philosophy.'

Having, then, briefly referred to the novelties that wage war with the fundamental ideas of God, and propose new conceptions of the very essence of religion itself, we call the attention of our readers to the novelties that have presented themselves in the means of arriving at *truth*. Notwithstanding every present variety of scepticism, few are disposed to push it so far as to ask, What is truth? or what has *truth* to do with the religion that we espouse, and under whose influence we desire to place ourselves? We make no apology for using the old terms, *science* and *revelation*, as calculated to express, after all, the two methods by which it is alone conceivable that truth should be ascertained and secured. By *science* we are content to understand the entire processes of observation and experiment, induction, and analogy, as well as the methods by which we can deductively verify our own generalizations, and explain the largest number of events by the smallest number of principles. We do not exclude the operation of any human faculty, nor disdain the aid of the entire past of human thought. It is clear to us that as long as science thus in its totality assumes to be the only teacher of man, and proceeds to treat the entire subject of human knowledge as phenomenal, its tendency is away from God, from Providence, from Revelation; it is opposed to spiritual or immortal existence, to divine government, and even human law. If science is the only informant of man, as it recedes into its appropriate region and contents itself with *sequences* and the laws which the human understanding creates for all phenomena, subjective as well as objective, it will say less and less about the unseen and the eternal, and will hush as far as possible the loud demand which the mysteries of its own theme raise at every point for some knowledge of one who comprehends us and all things.

Comte himself perceiving this, seeing the strait to which his remorseless logic had driven him, endeavours in his recent works to reconstruct the very subject of knowledge itself; and he finds it to be, not the individual man, but the *Grand-étre*, Humanity. Having made this discovery, he would be utterly dissatisfied with the mere positive stage of science, which he once appeared to think the final development of human understanding, and proceeds to develope, in addition to the three stages which he had spent a life-time in trying to prove all-comprehensive, a *fourth* stage of equal importance. That fourth stage is what transforms many sciences into one philosophy, which brings every science not merely into its due hierarchical relation to that which preceded it and that which follows it, but into profound dependence on the interests of the *Grand-étre*—Humanity. By establishing the science of *sociology*—by creating, in fact, the phenomenon

called humanity—by declaring his preference for the laws of that phenomenon over the facts of consciousness—he institutes anew, as he thinks, the subjective method, and proceeds to systematize and reconstruct all science on that basis. He endeavours to prove what he calls the religious efficacy of each branch of positive science. Thus mathematics teach the feeling of invariability and necessity; astronomy inspires resignation to unchangeable law; physics develop our power of modification; chemistry provides scope for our industry; biology inspires mutual dependence, and sociology brings to light all our relations to the past, present, and future development of the *Grand-étre*. Sociology supplants theology, sociocracy undermines theocracy, and the entire process by which we have come to recognise the one and submit to the other is *religion*. A divine source of knowledge is absolutely excluded—a divine object of knowledge is by the hypothesis removed, and the human *subject* himself is abnegated in place of the great reality, mankind, to whom belongs and of whom alone can be accurately predicated, the possession of knowledge. Now whatever may be necessitated by the theory of Comte, in order to give anything like consistency to his difficult and presumptuous promises, we know that the feeling and the idea of God, as well as of sacrifice, of redemption, of immortality, have been perpetually and imperatively demanded in the various efforts which have been made by the human understanding and heart in their attempt to solve the difficulties and understand the phenomena of consciousness.

The other fundamental method of arriving at truth may be compendiously styled **REVELATION**. The notion of a *revelation* from God lies deep in human nature. The greatest truths that have been uttered by the human heart or mind—truths of science, of morals, and of religion—have been seized, presented by men, who could give little or no account of the way in which they have arrived at them. The most glorious truths of our holy religion have been produced for us in a manner which directly and distinctly proclaimed their superhuman origin. We feel that all the logic in the world will not make them more true—that the induction of a million verifications will not make them more credible. A glorious series of such communications underlying the entire faith of Christendom have been made to us and have been accepted by us. We hold that God has revealed Himself to us; He has verified, by miracle and inspiration, our belief in Him; He has chosen to act towards us so as to come within the cognizance of our faculties, and to force upon the most thoughtful men, the most philosophic minds, the conclusion that 'holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.' Such an idea has always been provocative of other

attempts to reach truth by the same or by superhuman processes ; the prophet of the Lord was always rivalled by the false prophet. The Christ called up the Anti-Christ and the Pseudo-Christ ; the apostolic office kindled the avarice, excited the passions of many a Magus ; the spiritual gift awakened the spiritual cupidity of eastern Gnostics ; the promised spirit called Montanists forth to assume the lofty dignity of the Paraclete ; the exposure of the real process by which truth was held by the Church in the days of Luther, summoned a whole school of false prophets to contend for the mastery with Paul and John, as well as with Luther and Melancthon : and in these days we are the witnesses of the attempts made by cunning and simplicity to practice on the credulity and darken the understanding of those who *do* believe in the Spirit of God.

Some of our new teachers are busy with the proclamation of a universal revelation—boasting of a 'light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' The 'pure intellect,' 'the pure reason,' 'the intuition conscious,' 'the soul,' 'the heart' of men have each been treated as the organ of divine revelation. Some, like R. W. Mackay, are busy with 'the progress of intellect.' Some, like Leigh Hunt, are the advocates of 'the heart' and its religion. Our friend, Theodore Parker, proclaims reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment to be universal and sufficient guides ; and endeavours, after wresting from Christendom its own belief in 'Our Father in Heaven,' to proclaim that conception as the creation of man's unassisted faculties. Lighting his candle at the old torch of prophecy, he would conceal his obligation by assuring men that the seeming blaze of that torch was not real. We only want his own chapters on fetishism, polytheism, and monotheism, to show the helplessness of those very faculties till it pleased God to call us into the fellowship of His Son.

We do not question the mighty strides of reason, nor underrate the oracular voice of conscience, nor disregard the religious sentiment ; but we know that the child needs human training, or he will not become a man. Leave any man to such education as he can find in his own faculties, and his religious sentiment will spend itself on the amulet, the seed-corn, the craggy oak, the thunderstorm ; his reason will unravel a very few isolated successions of events ; his conscience will hardly awake to conscious activity. He *must* have the training of the past, be subjected to the traditions, histories, inspirations, of others, to find himself out, or know his own mind or destiny. Parker says very much about the omnipresence and omni-action of God, and tells us,—

'That inspiration is wide as the world and common as God. It is not given to a few men in the infancy of mankind to monopolise

inspiration and bar God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. . . . God is still everywhere in nature—at the line, at the pole, in a mountain or a moss. • Wherever a heart beats with love, there also is God as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets of old. . . . The world is close to the body. God close to the soul. . . . Has infinity laid aside its omnipresence, retreating to some little corner of space? No! The grass grows as green, the birds chirp as gaily, &c. &c. . . . 'Can it be then as ~~so~~ many tell us that God transcending time and space has forsaken man. . . . That now he will stretch forth no aid, but leave his tottering child to wander on amid the palpable obscure, eyeless, and fatherless; can it be that thought shall fly through heaven, and come back to tell us God is no father, that he will not look upon his child, &c. &c.'—*Discourse pertaining to Religion*, p. 140.

Deep absurdity, if the man means to imply that this is either the Christian's theory, or any fair deduction from his premises. The style of the passage is eloquent enough, the purpose of it morally bad. As well might we be told that because we believe that God is not now creating new races upon the world, therefore he has forsaken it; because he did not create us out of the soil of the earth, therefore we must hold that he has shrunk back into the inaccessible remoteness of his original fiat; that he has nothing to do with the creatures he has made. One would suppose that the new thoughts inspired by Christ and John and Paul were contemptible guesses by the side of the Mumbo-jumbo, who still prays for the great sugar cane, or the Indian whose dying eyes sparkle with the sight of the hunting prairies of heaven.

Because the enthusiasm inspired by the Divine Spirit in the minds which originally received his communications bears some resemblance to the Pythia's swoon; because belief in God has set the face of men as a flint in the day of battle, and girded the sons of the Highest with righteousness, wisdom, and love, and belief in no God has sometimes had the horrible seal of martyrdom, therefore there is no difference in authority between the teaching of Moses and Menander—no difference in the meaning of the life of Jesus and that of Jean-Paul.

The earlier phase of Professor Newman's unbelief was allied to the doctrine of Parker. He has been unfortunately deteriorating ever since, and seems now to have lost all deep faith even in the being of a God. He started on the sea of speculation in a little skiff called the 'Low Church'; but it sprang a leak, and he jumped into another, which on the voyage was submitted to innumerable repairs. The compass was badly balanced and perverted by magnets; the helm was out of order; the captain was insane, and poor Newman got on very badly. At length he

escaped from this crazy craft, and took refuge in a long-boat called 'The Apostle John,' and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his previous ark go to pieces. In this little canoe, without log-book or rudder, he went drifting out to sea full of 'sorrows and aspirations.' He tried to land on a few icebergs; but his grappling-irons snapped with the effort. Voices came to him, which entreated him to beware of utterly foundering, to look on the pole-star, ere 'his faith' was totally 'eclipsed.' But no!—'Out upon the pole-star!'—he can do without *that*; for what matters it whither he drifts? However, a huge Leviathan that was at play in the great ocean of opinion utterly upset him; and his little bark has long since gone to the bottom. He swam until he found a solitary rock on which he stands and raves, poor man, malignantly at Jesus;—almost boasts that he made the rock on which he stands, and that all the world is hopelessly incurable because they don't want to come and live with him upon it. The process by which he arrived at the extreme of religious scepticism is deeply and painfully interesting. All that we have at present to do with it is the idea that he has propounded, and, perhaps, still holds, on the question of *authority*, and on the method of arriving at religious truth. His first step was to elevate the understanding into an instructress co-ordinate with, rather than supplementary to, the Holy Scriptures. Then, as a natural consequence, he lost confidence in Paul's logic and Peter's veraciousness; and he ultimately refuses to assent to any proposition on the authority of another unless fully able to substantiate the method and follow the process of his thought. He declares all 'faith at second-hand to be vain.' At the same time he allows a regeneration of the religious and spiritual life of men, gives honest recognition to those phases of religious feeling that philosophy cannot formulate, and psychology and logic blunder about for ever. There would seem to him—and we can to a large extent agree with him here—that there is a truth of feeling altogether distinct from the truth of the understanding; a truth expressed by no means in words or propositions, but in acts and tears. But he says the stimulus, the cause of these feelings, is the spirit of God; the name given to them is inspiration. We humbly believe that the *truth* supplied to the understanding is the divine condition for correct and spiritual feeling; that there is deep meaning in the beautiful prayer, 'Cleanse the thoughts of our *hearts* by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit;' and that the answer to that prayer is supplementary to the divine method of bringing appropriate and real truth to those hearts. Surely for a long period he has been conscious of the operation of God upon his heart and mind; and he has magnified that con-

sciousness, those spiritual visions which nobody will deny to him, into the only light of the world.

Thus we see that the same spirit which has induced metaphysicians to suppose that the universe and its God are only objectifications of our own subjective being; to spin 'the great globe and all which it inherits' out of the *me*, and to leave that *ME* in doubt whether there is any reality but its own spontaneous impressions, or self-determined reflections—has been allied with the efforts which men in a lower range of speculation have made to account for all the divine information they possess by means of their own universally distributed faculties. As far as we can judge, the effort has signally failed, from the time when one gave out in Samaria that He was the great Power of God, to the time when F. W. Newman does pretty much the same. Mankind have recoiled from the sea of perplexity, in which each man's individual judgment and feeling threatens to drown them, and from all the pertinacious efforts of men to deify themselves. The problem of those who have attempted to do this, has obviously been to produce such an analysis of the human consciousness as to find in it elements which, under ever present conditions of thought and feeling, will account for the entire religious history of the world. There are innumerable ways in which this may be attempted—the possible combinations of human faculties are almost infinite; and we may expect many new and perpetually recurring methods of stating the doctrine of a *universal revelation*.

There is another phase of the great question, full of instruction, and calculated to throw some little light upon the phases of faith which we have been considering. We are sometimes told, with some plausibility, that there is no standing ground in Protestantism for a belief in divine and infallible authority, or in the supernatural communication of truth. 'Perverts to Rome' are delighted with the ease of mind they enjoy, when they have shifted all the responsibility of judging concerning their own spiritual position, upon the religious consciousness of others, and twit us with the cry, You have all the trouble of finding out your divine authority; and then little or none of the advantage. We can bear and parry the thrust; for all we want is 'a reason of the hope that is in us.' But there are others who take up the gauntlet thus thrown down. 'The spiritual man' that figured in the writings of Mr. Newman, is eminently destructive in his intuitions. The heart, the conscience, the understanding, of that 'twice-born' individual, relinquish all confidence in the New Testament, and fail to see the moral beauty of Christ. But there are many thousands of self-called spiritual men in Great Britain,

America, Germany, and elsewhere, whose spiritual intuitions profess to be in perfect harmony with the spirit of Christianity, but who believe, in addition, that in the year 1835, on the 14th of July, a special divine communication was made to the church of Christ by the Divine Spirit. The result of that communication was the appointment of twelve men to be apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ. This sect holds, that since the death of the Apostle John, and as a consequence of its wilful neglect of the apostolic mission, the church has been in mourning and in widowhood, because destitute of the Divine, infallible instructors of its understanding and heart. That Rome, by identifying the episcopate and apostolate, and by thus transforming the latter into an official dignity, has deprived it of its truly supernatural character—that the various sections of the church have stifled the voice of the Spirit, and mutilated the body of Christ; but that at length, through the voice of prophetic young ladies and others, the Holy Ghost has said, ‘Separate me these twelve individuals for the work whereunto I have called them.’ With some marked, but not very prominent, theological divergences from the rest of the Christian churches, the individuals distinguished chiefly by the above tenet, have constituted themselves into ‘the Catholic and Apostolic Church.’ They consider themselves the manifestation of the true Bride of the Lamb. ‘They speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gives them utterance.’ They are living organs of the Divine Spirit. Some of their number have been gifted to reveal the propriety of their ceremonial worship. They attribute every step they have taken to the supernatural influence at work in their community. Their apostolic body has delivered ‘one testimony, in 1836, to the king and privy-councillors of this land, and another to the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, and to the clergy of those towns and neighbourhoods in which churches have been established;’* and we learn elsewhere, that ‘this testimony, in a more enlarged form, has been delivered to the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, and King of the French, as representatives of the principles of rule in Christendom.’ ‘Impostors, (it is said) could not have written it; and holy and wise men would not have written it unless their claim had been a true one.’† These sectaries have organized a very comprehensive system of observances, offices, and discipline. They have produced a liturgy which is volu-

* ‘A Chronicle of certain Events which have taken place in the Church of Christ, principally in England, between 1826 and 1852,’ pp. 47. London, 1852. p. 24.

† ‘The True Constitution of the Church, and its Restoration.’ Read to the North Association of Litchfield, September, 1853, by Rev. W. W. Andrews. New York. 1854. See pp. 114, 115.

minous, and in many respects beautiful, being a compilation from various sources,* with proper offices for all the well-known ecclesiastical seasons, as well as for the feast of separation of the Holy Apostles of the Catholic Church, on the 14th of July. This remarkable sect apes some of the characteristics of every section of the Christian church. Thus, they pray for the dead and light candles on their altar, for the edification of Romanists; they believe in consubstantiation with the Lutherans; they have some silent worship that may please the Quakers; the election of their bishops, or angels, may be meant to attract Congregationalists; the baptism by immersion another large section of the church; while their liturgical pomp and ceremonial, may suit many of the dissatisfied Anglicans. They have evidently among them men of considerable learning, high feeling, pure taste, and catholic spirit. Now whose spiritual insight is to be preferred—whose intuitions of truth are to be accepted? Here are two classes of men explaining away, with almost equal bitterness, the sufficiency of Scripture, and the interpretations of common sense—both disdaining the assumptions of Rome—each claiming divine inspiration. There is this difference—the followers of Irving say, ‘though the divine inspiration may be extended to a whole congregation, or may animate an entire community, it is still supernatural’: the school of Parker, Newman, Greg, and others, say, though ‘the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God,’ yet the reception and manifestation of it is nature in its highest form, but not *supernatural*.

We do not see a pin to choose, as far as arrogance is concerned, between the revelations of Miss A B C at Newman-street, and those of Professor Newman at A B C-street. The advantage is on the side of the Irvingite. He interprets his own inexplicable feelings by some world-wide axioms of the religious consciousness, while the sceptical spiritualist says he can account for the whole history of the religion of the world, by causes the operation of which he can only witness within himself, and which set at nought that which the reverence of eighteen hundred years has consented to adore and preserve.

This so-called ‘Catholic and Apostolic Church’ becomes important, as exhibiting the violent means which the human understanding will take to soothe its feverish desire for satisfaction with that which is proposed to it. Doubtless many who are in a hurry with God—who are impatient with his Providence—who have broken away from their ancestral moorings—who are forced to believe in the action of the Spirit of God upon themselves and

* ‘The Liturgy and other Divine Offices of the Church.’ London. 1853.

others—whose deep religious feelings amount to sentimentality—who are conscious of the truth of these feelings, if they know nothing else—who want incomparably more satisfaction for their heart than any of the indigestible and unattractive forms of scepticism can supply—who are revolted with the superstitions that are called 'Catholic doctrine,' and are by no means prepared to receive the dogmas of Denys, or the theology of Augustine or Athanasius—will find for a while a resting-place on their road either to Rome or Germany, amidst the magnificent ceremonial and mysterious assertions of the Gordon-square enthusiasts.

And what Irvingism will effect for the more educated classes, the supposed divine revelation of Joe Smith and Brigham Young is offering to the lower orders of society. Take away or undermine their faith in the true revelation of God, and you set the diseased and craving religious faculty of men free to create some substitute for it. Belief in the marvellous, a sense of the Infinite, of its manifestation to me and in me, a consciousness of heavenly alliance, a sense of sin, of fate, of retribution, a desire for redemption, for heaven and personal immortality, are as characteristic of my nature as the possession of language, as the instinct of love, as the tendency towards fellowship and society. Crush, ridicule, overthrow the faith of man in that which has expressed and satisfied any of these feelings, and he will eagerly seize some miserable substitute; invent a Book of Mormon rather than be without a Bible; identify heaven with the great Salt-lake rather than have no ideal home; put confidence in the most unblushing lie rather than depend hopelessly on his own intuition. Mormonism is not a solitary form of this spiritual disease. There is much that is difficult to explain in it, and there are many features in it which proclaim strong affinities with the enthusiasm with which poor Irving seems to us to have been duped, and to have contrived to dupe his followers. There is the same singular psychological fact that what appears to be another tongue is spoken with glibness by some of their spiritual leaders, and interpreted by others; and though the common-place drivelling has no higher end than to build up the arrogant pretensions of some of their number, yet that the multitude among them hail it as the voice of God. But there it is, the combining force in what may prove, before long, to be one of the United States of America. At present it has not reached this dignity, and the governor is nominally appointed by the Supreme Legislature of the Union. Unless the moral rottenness involved in its polygamy, and the inconsistencies of its own constitution ensure its disruption—unless all that is special or peculiar in it

is lost in the spread of a mystical Pantheism, it will be a fact of some influence before the close of the nineteenth century.

These scepticisms, and heresies, and diseases of Christendom, have had in time past some considerable effect upon the organizations, the doctrine, the apologetics, and the work of the Church. But every great outbreak of novelty has tended to demonstrate the divine origin of that Church, and the ceaseless and inexhaustible life of its first principles. The sensationalism of England, finding its extreme religious development in the humanity-philosophy of Comte, may bring out the high spiritual abstraction of the Church, which has been strangled by Romanism, and almost lost by Congregationalism. The metaphysics of Germany, reaching their extreme point in Feuerbach, show us what incomprehensible mysteries men try to believe when they are resolved to drive their hobby-theory through the whole universe of thought ; while, on the other hand, they turn to scorn the *contempt* which English logicians have cast on the mysteries of the Trinity and of the atonement. The spiritualism of Newman may prove instructive to us, by his egregious failure to occupy the same ground for twelve months together, having half-a-dozen contending authorities within him and nothing to bring them to terms. The eclecticism and optimism of Parker remind us of the man who replaced jewels by paste, and pulled down marble palaces that he might rebuild them of stubble. Irvingism has become a gorgeous caricature of spiritual life ; but as it is a bold protest against the official infallibility of the Papacy, with as much reason on its side and less superstition ; and as it does try to keep before the mind of the world the spiritual fact of Christ's presence in His Church, a truth that officialism and secularism continue to conceal, it may have its mission. While the bold fanaticism and impudent falsehoods of Joe Smith and his accomplices, by their effect on the uneducated classes of our own country and America, will show the danger of trifling with the religious certitudes even of a nineteenth century, and the deep and wicked absurdity of supposing that the advent of science, the knowledge of laws, 'the development of humanity,' or the ridicule heaped on Christian evidences, will save mankind from falling into far more incomprehensible beliefs, or preserve them from the saddest moral aberrations.

The limits of this article will not allow us to investigate at any length the third point relating to this topic, *viz.*, the upstart organizations that are intended by their originators to enshrine and conserve some of the novelties that have passed under review. The logic and the spirit of much modern scepticism would reduce to their original elements every symbol

of faith and every shrine of feeling, and dissolve every society that is now in existence, which bases itself on the unseen realities of the spirit world. It is true, that in Germany, the elasticity of the theological conscience allows speculative atheists, material and spiritual pantheists,* to sign the confession of Augsburg, and the 'Church of the Future,' as delineated by the Chevalier Bunsen, is wide enough to embrace the poles of religious sentiment.† In France there is, doubtless, much speculative infidelity under the cowl and hood; and a deliberate attempt has been made more than once to transfer the government of the Church to the philosophers, and transform the religion of Jesus into a vapid worship of sentimental symbolism, and the devoted pursuit of the arts and sciences. It is easy to see, that unless the spirit of antagonism has some organization, it cannot stand before the forces of the troubled consciences of men calling out for pardon and life. The effort to *organize* the feelings that are stimulated by doubt, is one of the facts of the nineteenth century. Formerly the secular power has had strength enough to seal the bottle enclosing such feelings hermetically, or to smash it to atoms, and thus some fictitious triumphs have been gained both for Catholicism and Christianity. That day has gone by; for although we cannot hide from our eyes the intolerance of the papacy, and the persecution of free churches in France and some of the German States, yet we have enough before us at the present time to show, that in England and America, the only weapon with which novel organizations of religious feeling can be met, is the fair discussion of their character and merits. The *Société Positiviste* is a sceptical counterpart of '*the Catholic and Apostolic Church*,' for as the latter professes to represent what the church of Christ will be when He comes in his glory, the former pretends to be a microcosm of human society,—the provisional germ of the vast '*république occidentale*,' and the perfect type of the spiritual power that shall eventually dominate over all the nations. We cannot but rejoice to see the spirit of positivism inclose itself in these limits, cork and deposit itself in these cellars of philosophical system. We have in a previous article devoted some space to the dream and prophecy,—the church and discipline,—the calendar and pontificate of the religion of humanity.

The little book entitled the *Religion of the Heart*, by Leigh Hunt, details a similar attempt, on a smaller scale, to find means for expressing the feelings which are inspired by speculative theism and a

* See concluding Dissertation of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' for the possible relation of speculative theology to the Church.

† See the 'Constitution of the Church of the Future,' by C. C. J. Bunsen, D.C.L. Longman: 1847. pp. 270, 271.

hatred of Christianity. The teaching of this little work may be judged of by the compliments paid by its author to Professor Newman's "*admirable*" chapter on the moral perfection of Jesus, and his criticism of the Hebrew commonwealth. We are chiefly interested in it because it presumes to offer to the class to which he belongs, a 'manual of faith and duty,' in which 'the heart is never to be outraged' with a confession of the evil of sin, or the idea of forgiveness. His creed appears framed with a wilful forgetfulness of everything in human life which speaks either of sinful imperfection or Divine redemption. The 'aspirations' he supplies to his followers are very meagre, and touch very few of our spiritual wants,—'the liturgy,' which is to be read alternately by the reader and the congregation, has all the effect of a very bad pun, when it recalls even for a moment the sublime litany of the Anglican service,—and the twenty commandments which take the place of the decalogue are comprehensive, as they include right feelings about our dress, our food, our ablutions, our manners; but they say nothing which is adapted to inspire either humility, self-condemnation, the love of God or of our neighbour. A 'daily' and 'weekly' service are followed by various exercises of the heart in its duties and aspirations. There are some clever, and some very weak things under this head. His last chapter, consisting of 140 pages, on 'the only final Scriptures, their test and teachers,' offers some guidance on the choice of religious books,—of those 'scriptures which are cognizable by the heart,'—'the heart of one's spirit; that something within us of which every one is more or less conscious, as his 'innermost truth.' (!) By that heart, which 'he that trusteth is a fool,' Leigh Hunt proceeds to estimate, approve, or condemn, all written thought 'from Moses to Emerson'; and a hasty, superficial affair he has offered to the world. Epictetus appears to him the model of a religious philosopher, and Marcus Antoninus is an idol. François de Sales and Whichcote come in for their meed of approbation: and Shaftesbury, not the *Achitophel* of Dryden's Muse, is cleared from the imputation of irreligiousness. He then jumps over a century and a half, and recommends Emerson and the modern poetry of nature, as the best stimulus of the religious feeling. A lame and impotent substitute is thus provided for the most glorious and greatest book which God's providence and spirit have presented to us. There is a singular passage on the character of Solomon, which is a specimen of much of his criticism, p. 125. 'The proverbs are attributable to Solomon. So is the book of Ecclesiastes, and the love-poem called Solomon's Song. They all contain admirable as well as objectionable matter—great incon-

'sistencies, great 'expediences,' a wisdom too often more worldly than wise;—the philosophy of Aristippus rather than Plato. Few scholars believe them to be Solomon's; though the worldliness would be no reason for the disbelief. Solomon, in courtesy to a Jewish assertion, has been gifted with the title of the 'wisest of men,' but by all which is related of him in the Bible, he appears to have had more knowledge than wisdom. He appears to have been a bad, however splendid, sovereign; and though his falling off from the Jewish opinions of a God might be considered a move in the right direction, it seemed indeed, but the substitution of an effeminate tendency for an energetic one.' This passage, compared with many others, is exceedingly harmless; yet there is a strange conflict between his desire to underrate the Bible and underrate the man. He does not know which, and he can hardly give up the pleasure of doing both. He sets out with Solomon's being a worldly, wicked man, and then he would have pleasure in making out several books of the Bible to have been written by him. Unfortunately, 'the scholars' don't believe in their authenticity, and so, unable to fasten upon him THEIR worldliness, he turns elsewhere. Poor Solomon's apostacy, however, is such a redeeming feature in his character, that a sneaking sort of admiration is given to him after all. Well, farewell to Leigh Hunt. His book cannot do much harm to any man who has one spark of reverence left, either for the Scriptures or the Son of God,—who is conscious of a sinfulness which no mere reformation can obliterate,—whose aspirations have not already sunk to the dead level of the unimpassioned nothingness which here comes forth amid flourish of trumpets, as a rival to the devotional thought and feeling of Christendom.

Professor Newman has furnished us with *another* phase of his faith, and has contributed an essay toward the reconstruction of the Church of the Future. Mr. Hunt had based his liturgy on the once outraged heart. Mr. Newman has taken his stand on the social difficulties of the age. Mr. Hunt has prepared a little Sunday amusement for a drawing-room party. We give Mr. Newman the credit of having provided some work for the world, under the following title, *The Organization of Philanthropy, a Basis for Catholic Union*. The subject is a vast and sublime one, and we should like to see it well treated by some one who understands human nature a little better than the author of *The Phases of Faith*.

The work to which we allude is incomparably superior in its tone and philosophical spirit to that of Leigh Hunt or to some of the previous productions of its author. It is disfigured by

passages of almost malignant insinuando against Christ and the Christian religion.* We do no more than refer to them, as they are not essential to the argument of the treatise; which seeks to establish a theory of social organization that is intended to realize what the churches have professed and yet failed to accomplish. In fact, he desires to show, that the *moral* relations of men to each other are a sufficient basis for their co-operation and philanthropic action, while they utterly ignore all religious proposition and every definition even of the object or subject of religious feeling. Although he allows 'the sanctity of *nationality*' to be co-ordinate with that of the family relation, he is profoundly aware that the state has failed and must fail 'to exhaust the capabilities of our moral nature'; and that we must look to deeper and wider principles of universal action. He submits the past history of the Catholic Church, and the present state of Protestantism, to just such a criticism as we should expect the author of *The Phases of Faith* to indulge himself with, before consigning the whole thing to the category of incapables. Our author says some very acute things about organized institutions in general, the dangerous power they possess when they attract and concentrate the energies of many minds, and by the magic of their names secure allegiance for their own sake rather than for the end which called them into existence. And he anticipates the time 'when a true church, founded upon the principles of 'human brotherhood..... by the purity of its aim will gather 'up into itself the enthusiastic philanthropy of the nations 'morally most advanced; strengthening itself by attachments 'on all sides, until it visibly becomes the great organ of courage to realize that goodwill among men for which the 'heart of nations aches.' It is the problem of the reconstruction of this Church to which he girds himself. His new ideal community is to avoid the rocks on which all previous organizations have split. Firstly, and foremost, it is to disclaim all *sectarianism*, by which he understands a religious basis for the fellowship. It despairs the harmony instituted between religious dogma and moral truth, and boldly throws up all recognition even of the being or perfections of God. *Moral excellence* and human goodness are perfectly compatible in his mind with speculative atheism and pantheism. Moral relations are independent of any conscious relation of the soul to God. There must be no intellectual acknowledgment of the divine support to our conscience, or you would exclude 'upright and honourable' atheists, and would run the danger of perpetual

* We have no room for quotation, but refer our readers to pages 37, 38, 55—91, and 110, for examples of what we mean.

controversy. This exhibits a melancholy deterioration of Mr. Newman's mind and heart. 'God' is evidently sinking in his esteem into the name of a subjective state; and the *Being*, the person whom he once loved and confided in, is becoming an *idea* which he utterly distrusts. But to proceed. No man is to gain a higher moral position by joining his new church. The brotherhood is to be felt towards all men, and no 'little-flock'-ism is to deteriorate his new Arcadia, as it has injured both Judaism and Christianity. The minute details and various bye-laws of the society are then strangely enough described; and the justification given for this anomalous proceeding is, that unless some competent minds beforehand settle these matters, there will be endless confusion afterwards. There is to be no stipendiary honour; no paid clergy; no invective or altercation; no young men under twenty-five; no lecturing; no praying. But there is to be a well-managed debating society in every town, under some control from a central committee; somewhat after the fashion of the British Association. There is to be a profession of one article of creed, viz., 'That moral excellence is the highest good of man;' but no avowal of moral doctrine for fear of intellectual divergences. In process of time this Catholic union will practically have ignored and reversed all that is distinctive of any religion but Mr. Newman's own. To describe the work of this church is to expose its insufficiency and littleness. It will consist in the shortening of the hours of labour and abolition of the night-work of bakers; the revival of King James's *Book of Sports*; the promotion of the rights of women, and the cause of oppressed nationalities, and the furtherance of all philanthropic causes which depend on moral relations, and ignore religious truth. He has no hope from bishops or pastors, upon whom he bestows some very unworthy inuendoes. The 'host of God' who are content to ignore His existence, to desecrate His day, to relinquish His worship, will advance into the great Christian temple and smash the two 'idols' of modern society—the Bible and the Church; and at the presence of the Son of God exclaim, 'Come, let us crucify him afresh, that his inheritance may be ours.'

And now, with profound humiliation and with deep reverence, we turn our eyes to HIM; and we see amid all the shifting forms of human folly, and in spite of the strange rebellion of the world He has redeemed, those firm-set feet of His which are as 'pillars of brass,' and that countenance of His, which is still as 'the sun shining in its strength,' and we hear the pealing of that 'voice which is as the sound of many waters,' saying, 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death.'

- ART. IV.—*Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.* Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, SEBASTIAN GIUSTINIAN, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, January 12th, 1515, to July 26th, 1519. Translated by RAWDON BROWN. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

EVERY student of English history, who, not content with the 'follow my leader' system,—now happily fast disappearing, seeks for information whence alone it can be correctly derived, from contemporary sources,—must have observed the singular dearth of authentic materials, from the days of the strife of the Roses, down to the times of the Reformation. During far earlier periods, contemporary information is abundant enough; we can fix with satisfactory accuracy the various events of the Conqueror's reign, and can determine the numerous whereabouts of King John, even for some years, from day to day; but from the time when Whetehamstede's short chronicle closed the series of our monkish historians, down to the days of the suppression of the monasteries, very little more have we to guide us, save the utterly apocryphal chronicles of Grafton, Hall, and Holinshed,—writers who as 'indentured servants' of the Tudor dynasty preclude themselves by that very acknowledgment from being impartial guides. Of late, careful research has supplied us with some additional materials, but still authentic information, particularly during the earlier part of Henry VIII.'s reign, is very scanty, and on this account, irrespective of other claims to attention, the volumes now before us are especially welcome. Any narrative, indeed, that might afford us details from day to day, of occurrences which took place more than three hundred years ago, could not fail to be interesting, even were it but the desultory record of some ~~langer-on~~ at court, or of some subordinate ecclesiastic; greatly therefore is the value of these two volumes enhanced, when we remember that they contain the official reports, under the most solemn pledge of secrecy, of the accredited agent of a powerful state,—that they are the secret despatches of one of the keenest, and most wary of observers, a Venetian envoy, addressed to a government the most astute, and perhaps the most jealous in Christendom.

Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.: there were many a four years of that reign, far more abundant in strange and startling incidents and far more crowded with events of mighty significance—years such as passed over Europe when the strife of the Reformation burst forth; such as England under the same

monarch witnessed, when, prematurely old and diseased alike in body and mind, he was, beheading his nobles, and burning his subjects, despot alike in things temporal and things spiritual. But these despatches were written during the lull of those few years ere the tempest awoke—during that short spring tide, while Francis I., new to all the pomps and all the pleasures of royalty, was marshalling gorgeous tournaments, and appointing splendid feasts—seeking to reproduce, melodramatically enough, the glories of the court of Charlemagne, at Amboise; while his great rival, a mere sickly youth, his commanding intellect as yet unknown, actually declared ‘fitter to be governed than to govern,’ was quietly awaiting the two crowns which his grandfather should bequeath to him; and Henry—Anne Boleyn and change of faith alike unthought of—the handsome, liberal, sport-loving young monarch, first in the tilt-yard and the merry greenwood, left the graver duties of the council-chamber to the wary and profound lord-cardinal, to unhorse Charles Brandon in the lists, or to ride in gay disguise of Lincoln green, with bow and hunting horn, to Shooter’s-hill a maying. Curious is it to contemplate the royal brute,—his harsher lineaments as yet undeveloped, winning from the prudent Venetian ambassador the praise, that ‘he is affable, gracious, and harms no one! displaying however, occasionally, that impetuous wilfulness, which years of uncontrolled power deepened into brutal violence.

Widely separated as Venice and England were, still, from very early times, the Venetian merchant was recognised by our forefathers as a welcome bringer of good things; for during the many centuries that the queen of the Adriatic ‘held the gorgeous East in fee,’ it was to her merchant princes that the whole of Western Europe looked for that supply of oriental luxuries for which they paid down ‘the good red gold’ right willingly. The dates, and the sugar from Alexandria; the precious stuffs of mingled gold, and silk, and silver, wrought in Saracen looms, but which formed the royal mantle, when the king ‘bore his crown,’ and which decked the high altar at festival tide; the still more precious spices, worth *thrice* their weight in gold; and the sweet wines, always so highly prized, even the ‘malvoisie,’ that romance-famed, and chronicle-famed wine—all were supplied by the Venetian merchants, during the earlier period, through the medium probably of Southern France.

It is not very easy to ascertain at what period the direct Venetian trade with England began. Mr. Brown, the editor of these despatches, remarks, that from the beginning of the fourteenth century a small fleet, named from its ultimate destination ‘the Flanders galleys,’ annually set sail from Venice, and arrived,

after touching at some of the ports of Sicily and Spain, at Southampton, where the flag-ship and commodore remained, while the rest of the fleet went on to the Flemish ports, doubtless to supply the wealthy burghers with a portion of their valuable freight. Returning thence, the galleys on their arrival at Southampton, took in a cargo (a purely Venetian word this), of English produce, especially our staple woollen cloths.

Although this little fleet is evidence of a direct communication between England and Venice, still we feel assured that it could convey but a very small portion of the eastern produce demanded by the rising prosperity of the land. The law, even from the days of Richard I., decreed that foreign merchandize should only be sold at the port it was brought to ; the enterprizing Venetian merchant, therefore, would scarcely have landed his freight exclusively at Southampton while the more important ports of Bristol and London were equally open to him. We have reason, however, to believe that from the middle of the thirteenth century much of this produce was brought in English vessels,—not from Venice indeed,—but purchased of Venetian owners at ports of the Mediterranean by our grocers and mercers, those enterprizing merchants of the middle ages. We may here remark, how valuable and interesting a work a history of the early trade of London would be,—a trade which there is little doubt was during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries far more extensive than has usually been imagined ; for, from many documents in the Close, and Patent Rolls, and in Rymer, we learn that at this period large shipments of woollen goods were made to different parts of Italy ; and that large consignments of Italian and eastern produce were received in return ; while a Venetian writer of the beginning of the fourteenth century, Sanuto, asserts, that together with a great variety of other things, his countrymen exported to Alexandria, together with the great staple of England, her other staples, lead and tin.

During the whole of the fifteenth century, the demand for oriental luxuries steadily increased. The rich gold stuffs of the East, even the precious baudekin, was coveted by the lady for her best robe,—which, however, not only lasted her lifetime, but was bequeathed to make copes for the officiating priests in her chantry ; and 'malvoisie,' once a draught for a king, filled the tall, chased goblet on the baron's table, and mantled in the loving cup of the city companies. The rich Turkey carpet, too, with its fine combination of brilliant colours, was now sought after—not to place beneath the feet even of the dainty lady, but to adorn the cupboard ; while spices and currants,—the last, a lately introduced luxury, but for which our fathers were also indebted to Venice—

were now purchased by each 'well to do' housewife, at least for her Christmas pies. But alas! differences ere long arose between the English and the Venetian merchants; and, doubtless, there were faults on both sides. The Venetians complained that the English sold them 'desceyful clothe';* and the parliament in 1483, 'lamentably compleyned,' that the Venetians had 'abryged and minisshed' the butt of malmsey from the liberal measure of 132 gallons to only 108. In consequence, the Venetians declined to take our woollens, while our spirited merchants sent their vessels further on, and not only shipped malmsey for themselves at Candia, but sailed to Tripoli, and from thence bore in triumph the gold baudekin, and damasks, and Turkey carpets, which had formerly been obtained from the Venetian merchants. For some time no notice was taken, but ere long the Signory put on a duty of four ducats on every butt of wine shipped in foreign vessels from the isle of Candia, whereupon the Commons passed an act imposing the same amount of custom on every butt of malmsey brought by 'a marchaunte straunger.'

Meanwhile the great revolutions of the closing century of the mediæval period had commenced, and commerce was finding new channels, and new means, too, of disposing of her produce. Not a little irritated were the Venetian merchants when they found that Emmanuel the Fortunate had turned Madeira into a sugar plantation, and was beginning to supply Western Europe with that always highly prized dainty, 'at a lower figure,' as our sugar brokers would say, than the Venetians could afford theirs, brought from Alexandria. With this, our forefathers do not seem to have been troubled; they obtained their sugar cheaper, and very probably better than formerly; but when Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape, and showed the way by sea, instead of by the slow, toiling caravan, to bring the most precious merchandize of the East,—even its

* The making of this 'desceyful clothe' seems to have been a strong temptation to our forefathers. Acts to prevent its being sold, 'to the great slander of the realm of England,' were passed both in the reign of Richard II. and Edward IV. Most probably it was to prevent such disgrace falling upon the London traders that, at the great cloth fair at St. Bartholomew's, the wardens of the Draper's Company, with the 'draper's ell, or standard,' and the wardens of the Merchant Tailor's Company, with the silver yard measure, passed along in solemn state, opening and measuring every suspected piece of cloth set for sale. In that curious and most life-like allegory of *Piers Ploughman*, Covetousness gives us a minute description of the method of fabricating this 'desceyful clothe.' He tells us his first apprenticeship was to 'Syme of the Style,' where he learned to tell a lie or two. But he went among the drapers, 'my grammar for to lerne'; and this was to draw out the lists of the coarse cloths with tenters; while with the finer, I fastened them with a packing-needle, and stretched them* in the press until ten yards measured thirteen. Winchester fair appears to have been the great mart for 'desceyful clothe.'

priceless spices, and gems, and 'grete perles,' to Europe—they began to apprehend that a dangerous new rival might be about to wrest the lordship of the seas from them, and naturally enough felt more inclined to make common cause with Venice. That the King of 'Portingale' had taken 'the trade of spicis from the Venezians at Calacowte,' rather alarmed the English 'marchaundes;' but with deep mortification must the Signory have beheld the thousands of tons of spices brought by Portuguese vessels, and to the very ports, whither their own galleys had brought the selfsame produce for many centuries. So it was about this time, ostensibly to settle the differences about the wines, but, in effect, to strengthen the alliance between England and Venice, that the first ambassador, Andrea Trevisan, was sent from the Signory to Henry VII. This was in 1497; and, although his despatches and report no longer exist, the curious picture of England and the English at this early period, transmitted by his secretary, has formed one of the most interesting of the volumes published by the 'Camden Society.'

A very important work, admirably translated by Miss Sneyd, is this *Account of England*, in which the writer describes our forefathers and their peculiarities, rather as though they had been the inhabitants of some far off land, or some newly discovered tribe, than a nation with whom Venice had traded for hundreds of years. The remarks upon the personal beauty of the English, and this from the fellow-citizen of Palma, Giorgione, and Titian, is no slight praise—upon their haughty nationality, their love of rich dress and good cheer, their unquestioned bravery, and their abundant wealth, are very suggestive. Indeed, the description of our metropolis three hundred and fifty years ago, 'abounding in every article of luxury, as well as with the necessaries of life:' but especially the assertion, that 'the most remarkable thing in 'London is the wonderful quantity of wrought silver, either as 'salt-cellars, drinking-cups, or wash-hand-basins,' affords us incontrovertible proof of the still rising prosperity of England, notwithstanding the injurious wars of the Roses. Trevisan continued at his post until 1502, when he was succeeded by Capello, the date of whose recal is not given, but he was eventually replaced in 1509, by Andrea Badoer.

Venice, at this time was in serious danger. Julius II., that belligerent pontiff, was in arms against her, and only in the preceding December, the unprincipled league of Cambray had been formed between the pope, the emperor Maximilian, and the kings of France and Spain. Aware now of the political importance of England, the Doge suddenly sent for Badoer, and commissioned

him, although in the depth of winter, to set forth on a mission to Henry VII., 'to induce this most serene king to attack France, 'on whose crown he has claims, and to make a diversion over 'there in our favour.' In hot haste was the appointment made, and in hot haste did Badoer, although more than threescore, set forth; in no ambassadorial state, but unattended, without even a change of raiment, performing most of the journey on horseback, having a dangerous fall from his horse on Mount St. Gothard, being nearly drowned on his passage down the Rhine, and passing through the Netherlands sometimes as an Englishman, sometimes as a Scotchman, and sometimes as 'a Croat, and subject of the emperor's,' for all which disguises he was well qualified, being, as he tells us in his graphic narrative, 'well acquainted 'with the French and German tongues, and with English too, 'although as little known at Venice as modern Greek, or Sclavonic, 'in London.' All his perils past, Badoer arrived in England but to find Henry VII. on his death-bed. From his successor he, however, probably received a more favourable reception; for to fight the French seems to have been a strong desire of the young monarch; and perhaps to the wily persuasions of the Venetian ambassador, his invasion of France, and the battle of the Spurs, may be traced.

The ambassador who in 1515 succeeded Badoer, was the writer of these despatches,—Sebastian Giustinian, member of a family which for 700 years had held high station in Venice, and which claimed its descent from that of the great emperor Justinian. And well qualified by previous services was Giustinian for his office. He had been proveditor and captain at Rimini, ambassador to Ladislaus, King of Hungary, vice-lord of Ferrara soon after the marriage of Lucrezia Borgia to the reigning duke, then governor of Brescia, and subsequently of Illyria. His appointment to England was sudden, owing to the illness of the envoy originally appointed, but the pomp of his progress contrasts strongly with the hurried and furtive journey of his predecessor. But Venice was now slowly recovering her power; her bitter enemy, Julius II., had been succeeded by Leo X.; France had formed an amicable alliance with her; so a stately embassy would best accord with the brightening prospects of the queen of the Adriatic.

On the 10th of January, Giustinian set forth, and arriving at Ferrara, was there feasted for three days by Lucrezia and the duke; from thence proceeding to Lucca, where he was received with all honour, and thence to Genoa, 'receiving food and kind greeting from many of the nobles.' After a toilsome journey from Genoa to Nice, where he was 'greeted by the whole town

very lovingly,' he went on to Avignon, where the cardinal of Auch prepared a banquet, at which 'were more than a hundred ladies, ' and so many masques and dances were performed after supper, ' that they did not come to an end before daybreak.' A tolerably long entertainment this, when we remember that the sun did not rise until near seven o'clock. On reaching Lyons, Giustinian rejoined his colleague, Pasqualigo, and here they received their joint commission, which had been delayed in consequence of the death of Louis XII., since they set out. This commission, which is very long and minute, directs them to offer gratulations, with condolence to the new monarch, and especially to court the favour of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, the Signory well knowing that she would become the presiding genius of the court. They were then to proceed to England with due compliments, ' employing loving words, indicative of our affection and respect for his majesty—dilating hereupon as much as you shall think fit; above all, you will thank his majesty in the most grateful language, for that, in the confederation formed between him and the late Most Christian King Louis, he deigned to name us as his special friends and confederates.' Thus the importance of England must have been widely recognised, for the haughty republic of Venice to proffer such humble thanks.

After a tedious journey to Paris, and a stay there of some time, the ambassadors proceeded to Boulogne and took ship for England, where, after being 'buffeted mercilessly by the foul weather,'—we should scarcely have expected such dolorous language from voyagers accustomed to the stormy Adriatic,—they reached Dover, and after paying their devotions at Canterbury, entered London in solemn state, Andrea Badoer the ex-ambassador, with the Venetian residents, meeting them, and altogether forming a procession of 200 horsemen.

St. George's day was at hand,—for the ambassador's progress had occupied nearly three months, and on this high festival the ambassadors were to be introduced to the king, then holding his court at Richmond. So in the morning about half-past nine, Giustinian and his colleague, escorted by all the Venetian merchants, who seem to have been very numerous, proceeded to the water's side, where a royal barge,—'just like a bucentaur,' is the remark of one of the narrators—awaited them, and into which they were led by 'Dom John Rosel,' the fortunate ancestor of the Russells, although as yet holding subordinate station at court, and Dr. Taylor, apparently an ecclesiastic. Followed by their countrymen in other barges, the Venetian ambassadors passed along the noble river, unspanned as yet by bridge, unpolluted by smoke, gliding past the old palace of Westminster, past Chelsea,

even then a favourite suburban village; past Fulham, with its venerable palace, overshadowed by its ancient trees; past Sion, and many a religious house besides,—its inmates little dreaming of the storm that should burst on their quietude in a few short years; onward between these beautiful banks, beautiful even now, until they arrived at the palace of Richmond—that strangely unpicturesque, if not ugly, mass of buildings, all angles and clumsy windows, and turrets without end, each capped with a Kremlin-like roof, and surmounted by a huge vane. The reader may see it in Speed, with a formal row of trees before it, and a narrow stream in the foreground very like a kennel, and therefore most considerately labelled 'Thames flud.' From the outward appearance of this palace, it might scarcely be imagined that it contained an apartment sufficiently large for the ordinary attendants of the court; but Giustinian, well accustomed to noble buildings, tells us they were ushered into a stately hall, in which 'well nigh all the lords and prelates of the kingdom' were assembled, and where he was received by the young monarch with marked courtesy. As the letters of Sagudino, his secretary, enter more into detail, and supply a graphic picture of the court, our extracts shall be from them.

'Having landed with about two hundred persons, we went into this palace, and on entering a very handsome and lofty hall, a collation was served us of nothing but bread and wine, as is the custom here; and this being ended, we passed through some other chambers, where we saw part of his majesty's guard, consisting of 300 English, all very handsome men, and in excellent array, with their halberts; and by my faith, I never saw finer fellows! At length we entered a room where his majesty was leaning against a chair which was covered with cloth of gold brocade with a cushion of the same, and a large gilt sword under a canopy of cloth of gold with a raised pile. His majesty was dressed as a knight of the garter, and wore a very costly doublet, over which was a mantle of violet-coloured velvet, with a very long train lined with white satin; on his head was a richly jewelled cap of crimson velvet, of immense value, and round his neck he wore a collar studded with many precious stones, of which I never saw the like.'

Another account given here, mentions that from this collar a diamond was suspended, anticipating in size, if not in brilliancy, the Koh-i-noor, for 'it was the size of the largest walnut,' and from this hung a most beautiful large round pearl. This last account also supplies another trait of Henry's passion for adornment, in the remark that 'his fingers were one mass of jewelled rings.' The ambassadors were most courteously received, and Giustinian's Latin oration, 'as elegant and as well delivered as possible,' says his secretary, 'was listened to with silent attention,

especially by the king, who understands Latin very well.' This is an important fact, for it proves that at the revival of classical knowledge in England, the practice of using a different pronunciation from that employed on the continent had not been introduced. The ceremonial being ended, the king and the ambassadors proceeded to mass 'in grand procession,' and it was sung, Sagudino remarks, 'by his majesty's choristers, whose voices are 'really rather divine than human; they did not chant, but sang 'like angels, and as for the counter-bass voices, I don't think 'they have their equals in the world.' Strange indeed must this statement appear to readers accustomed to consider the English, not only as an utterly unmusical nation, but as semi-barbarous 300 years ago. King Henry, however, we know was passionately fond of music himself, and took great interest in the proficiency of his choristers; but the high admiration expressed by an Italian, at a period too when music was generally cultivated by his countrymen, appears to us especially worthy notice. He continues:—

'After mass the king and the rest of the nobles, with the ambassadors and their followers, returned to the palace into a hall, where one table had been prepared for his majesty, and another for the knights of the garter, and the ambassadors, and the merchants with us; and after witnessing a display of gold plate, of most immense value, as well as a great quantity of silver, we sat down to table and dined very well. The repast being ended, his majesty sent for the ambassadors, and addressed their magnificencies partly in French and partly in Latin, and also in Italian, much gracious and pleasant talk, showing himself, by my troth, most affable; and then having taken leave, we departed. The personal beauty of his majesty will be well known to your magnificence, through your brother; and I have heard that, besides his beauty, which is indeed very great, he has, moreover, many other excellent qualities. . . . Two such kings as those of France and England have, I fancy, not been witnessed by any ambassadors who have gone out of Venice for these fifty years—witness whereof is the Magnifico Pietro Pasqualigo, who affirms the like, and extols everything here *usque ad astra*.'

Pasqualigo's testimony to Henry's personal attractions is given in a letter a little farther on. 'He is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes upon; above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg, his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair, and a round face so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman.' To these descriptions, so contrary to what has been generally believed—so contrary to the evidence of authentic portraits, but all, be it remembered, taken when far more advanced in life—we append the report of Giustinian him-

self, presented to the senate on his return, and therefore obviously an impartial one :—

‘ His majesty is twenty-nine years old’—this was in 1519—‘ and extremely handsome ; nature could not have done more for him ; he is handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom, a great deal handsomer than the king of France, very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. He is very accomplished ; a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine joustier, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish ; is very religious, hears three masses daily when he hunts, and sometimes five on other days ; he hears the office every day in the queen’s chamber—that is to say, vespers and compline. He is very fond indeed of hunting, and never takes this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he causes to be stationed beforehand along the line of country he may mean to take, and when one is tired he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted. He is extremely fond of tennis, at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture. He gambled with the French hostages to the amount occasionally, it was said, of from six to eight thousand ducats a day. He is affable, gracious, harms no one, does not covet his neighbour’s goods, and is satisfied with his own dominions.’

Giustinian had soon an opportunity of witnessing for himself the king’s proficiency in the sports of the greensward, and the tilt-yard ; for on the 1st of May, Henry having removed to his palace at Greenwich, summoned the ambassadors thither, and then they accompanied the queen and her suite into the country, Hall tells us it was to Shooter’s-hill, to meet the king :—

‘ Her majesty was most excellently attired, and with her were twenty-five damsels mounted on white palfreys, with a number of footmen in most excellent order. The queen went thus a distance of two miles into a wood, where they found the king with his guard, all clad in a livery of green, with bows in their hands, and about a hundred noblemen on horseback, all gorgeously arrayed. In this wood were certain bowers filled purposely with singing-birds, which caroled most sweetly ; and in one of these bastions, or bowers, were some triumphal cars, on which were singers and musicians, who played an organ and lute, and flutes, for a good while, during a banquet that was served in this place ; then, proceeding homewards, certain tall paste-board giants being placed on cars and surrounded by his majesty’s guard, we were conducted to Greenwich, the musicians singing the whole way, and sounding the trumpets and other instruments ; so that, by my faith, it was an exceedingly fine triumph and very pompous ; and the king in person brought up the rear in as great state as possible, being followed by the queen, with such a crowd on foot as to exceed, I think, 25,000 persons.’

These merry May-games, kept up for so many generations in

honour of that popular favourite, bold Robin Hood, must, however, have appeared almost unintelligible to the Venetian magnificos, who, acquainted, although they must have been, through their poets, with Arthur and his knights, were wholly ignorant of England's other hero, enshrined in the popular heart even more fondly than he was—that gallant outlaw of Sherwood ‘who cared not for king or baron.’ It seems strange that a sovereign so despotic in opinion, as well as practice, as Henry, should have patronised so heartily these May-games, connected as they were with traditions which could only have had their rise among a free and a haughty people. On returning, high mass, and then dinner followed; and after dinner the ambassadors were entertained with music until the preparations for a joust were made, and then—

‘This most serene king made his appearance in very great pomp. On his side were ten noblemen on most capital horses, all with liveries of one sort—namely, cloth of gold with a raised pile, his majesty's war horse being caparisoned in the same manner; and in truth, he looked like St. George in person on its back. The opposing party consisted of ten other noblemen, also in rich array, and very well mounted, so that really I never saw such a sight; and then they began to joust, and continued this sport for three hours, to the constant sound of trumpets and drums, the king excelling all the others, shivering many lances and unhorsing one of his opponents; so that the show was most beautiful. I never should have expected to find such pomp; and on this occasion his majesty exerted himself to the utmost for the sake of the ambassadors, and more particularly on account of Pasqualigo, who is returning to France to-day, that he may be able to tell King Francis what he has seen in England, and especially in regard to his majesty's own prowess.’

Sagudino cursorily alludes to Katherine, and in a very suggestive manner. ‘She is rather ugly than otherwise, but the damsels of her court are handsome, and make a sumptuous appearance.’ He tells that Pasqualigo addressed her in Spanish, which greatly pleased the poor neglected queen. Giustinian, in his report, notices this fatal want of beauty, although in more measured terms. ‘She is thirty-five years old; not handsome, but has a very beautiful complexion.’ He adds, ‘we saw her but seldom.’

The entertainments, among which may be placed a dinner with the lord mayor and a visit to the Tower, where not only the lions and leopards were shown them, but ‘the king's bronze artillery, mounted on four hundred carriages, very fine and remarkable, together with pikes, bows, and arrows for 40,000 men—having come to an end, and Pasqualigo having departed too on his embassy to France, Giustinian and Badoer address themselves to

business, especially those two points—the equalizing the duties on malmsey, and promoting the friendly relations just entered into between France and England. At one of the first interviews with the king the following curious notice occurs. Henry is referring to Maximilian's endeavours to subjugate the north of Italy; and having received a cautious answer to his question, whether the King of Spain is friendly to Venice—*

‘He asked us how we stood with the pope? We made answer that we considered his holiness our good father, because we were his most obsequious children. He then inquired to which side his holiness adhered? We said we knew not, but that if he chose to favour the cause of justice as became a true pastor, he would assist our affairs in unison with those of France. His majesty rejoined, ‘I could not credit your being otherwise than friends with the pope, for I likewise am his good son, and shall ever be with his holiness, and with the church, from which I never mean to depart.’

How would Henry have spurned the thought, as an actual suggestion of the evil one, had it then been told him that, first among all the potentates of Europe, *he* should cast off his allegiance. ‘The Archbishop of York expressed himself in the same manner,’ adds Giustinian; and good cause had he, for the scarlet hat, for which Wolsey had cajoled and intrigued for so long, was even now on its road to England. The next report introduces us to the powerful churchman. After an ineffectual conference with the Duke of Norfolk respecting the movements of Francis I. :—

‘After dinner we went to the right reverend of York, who really seems to have the management of the whole of the kingdom, and having asked him for news, he repeated to us, *‘regem Gallorum nullo pacto esse transiturum moniles hecanno.’* We endeavoured to learn how this was, but he did not choose to enter into farther details, but going on to complain with the utmost bitterness of him. . . . ‘By God, it behoves our king to preserve his own honour and credit. This, indeed, I tell you, that should he alter his style, this king will change his mind; let King Francis evince regard and esteem, and trust in him; in that case the king will keep the covenant agreed upon. I was the author of this peace, contrary to the opinion of many of these lords; and I will moreover maintain it should said king chuse to do his duty, though if it be his intention to persevere as he has commenced, I will destroy my fabric.’

At a subsequent interview Wolsey affirms that, in the event of any hostility, Henry ‘will know how to avenge himself; for I ‘tell you, sir ambassador, that we have ships here in readiness, ‘and in eight days could place 60,000 men on the soil of France; ‘so we are able to thwart any of his projects at our pleasure.’

In the report of the 20th September we find that Wolsey 'has been created cardinal, at the suit of this most serene king, who with might and main is bent on aggrandising him.' So a few days after, Giustinian, just recovered from severe illness, goes to congratulate him, when he replies, 'in elegant terms, thanking your sublimity infinitely.' The next despatch relates the *on dit* (and none of these were lightly passed over by the wary Venetian), that Ferdinand, Henry's father-in-law, had sent him 'a princely gift, a very valuable jewelled collar, with two capital horses, caparisoned right royally, and an extremely rich sword,' with a view to obtain military aid for the invasion of France (which, however, the king had refused); so, 'we plied the right reverend cardinal,' and learnt from him that the present was worth 100,000 ducats, but he was silent as to the reason of the gift—a silence which increased the ambassador's eagerness, since, as was well known, Ferdinand the Catholic was never royally open-handed. 'There are not those wanting,' continues the report, 'who say that his aforesaid catholic majesty sent to *pawn* the collar;' and this seems to have been the case, for pawnbroking then, and indeed earlier, was an aristocratical, and even royal calling; and, as the editor remarks, Henry at the beginning of his reign transacted considerable business in the pawnbroking line, and made some very good bargains. Among these was the armour of Charles the Bold, pledged by his granddaughter the archduchess Margaret, in 1510; and so fair were his dealings, or more probably, so enormous was his store of ready money, that Badoer, in the September of the same year, wrote to the Signory, then sorely pressed for means for carrying on their war, that for a fitting 'consideration,' the king would oblige the state with as large a sum as 150,000 ducats! The cautious ambassador suggested that his wife should be sent to England on board the Flanders galley, with such jewels of St. Mark's, or others, as it was wished to pledge, 'so that the king did not deal with Venice'—a nice distinction; but the republic did not follow his advice, and thus we are spared, in the almost interminable catalogue of Henry VIII.'s jewels, an additional half-dozen pages of 'grete perles,' 'grete balas rubyes,' and 'fayre diamantes.'

The next report fixes the date of that celebrated vessel, the *Henry Grace de Dieu*. 'Finally, a galeas of unusual size' has 'been launched, with such a number of heavy guns that we doubt whether any fortress, however strong, could resist their fire. This most serene king and queen chose to attend the launch, together with well nigh all the lords and prelates, we also being present, and all dined on board at his majesty's charge. It really seemed to us a fine and excellent engine (sic),

‘provided it can be worked.’ The last proviso was not unnecessary, since it appears that she required four hundred men for four days only to work her from Erith to Barking. Her tonnage is said to have been 1500.

In December Giustinian writes—

‘I have been latterly given to understand that two Florentine merchants who do much business, at this present give money in large quantities to whoever will take it, for bills on Bruges or Antwerp, which has caused many judicious merchants to suspect these monies are being remitted by his majesty here to Flanders, for consignment to the emperor; and this is the general mercantile opinion.’

Having, therefore, made cautious inquiries, he proceeds to the cardinal, urging that if it were so, ‘it would be tantamount to giving the sword to the enemy to destroy us.’ ‘His reverend lordship’ replies that the rumour was false, and ‘that they who gave me the intelligence lied.’ Giustinian had not been ambassador so often as to believe the mere protestations even of a cardinal; so he inquires further, and finds that ‘50,000 ducats have already been sent, and which—

‘I believe, on account of the quantity of cash invested were in bills on Flanders, causing a variation in the exchanges so very great that it amounts to 7 and 8 per cent., and in the like manner as the exchange has risen here, so has it fallen in Flanders, in such wise that those who want bills thence for other places, obtain 12 and 14 per cent. more than they would have done a month ago; and this, because the ready money has been withdrawn thence for transmission to the emperor. Moreover, I have seen a letter that these bills of exchange to the amount of 100,000 ducats, belonging to the King of England, and destined for the emperor, have raised the price of money here (Flanders) upwards of 12 per cent., and there is such a scarcity of gold that it is no longer to be got.’

He therefore remarks that he can no longer doubt this, seeing that first there was peace between England and Spain, then the present came, and then that the two ambassadors were with the emperor, and couriers constantly passing to and fro. He again visits the cardinal, ‘who may in point of fact be styled *ipse rex*’, and is assured that the money has been sent merely on a trade adventure, ‘for the purchase of inlaid armour, and other costly furniture,’ and ‘very fine jewels of great value, which we hope to obtain at no great cost,’ and that those who reported to the contrary ‘lied to their heads.’ With this explanation Giustinian was compelled to appear satisfied. The next news is the death of Ferdinand, and the embassy to the archduke, (now Charles V.), whose succession, he fears, will cause ‘many innovations throughout Christendom.’ The birth of the princess Mary and her

christening, is next reported, with the prudent conduct of the king in not requesting any crowned head to stand sponsor, but choosing Wolsey and the Duchess of Norfolk.

In a subsequent despatch, Giustinian reports that he has received from some of the lords 'language rather bordering on outrage than arrogance,' for

'Finding myself at the court, and talking familiarly about other matters, two lay lords, great personages in this kingdom, inquired of me whence it came that your excellency was of such slippery faith, now favouring one party and then another? Although these words might reasonably have provoked me, I answered with all discretion, that you did keep, and ever had kept your faith; whereupon one of them answered me, *'Ist Veneti sunt pescatores.'* Marvellous was the command I had then over myself. I rejoined, that had he been at Venice, and seen our senate and the Venetian nobility, he, perhaps, would not speak thus; and moreover, were he well read in our history, both concerning the origin of our city, and the grandeur of your excellency's seats, neither the one nor the other would seem to him those of fishermen; yet, said I, fishermen founded the Christian faith, and we have been those fishermen who defended it against the infidel, our fishing-boats being galleys and ships; our hooks, the treasure of St. Mark; and our bait the life-blood of our citizens, who died for the Christian faith.'

An eloquent answer this to the ignorant insults of Henry's upstart nobles; but it appears surprising that Wolsey, who was by, did not also rebuke them. From a subsequent despatch we, however, find that he and the bishop of Durham, afterwards made ample apologies, and begged Giustinian to consider the remarks 'of as light weight as the brains of those who uttered them, offering, if such were my will, to restrain them by a sharp demonstration.' This he declined, 'being aware that neither by his majesty nor his ministers was your excellency deemed perfidious, or we ourselves fishermen, robbers, or traders' (hucksters, we think, would be a more appropriate word, for both the east and the west recognised the Venetians as traders), 'but such as the world had known us for many centuries.'

Again is rumour busy; that most troublesome of queens and sisters Margueret, was expected from Scotland, so it was said that her late marriage with the Earl of Angus was to be set aside in order to her marriage with the emperor. Giustinian remarks, that Maximilian's ambassador, and the one from Spain, had frequent conferences, 'and it seems to me that there is a great union between the emperor and this kingdom and the Catholic king.' There are also two agents in the Swiss camp, to one of whom the king pays 5000 ducats a-year, and a Swiss

agent has come over here. This intelligence probably occasioned important directions in the reply, for we soon after find Giustinian remonstrating with the cardinal, and 'complained to him that 'the letters received by me from your sublimity, had been taken 'out of the hands of the courier at Canterbury by the royal 'officials, and opened and read; the like being done by private 'letters from the most noble the ambassador Badoer of France, 'and others. . . . After this preamble, I communicated to him 'by word of mouth the contents of the aforesaid letters, *but varying the passages written in cypher, lest (as I believe they have kept a copy of the opened letters) my wrds might serve them as a key to the interpretation.*' Although from this curious extract we find that the tricks of diplomatists were much about the same in the sixteenth as in the nineteenth century, yet the quiet theft of despatches, and the apparatus of the copying machine, and the bread-seal of modern times, are certainly an improvement on the ruder plan of stopping the courier, and in a 'stand and deliver' tone, compelling him to yield up his despatches. But if on the part of Wolsey a ruder policy was adopted, the most clever *charge d'affaires* of the present day could scarcely have surpassed the Venetian ambassador in clever management.

The plague, which this year (1516), seems to have anticipated its usual season, having driven Giustinian out of London, we find his letters dated from Putney, then a most pleasant retreat, and probably chosen by him from its vicinity to Chelsea, where Sir Thomas More, one of his most valued friends, then lived. And pleasant must it have been on the early summer evening to be rowed across that tranquil stream, beautiful as any his own fair Venice could boast to that family circle, celebrated by Erasmus himself, where pleasant converse, and learned dissertation, and musical skill too, would beguile him to forget alike the anxieties of statesmanship, and the crooked policy of courts. Would that a few notices of these visits had been preserved! willingly might we give up some half-dozen important despatches for seven short notes of one evening with Sir Thomas More, and Colet, and Erasmus. Here is a pleasant illustration of Henry's love of music—

• Friar Dionysio Memo, the organist of St. Mark's, arrived here a few days ago with a most excellent instrument of his, which he has brought hither with much care and cost. I presented him, in the first place, to the cardinal, telling him that when your highness heard of his wanting to quit Venice, for the purpose of coming to his majesty, you gave him gracious leave, which you would not have done had he intended going to any one else. His lordship chose to hear him in the presence of many lords and virtuosi, who were as pleased as pos-

sible with him. He afterwards went to his majesty, who sent for him immediately after dinner, and made him play before a great number of his lords, and all his virtuosi. He played not merely to the satisfaction, but to the incredible admiration and pleasure of everybody, and especially of his majesty—who is extremely skilled in music—and of the two queens So his said majesty has included him among his instrumental musicians, nay, has appointed him their chief, and says he will write to Rome to have him unfrocked out of his monastic weeds, so that he may merely retain holy orders, and that he will make him his chaplain.'

Meanwhile the course of political affairs proceeded, but unfavourably for Venice. In November the league between Henry and the Emperor and King of Spain was completed, and sworn to with much solemnity. 'The Turk,' too,—name of fear then—had again awakened the alarm of the republic, for Selim I. had just before given battle to the Soldan of Egypt, at Aleppo, and gained that crowning victory which soon after added Egypt itself to his wide dominions. So, anxiously did Giustinian seek the lord cardinal, 'pointing out the extremely perilous situation of 'the Christian religion.' Wolsey replied by urging the Venetians to join the league, a proposal distasteful enough, since it would involve the relinquishment of Verona, which the Signory determined to keep. But this Wolsey declared he should be able to effect, 'had I a seat in your senate': while the prospect of a war against the Turks so roused his belligerent spirit, that he declared he knew the king would perform memorable feats, adding, 'and perhaps I myself may go in person.' It is curious to conjecture what might have been the future of England, and of Wolsey, had a general crusade against the Turks been undertaken.

The next despatch fully corroborates all that Skelton has recorded of the ungovernable spirit of this haughty churchman. The papal nuncio having been sent for, the cardinal 'took him into a private chamber, where he laid hands upon him, telling him in fierce and rude language, that he chose to know what he had written to the King of France, and what intercourse he held with me or my son,' actually threatening to put him to the rack! The nuncio denied the charges, alleging that his intimacy with Giustinian was induced 'by a community of literary pursuits.' Wolsey, however, sent to his house, and seized all his papers and cyphers, and only released him at the intercession of Fisher, the Bishop of Winchester. 'The proceeding is summary, especially against a Papal nuncio,' quietly remarks Giustinian; but although this remark is cool enough, he adds, 'I so plied the nuncio, that I at length made him write a letter to Sion, (the late ambassador from the Swiss), *exaggerating this circumstance*

as much as possible; I promising that this step would prove 'very agreeable to your highness.' During the progress of these more important events, 'the affair of the wines of Candia,' was not forgotten; but Giustinian remarks that in this, 'we are navigating both against wind and tide, as the cardinal aspires and aims at nothing save to obtain profit for his majesty.' A subsequent notice, however, hints that presents judiciously administered to Wolsey, especially of 'handsome Damascene carpets,' may turn the wind to a more favourable quarter.

A short notice of 'evil May-day' follows, but it throws no additional light on this popular rising, except, perhaps, that the circumstance of the Venetian merchants being unmolested, corroborates the view that it was against the foreign *artificers*, rather than against foreigners generally, that the attack was made. The next despatches detail the splendid feastings and jousts at Greenwich, consequent upon the visit of Charles the Fifth's envoys. The account is given more at large in a letter of Sagudino, a native of the most polished country in Europe, which is worthy notice for the excessive admiration it expresses at the magnificence and elegance of these English entertainments. He describes the gallant procession, and the king in a surcoat of silver bavdekin, surrounded by thirty gentlemen; while among the jousters were the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Dorset. 'The king ran eight courses with Suffolk, each tilting most admirably, and shivering their lances almost every time.'

'Between the courses the king and others performed marvellous feats, mounted on magnificent horses, under the windows where the most serene queens of England and dowager of France were, with all the rest of the beauteous, and lovely, and sumptuously apparelled damsels. The king performed supernatural feats, changing his horses, and making them fly rather than leap. The joust being ended, a beam was brought, some twenty-four feet in length, and nine inches in diameter, and was placed on the head of one of his majesty's favourites, master Carol; and he ran a long way with this beam on his head, to the marvel of everybody. The place where the joust was held is much larger than St. Mark's-square; and on one side were pitched two tents, one of cloth of gold, and the other of silk; the persons at this spectacle were estimated at upwards of fifty thousand. The joust being ended, the king and others betook themselves into a hall, where preparations had been made for a banquet, where the ambassadors were all placed, and by the side of each, one of the handsomest of the ladies was seated. The feast then commenced, and lasted more than three hours. I will not detail the very sumptuous dishes, nor yet the display of gold and silver plate; but it is said that the like was never witnessed. In the centre of the hall was a stage, on which were some

boys, some of whom sung, and others played the flute, rebeck, and virginals, making the sweetest melody. 'The banquet being ended, the king and the guests betook themselves to dancing in another hall, where the damsels of the most serene queen were; and dancing went on there for two hours, the king doing marvellous things, both in dancing and jumping, proving himself, as in truth he is, indefatigable.'

'The affair of the wines' is at length settled amicably, and we next have a notice of the 'sweating sickness,' which makes very quick progress, proving fatal in twenty-four hours at the farthest; but often in four or five. 'The patients experience nothing but a profuse sweat, which dissolves the frame; and when once the twenty-four hours are passed, all danger is at an end.' He adds, that while it has been very fatal to the natives, very few strangers have died.

Again Giustinian excites the wrath of the irritable cardinal, who summons the secretary, and gives him a downright rating, charging him 'not to write anything out of the kingdom without 'my consent, under pain of the indignation of the king, and of 'the heaviest penalties, which expressions he repeated several 'times, becoming more and more exasperated. While thus irritated he held a cane in his hand, and kept gnawing it with his 'teeth.' Sagudino endeavoured to pacify him in vain; so, 'in the morning very early,' Giustinian himself proceeded to York House, and waited three hours; but he would not be seen. Indeed, he seems to have worked himself up to such a rage, that for days he would hold no communication, and at length set off on a pilgrimage to Walsingham, having lately had an attack of the sweating sickness, 'although,' as Giustinian naïvely remarks, 'the profuse perspiration endured by him has not yet quite carried off his wrath.' On his return, after many futile attempts, Giustinian at last obtained an audience, and then 'my gentleness overcame his arrogance,' and he said, 'Domine orator, 'your language and manner convince me that you are innocent 'of all deceit, and your Signory likewise; and I own myself 'vanquished, and receive you as that good and very dear friend 'you have always been to me.' On taking leave, he adds, that the cardinal gave him his hand to kiss, contrary to custom, and 'embraced both me and my secretary.'

In November, the arrival of two ambassadors from France awakened the hopes of Giustinian for a general peace. He seems to have had many conferences with them, and soon after their departure we find him at Windsor. After some conversation with the king,

'His majesty caused the princess, his daughter, who is two years

old, to be brought into the room where we were; whereupon the cardinal and I, and all the other lords, kissed her hand *pro more*, the greatest marks of honour being paid to her universally, more than to the queen herself. The moment she cast her eyes on the Reverend Dionysio Memo, who was at a little distance, she began calling out, in English, 'Priest!' and he was obliged to go and play for her; after which, the king, with the princess in his arms, came to me, and said, '*Per Deum, iste est honestissimus vir, et unus carissimus.*' I thanked the king, and told him he would be recommended to your Signory in proportion to the satisfaction his majesty received from him.'

In a report, on his return, he refers to a farther conversation, which produced important results.

'After the king had shown him the princess, he said to him, '*Per Deum immortalem ista puerula nunquam plorat.*' (the poor young princess, however, had to shed tears enough in her girlhood), and the ambassador replied, 'Sacred majesty! the reason is, that her destiny does not move her to tears; she will even become queen of France.' These words pleased the king greatly; and a few days later, when the ambassador, conferring with Cardinal Wolsey, announced the receipt of letters expressing a wish on the part of King Francis for peace, the cardinal replied, 'If this is true, France has a son, and our king has a daughter; were it wished, they might be affianced.'

Upon this hint, Giustinian wrote to his son, then at the French court, and eventually a treaty of marriage was entered into between the little princess of two years old, and the dauphin who was in swaddling-clothes.

In September, 'my Lord Admiral of France' (Bonnivet, the well-known lover of Marguerite of Valois) arrived with a splendid suite in London; the cavalcade consisting of more than six hundred horses, besides mules, and baggage-wagons; and he afterwards proceeded to Greenwich. On the 3rd of October, peace was proclaimed at St. Paul's, after which a solemn mass was celebrated by the cardinal, who now held the added dignity of legate, 'with so many pontifical ceremonies, and of such unusual splendour, as to defy exaggeration.'

"After the recital of a very elegant oration by the Rev. Dom. Richard Pace, his majesty and the cardinal, together with the French ambassadors, proceeded to the high altar, where the articles of the peace were read, and sworn to by both parties; but in a tone only audible to themselves. Then his majesty and the rest of the party went to dine in the palace of the Bishop of London, the king returning afterwards to Durham House in the Strand, accompanied by all the aforesaid. From thence, the Cardinal of York was followed by the entire company to his own dwelling, where we sat down to a most sumptuous supper, the like of which, I fancy, was never given either by Cleopatra or Caligula; the whole banqueting-hall being so decorated

with huge vases of gold and silver, that I fancied myself in the Tower of Chosroes, where that monarch caused divine honours to be paid to him.' *

This splendid supper was followed by a masque, in which the king and his sister took part; and of which Hall, that historian of 'cloth of gold' and 'branched damask', has given a most minnute account. Giustinian continues:

'On the 5th (October), the bridal entertainments were celebrated at Greenwich, being attended by the two right reverend legates, and the ambassadors, and lords, and prelates; and the decorations were most sumptuous. The king stood in front of his throne, and on one side was the queen, and the queen dowager of France, with the most illustrious princess in front of her mother, dressed in cloth of gold, with a cap of black velvet on her head, adorned with many most costly jewels. On the one side were the two right reverend legates, and others, according to their rank. The Reverend Cuthbert Tonstall, the privy councillor, recited a most copious and elegant oration in praise of the marriage, which being ended, the most illustrious princess was taken in arms, and the magnificos the French ambassadors asked the consent of the king and queen, on behalf of each of the parties, to this marriage contract; and both parties having assented, the Right Reverend Legate the Cardinal of York placed on her finger a small ring *juxta digitum puelle*, but in which a large diamond was set (supposed to have been a present from his right reverend lordship aforesaid); and my lord admiral passed it over the second joint. The bride was then blessed by the two legates, after a long exordium from the Cardinal of York, every possible ceremony being observed. Mass was then performed by the cardinal in the presence of the king and all the others; the whole of the choir being decorated with cloth of gold, and all the court in such rich array, that I never saw the like either here or elsewhere.'

A grand dinner followed; and then succeeded 'stately 'jousts and banquets, and comedies, pageants of such sort as are 'rarely seen in England.' Foremost among these must be placed the pageant described by Hall; of the artificial rock, and trees adorned with regal shields, and the fair lady seated there 'with a 'dolphin in her lap, and while ladies and gentlemen in cremosyn 'and purple satin daunced a great space; and a person called 'Report, apparylled in cremosyn satin full of tonges, sitting on a 'flying horse with wings, and fete of golde, called Pegasus,' detailed in choice French the whole meaning. We smile at these 'pageants,' although they were the precursors of those masques for which Drayton, and Marston, and Ben Jonson, even Milton himself, wrote their sweetest verses; but grave Sebastian Giustinian looked solemnly on, for such pageants were common at the Italian courts, and the first poets of Italy were summoned

to construct the allegory, and her rising artists to dress the characters; for even the Gonzagas and the de Medici thought it no scorn in quaint disguise to join in the chorus, or to lead the solemn measure.

A few days after the French ambassadors departed, "having thus completed the alliance which was 'to last for ever,' some score of such eternal alliances having been broken, and being about to be broken, by the same monarchs. Little might the embassy heed this, for they returned laden with the costliest gifts.

'To my lord admiral (Bonlivet), a very rich robe of cloth of gold, lined with cloth of silver, which had been made for his majesty's own use, and worn by him one day. He also gave him several pieces of plate, valued at 3000 crowns, and three palfreys; to the Bishop of Paris, plate and 2000 crowns; and to the two others, 1000 crowns each. . . . To the Most Christian King they are sending a suit of horse-harness, with the caparisons and every requisite, wrought in gold filagree, and very rich embroidery, and of fine design, so that the French say they never saw anything handsomer.'

Thus, even down to the reign of Henry VIII., the ancient superiority of the London goldsmiths and embroideresses, especially in gold work, was still recognised. Poor Giustinian rather grudgingly enumerates these splendid gifts, for he seems to have received nothing beyond a large gold chain, and we have now frequent entreaties to be released from his duties, and to be suffered to return to his family. The winter of 1518-19 however passed away ere his successor arrived.

The death of Maximilian, in January, which, if earlier, might have been welcomed by the Signory, is next passed over with merely an allusion to the sumptuous obsequies celebrated for him in St. Paul's; for although one great enemy of Venice was gone, little could be ascertained as to the policy of his successor. Henry, indeed, could well afford a splendid service to his memory, for Maximilian, of whom Machiavel said, 'if the leaves on all 'the trees of Italy had been turned into ducats he would still 'have been in need,' was, to the end, one of his most importunate pensioners. Maximilian's loss was, however, deplored by 'fighting men,' that is, soldiers of fortune, for, as Fleuranges remarks, 'he kept all Christendom awake; for when he could not do anything himself, he showed others the way.'

In spring Giustinian reports the arrival of ambassadors from Spain, 'to ratify the league concluded between the princes of Christendom,' and the unusual pomp with which they were received. And therefore,—

'As his holiness had sent a fresh commission to the legates, it was

arranged that the two cardinals were to come to the court, as if newly sent by his holiness. They made their appearance accordingly, being met by his majesty, and all the prelates, lords, and ambassadors, with all the ceremonies usually observed on a first arrival. . . . Then the Prothonotary Campeggio, the legate's son, or brother, delivered a very elegant oration in the name of his holiness, and lauded the King of England to the skies. . . . According to the tenor of the discourse, the King of England may be styled the head of this alliance, rather than his holiness, who has lavished every expression of honor upon him, somewhat to the disparagement and degradation, perhaps, of the apostolic chair. After this, one of the Spanish ambassadors made an oration. . . . He said, in conclusion (to use his very words), that his Catholic highness *requested* and *besought* his majesty to be pleased to receive him, as one of the number of said confederates. . . . The magnifico Dom Richard Pace, his majesty's chief secretary, made the reply, in which he qualified our lord's holiness; ' *tamquam comitem confederationis* ;' and to mitigate the arrogance of such an expression, he added, ' *comitem, et quod maxime optavit hic sacratissimus rex, principem confederationis.*' . . . From this your highness may comprehend in how great repute the King of England stands with all the princes of Christendom; and that the principal author of all these proceedings is the right reverend legate of York.'

When we remember that the king who thus '*requested* and *besought*' Henry, was no other than the renowned Charles V., and that the pontiff who meekly offered himself—so greatly to the anger of Giustinian—as a mere partner in the confederation, was Leo X., we shall perceive that England and her alliance were, even then, considered of far greater moment than our 'standard' historians have ever dreamt of.

In June, Charles V. was elected King of the Romans, an event greatly deprecated by Giustinian, and which he tells us was so distasteful to Francis I., who had some faint hopes of being chosen himself, that on the occasion of Wolsey performing high mass in St. Paul's in celebration of it, the French ambassador refused to attend. It is curious to read the various conjectures of these aged statesmen, as to what kind of a ruler the youthful King of the Romans might prove. The legate Campeggio, when they discussed the subject together, over a quiet, confidential dinner, declared that, ' owing to his youth and delicate health, he was fitter to be governed than to govern; and ' touching this particular, he said the government was in the ' hands of my Lord de Chievres, a personage who was quite in ' the French interests.' This opinion of the incapacity of the most energetic sovereign that the sixteenth century brought forth, was however shared by other Italian statesmen; Minio, a Venetian, writing from Rome, informing the Signory that three envoys

who had lately had audience of him, declared 'that he had no sort of ability, and is in leading strings. On three occasions when they were in his presence, they never heard him utter a single word; all matters being regulated by his counsellors, the chief of whom is M. de Chievres, who does everything, and one day expressed himself in very strong terms against him, showing that he feared nothing soever.' Another report, however, represents him as not altogether devoid of spirit; but it is evident that not one of the rulers or statesmen of Europe had the least idea of the commanding talents ere long to be displayed by Charles V.

Soon after this letter, his successor having already arrived, Giustinian took leave of the court of Henry VIII., returning, after a short visit to Francis I., to Venice, from whence, after a few years' repose, he was sent, in 1526, as ambassador to the court of France. From 1532, when he returned to Venice, until 1540, he was constantly employed in the service of the state, and in 1543 he died, having numbered more than fourscore years. From the report, presented soon after his return, we have already extracted his portraits of Henry VIII. and Catherine; the reader will, however, like to see his careful and minute picture of 'the ryghte triumphant lord high cardinal, then in the fulness of his power.

' He is of low origin: he has two brothers, one of whom holds an untitled benefice, and the other is pushing his fortune. This cardinal is the person who rules both the king and the entire kingdom. On the ambassador's first arrival in England, he used to say, '*his majesty will do so and so.*' Subsequently, and by degrees, he went on forgetting himself, and began saying '*We shall do so and so,*' at this present he has reached such a pitch, that he says '*I shall do so and so.*' He is about forty-six years old (in 1519), very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. *He alone transacts the same business that occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal;* and all state affairs, likewise, are managed by him, let their nature be what they may. He is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just: he favors the people exceedingly, and especially the poor. He is in very great repute—*seven times more than if he were pope.* He has a very fine palace (this is York Place), where one traverses eight rooms before reaching his audience chamber, and they are all hung with tapestry which is changed once a week. He always has a sideboard of plate worth 25,000 ducats, wherever he may be, and his silver is estimated at 150,000 ducats. He is supposed to be very rich indeed.'

Giustinian's report of the chief nobility, affords some valuable data. He places the Duke of Buckingham foremost, remarking that 'he is extremely popular; and it is thought that were the

king to die without heirs male, he might easily obtain the crown.' Doubtless the knowledge of this contributed to the downfall of 'poor Edward Bolun,' not two years after. The Duke of Norfolk is likewise represented as having 'some hopes of the crown'; while Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, 'cloth of frieze' though he were by birth, 'has also great hopes of the crown, in right of his wife,' Henry's sister, Mary Tudor. Of the other peers he says little.

'Concerning the military in England; they do not make use of men-at-arms . . . the real force of the country consisting in its infantry, which is supposed to amount to 150,000 men, whose peculiar weapon is the long-bow. When they take the field, their arms consist of a breast-plate, bow, arrows, sword, and two stakes, one before and one behind, with which they make their palisades, or stockade; but all their prowess is in the bow. They insist on being paid monthly, nor do they chuse to suffer any hardship; but when they have their comforts, they will do battle daily, with a courage, vigor, and valor that defy exaggeration.'

The editor truly remarks on this, that Giustinian might have been told that Agincourt was gained by our countrymen on very empty stomachs; and, alas! recent victories have indelibly fixed on our minds the ~~old~~, though proud, remembrance, that the most brutal neglect of our soldiers' comforts, could not paralyse their arms, either at Balaklava or at Inkerman. It is curious to find Giustinian's son, also bearing testimony to the great superiority of our soldiers, remarking that 'they are much dreaded by the French; and, in fact, ten Englishmen are a match for twenty Frenchmen.'

In closing these very interesting and suggestive volumes, we must express our hope that we have not finally taken leave of the editor, but that the despatches of Giustinian will be followed by the despatches of Surian, his successor, and that thus at length, from an intelligent and impartial source, we may obtain information as to the many important, but obscure, events, which followed this period of comparative repose, in such rapid succession. The reports of a political envoy are always most valuable; but above all others are those of the Venetian ambassadors. That wise and haughty state from the earliest ages of her pre-eminence, was always most select and wary in her choice of men, whether to lead her galleys on to conquest, or to maintain her claims at the courts of princes. In reading the despatches of her envoys, therefore, we feel that we gain access to the most correct information—that of an intelligent bystander—and, in the case of England, one, too, who, from his remote position, could scarcely be acted upon by those hopes or fears which might

warp the judgment of subjects of nearer states. And then—singularly enough, but most delightfully—we have not mere dry details of state matters, but graphic pictures of court and every-day life, and portraits, too, vivid and highly finished, although but in pen and ink, reminding us of those the great masters of the Venetian school of painting have bequeathed to us.

ART. V.—*Annuaire Militaire de l'Empire Français pour l'Année 1854.* Strasbourg. Veuve Berger et Fils, 1 Mai, 1854.

IT is an extremely difficult undertaking to write with perfect accuracy on the military system and organization of France. It is not only necessary for any one handling this subject to collect and combine the multifarious facts relating to the military organization as it exists now, but to have also a general idea of the system as it existed in the time of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI.,—as it existed in the time of the republic and the Empire—as it existed under the restoration, and after the revolution of July, 1830. Exactness, minuteness, and intimate acquaintance with details are necessary; and to do anything like justice to the subject, we should be well acquainted with the people and the country of France, possess some small share of professional knowledge, and have passed some time in the adventurous, agitated, and exciting life of camps.

We do not, we frankly avow, possess all these requisites. Our experience in camp life with French soldiers has been short and scanty, but we have had many opportunities of observing the French soldier in garrison, in training, and in preparation for the field, and from our early youth have been in friendly communication with officers of all grades in the French army. But though familiar with officers of the staff and of the line, and in constant communication with officials connected with both the army and navy, we do not feel that we can speak on the subject with perfect authority, nor suppose that in an article in a review we can give anything more than a bird's-eye view of the military system and organization of our neighbours. To do anything like justice to the subject in its entirety, a couple of volumes, not a few pages, would be necessary, on the part of the most instructed professional writer. The late General Foy, one of the

most accomplished officers in the French service, a man who had seen the English army in the field and encamped for full ten years of his military life, and who was soldier, scholar, and orator combined, deemed it necessary to accomplish two journeys to England, in order to make himself master of the organization of our army; and even after this labour many of his details are glaringly incorrect, and some of his deductions are more than questionable. How indeed should it be otherwise? Supposing a Frenchman to be perfect master of our language and military history and traditions, (and how few Frenchmen are in this category), it is necessary that he should divest himself of all the prejudices of nation, routine, and education, before he can fairly estimate a foreign system.

The judgment of an Englishman on the French system, may generally be as much open to objection on the score of prejudice and prepossession as the judgment of a Frenchman upon the English system; but though this may be generally, nay, almost universally the case, we would frankly and at once confess, that we have no prejudices against France or her system to overcome, for we are convinced that the military administration of that country is as perfectly adapted to the genius, bent, and taste of the nation as any system can be.

The organization of our neighbours comprises within its large sphere, the recruiting, the education, the arming, the manœuvring, the discipline, and the mode of advancement. It is not our purpose in this paper to say a word on the earlier history of the French army. In truth, previous to the time of Louis XIV. there was little to praise in the way of organization. The regiments were each under the government of a proprietary colonel, who often sold it on quitting the service.* The captain was master of his troop, which he clothed and equipped as our colonels do now. Hence it was extremely difficult to introduce that uniformity and regularity so necessary in military operations. The methodical minister, Louvois, reformed this vicious system. He created schools of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, in which the young officers of his day were trained in a severe discipline. Under Choiseul there were still further improvements. The soldier became the soldier of the king, instead of the slave of the colonel, as he was in France in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and as he is in Russia now. Order, obedience, unity, effectiveness, were the necessary results. The work of reform was continued by St. Germain, under Louis XVI. Several privileged corps were even thus early suppressed, and a due proportion established between the regiments of cavalry

* 'Nissas, de l'organisation de la Force Armée.'

and infantry. Under the ministry of Séguir further improvements were introduced. The Corps Royal and the *Etat-Major* were created, and to the *Etat-Major* much of the talent, information, and military success of the French armies is owing.

It has been too much the fashion in France and in England to abuse everything connected with the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI.; but we should be doing that monarch and his ministers an injustice did we not say, that the ground had been in a measure cleared previous to the appearance of that greatest of organizers, Carnot, who when a lieutenant of engineers was persecuted by his superiors, as many officers in the British service have been persecuted, because he declared himself the advocate of improvement, and the sworn foe of routine.

It was Carnot, the author of the *Eloge de Vauban* and *l'Essai sur les Machines*, who organized the camp of Châlons, and who at the end of 1793 was enabled by his indomitable energy, industry, and perseverance, working sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, to oppose to the coalesced enemies of France no less than fourteen different armies.* The embriagadement of the army, in other words the fusion of a battalion of the line into two battalions of volunteers was Carnot's work. His was the head and hand which alone directed the War-office, and which traced the plans of the different campaigns. During his ministry the finest campaigns of Moreau and Napoleon were organized. It was he who conferred with the generals,—who without the aid of a secretary corresponded with the fourteen armies,—it was he who made France an armoury and a workshop for the fabrication of all *munitions de guerre*—who found volunteer gunsmiths, cannon-founders, and bayonet makers, ready to pass their handiwork, hastily but enthusiastically performed, to volunteer raw battalions, ready, though badly paid and ill-clothed, to defend the frontiers. It was by unheard-of efforts like these that the French territory was delivered—that the sieges of Dunkirk and Maubeuge were raised, and that Figueras and Rosas were taken.

It was the law of the year Six, due and owing to Carnot, which, by establishing the conscription, fixed the military organization of France on the solid basis on which it now rests. The main features of that law, notwithstanding nearly sixty years of struggles, and half a dozen changes of government, remain to the present-day unchanged.

The army of France is composed of a staff and a body of troops. More properly speaking, since the ordinance of the 19th March, 1823, there has been recognised by name a *grand état-major* and a *petit état-major*; albeit, this classification was

* 'Champagnac sur l'Armée de France.' *Mémoires sur Carnot.*

tacitly admitted, though not in name, for more than a century. The infantry of France is divided into infantry of the line and light infantry. These corps carry the same weapons and perform the same manœuvres. There are in France 100 regiments of infantry, 75 regiments of infantry of the line, and 25 of light infantry; besides 20 battalions of chasseurs-à-pied, 3 regiments of Zouaves, 3 battalions of light infantry of Africa, 3 companies of pionniers de discipline, 2 regiments of the foreign legion, 1 regiment of Algerian tirailleurs, 3 battalions of Algerian tirailleurs, 3 companies of veteran sous-officiers, 3 companies of veteran fusileers.

In France, as well as in Austria, the numerical strength of the cavalry is generally the fifth of the force of the infantry. The heavy cavalry is ordinarily fixed at a quarter of the light cavalry and dragoons.*

The composition and organisation of the 'cadres' of cavalry are regulated by the ordonnance of the 8th September, 1841. The Imperial French Cavalry is actually composed of 12 regiments of cavalry of reserve—that is to say, 2 regiments of carabiniers and 10 of cuirassiers. Of 20 regiments of cavalry of the line, comprising 12 of dragoons, 8 of lancers, and 1 regiment of guides; of 26 regiments of light cavalry, comprising 12 of chasseurs, 9 of hussars, and 4 of chasseurs. There are, beside, 3 regiments of spahis, 4 companies of cavaliers de remonte, and a school of cavalry established at Saumur, of which we shall presently speak.

The organisation of the artillery is based on the effective strength of the army in cavalry and infantry. The amount of the corps of engineers is on well defined principles of military administration, determined by the number of divisions of infantry to which they can be attached, the strong places to defend, and the reserve required for sieges. The great object of the military administration of France has been and is to proportion the number of recruits to the number of veterans. In the cavalry the veterans may be said to amount to a third. The 'cadres' of cavalry are always in greater force than the 'cadres' of infantry, for more time is necessary for instruction in this branch of the service, and there is almost always a difficulty, and a delay in procuring horses. Military writers who have a practical knowledge of the subject, such as the Generals Preval, Rogniat, Caraman, and Marbot, insist on the necessity of maintaining squadrons of from 120 to 140 horses always complete, for a cavalry soldier, any more than a sailor cannot be created on the instant. Not only the men must be trained, but the horses, and men and horses be so moulded that they shall, so to speak, form

* 'Odier, *Administration Militaire. Presle Hist. de la Cavalerie.*'

but one. To use the language of lawyers, they should be 'part and parcel' of each other.' Perfect cavalry soldiers should be perfect *centauri*, and equal the fame of Chyra and Eurytus of old. For the last fifteen years the French Government has been most indefatigable in the purchase of horses in this country, in Hanover, Mecklenburgh, Normandy, Brittany, and the Limousin. The best French military writers insist that there should be a greater number of men than of horses in the corps, in order to perfect the trooper in grooming and equitation. Advantages are also found to arise from having permanent squadrons exercised, manœuvred, and administered by one captain. It seems also to be admitted that the effective of the light cavalry (which is oftener exposed than the heavy cavalry) should be stronger than the latter. Hence there are twenty-six regiments of light cavalry in France. It was the opinion of Soult, one of the best of war ministers and administrators, that the French cavalry should be an imposing force in time of peace and a formidable force in war. In the larger commercial towns in the interior of France there are *dépôts* of cavalry, where everything necessary for the comfort and sustenance of man and horse may be abundantly found. Much greater care is exercised in the selection of the cavalry than of the infantry; but General Preval, who has had abundant means of judging, maintains that there are too many Alsatians and Normans in the French infantry, and too many Gascons in the cavalry.

Should the present war become general and prolonged, the Imperial Gendarmerie, Gendarmerie d'Elite, and the companies of veteran gendarmes, more numerous, and better composed and appointed in France than in any European nation, could furnish supplies of well-trained animals to the regular cavalry, and thus supply horses to the active, vigorous, and well-instructed officers who belong to this branch of the service.

There are, however, *Compagnies de Cavaliers de Remonte* at Caen, at Fontenay le Comte, at Gueret, and at Tarbes in the Pyrenees; and we believe the Government is not now, and has not been for the last quarter of a century, insensible to the necessity of strenuous efforts in this direction.

The French Cavalry has been treated by military writers as secondary to the infantry, and the fact is admitted by General Roche-Amyon, in his *Manuel de la Cavalerie Légère*, but nevertheless, every general and tactician, no matter to what branch of the service he belongs, allows, that the cavalry is a most important, and in certain conjunctures may be an all-decisive branch of the service. Hence it is now, as it has been for more than a century, the object with the French to make their cavalry as perfect as possible. But the infantry being much the more

numerous body, and suited especially to the open country or to defiles,—equally adapted to sieges,—slow in their nature and progress as to the most sudden and daring enterprises, must be a more apt, every-day, and practical, if not a more useful branch of the army. The infantry, indeed, is the base of all military operations. It is independent, and relies on itself alone, whilst the cavalry, whose principal operation is the charge, is dependent for its success on the nature of the ground. It is true, the cavalry, so to speak, opens out the road for the march and operations of an army, assures the communications, escorts convoys, and does ordinarily things which infantry cannot perform. Occasionally too, more important duties devolve on the cavalry. In the moment of victory it increases disorder in the enemy's ranks, attacks and overthrows wavering and faltering masses, precipitates a disorderly retreat, and prevents the enemy from rallying. In a reverse, on the other hand, it occupies a victorious enemy, harasses and annoys him, and disputes with him every inch of ground; whilst the infantry meanwhile re-forms, and organises its retreat. But though it thus foresees reverses, and repairs them, though it thus assures successes and completes them, yet French generals and marshals have ever looked on their cavalry as only ancillary to the infantry—as only, in a word, the left hand of the army. It cannot be denied that the French cavalry has occasionally performed very glorious and most remarkable achievements. For instance, in January, 1795, at a moment when the Texel was covered with ice, it advanced on the gulf with the light artillery and seized upon the vessels surprised by the frost and frozen in. At Austerlitz, also, the cavalry shared with the infantry the honours of victory by two charges, which rendered that day equally decisive and glorious; one of these charges was led by Kellermann, who with three regiments of chasseurs and hussars broke the left wing of the Russians; the other was led by Bessières, who at the head of the cavalry of the guard fell upon the cavalry of the Grand Duke Constantine, and literally hacked it in pieces. Admitting, however, to the full, the brilliancy, boldness, and suddenness of cavalry operations, in turning the wings of an enemy, in breaking the line, in attacking and separating the columns broken, in seizing on the artillery, in making prisoners, and in pursuing the flying, yet French military writers and strategists not only allow the cavalry no superiority, but hold it to be inferior to the infantry of the line in point of general utility.

Cavalry officers in France, as with us, are generally men of some fortune and some social position, but fortune or social position weigh not a feather in the French army, unless they be joined with really solid and serviceable qualities. Nor would the

cavalry, as an institution, be allowed to exist among our neighbours, unless it had been found in practice that it greatly influenced the result of battles. It is because it has been useful in covering and protecting the retreat of a broken infantry, because it furnishes the *avant gardes* which scour the country and assure the communications of one branch of the army with the other, that the French are fully aware of the importance of an arm of the service which has the appearance of being more aristocratic than the line.

The Great Frederick of Prussia was the creator of modern cavalry. Before his time no idea could be formed of what might be done with a properly equipped and well handled cavalry regiment. Though the system of Frederick was known and appreciated in France, yet the French cavalry formed a school apart till after the wars of the Revolution. Till after that epoch there was nothing fixed. Everything was chopping and changing eternally, and regiments consisted of four, three, and two squadrons. The ministers of war who succeeded each other in the thirty years between 1762 and 1792—Choiseul, Monteynard, Aiquilla, Muy, St. Germain, Montbarey, Segur, Loménie, Puy-Segur, de Broglie, de Narbonne, &c., were obliged to yield either to privileged pretensions, or to the exigencies of a treasury always in debt. De Choiseul reformed many regiments, and incorporated twenty-seven. De Monteynard changed the organisation of his predecessor. St. Germain wished to form the cavalry on a better footing, but he was impeded by courtiers and courtesans.

At the commencement of the war of 1792, the French cavalry was composed of

2 regiments of carbineers of 4 squadrons, total	8 squadrons.
26 do. of heavy cavalry of	3 do. , 78 "
18 do. of dragoons of	3 do. , 54 "
12 do. of chasseurs of	4 do. , 48 "
6 do. of hussars of	4 do. , 24 "

61 regiments. 212 squadrons.
containing 24,068 cavaliers and dragoons, and 13,032 chasseurs
and hussars; total, 37,100 swordsmen.

It was with this small force that the French commenced to measure their strength with the superior cavalry of the rest of Europe. Such was the element which they opposed to the

Prussian cavalry of	238	squadrons
To the English of	80	"
To the Spanish of	77	"
To the Wurtemberg, Bavarian, Saxon, and Neapolitan, amounting to	200	"
Total	595	squadrons

which at the rate of 120 men to the squadron, gives an effective of 71,400 horses—a striking disproportion to the French force.

After the Revolution of 1830, the French cavalry was composed of 2 regiments of carbineers, 10 of cuirassiers, 12 of dragoons, 6 of lancers, 14 of chasseurs, 6 of hussars. Till 1834, these regiments were composed of 6 squadrons. In 1835 they were reduced to 5. During the reign of Louis Philippe, a great improvement was made in the cavalry saddles, and also in the cavalry horses. During the last three years, moreover, neither expense or effort has been spared to render the horses all that is desirable; for it is felt in the French army that the cavalry may be generally called on to commence and to sustain the most important operations. It is true that the importance of cavalry depends less on its number than on the opportuneness, celerity, and vigour with which it is employed. It is the attribute of an able commander to seize with the instinct of genius the proper moment and to turn it to profit.

Etablissements *de remonte* for the cavalry exist at Caen, Alençon, Saint Lo, Guingamp, Villers, Gueret Tarbes, and various other towns in France; and there are also similar establishments at Blidah, Oran, and Constantine, in Algiers. There is also an establishment of vétérinaires militaire, consisting of three vétérinaires principaux, one of whom is now with the army in the Crimea, of 102 *vétérinaires* of the first and second class, and of 160 *aides vétérinaires* of the first and second classes, making altogether 265 veterinary surgeons, who look to the health and constitution of the horses. But that which more than anything has given effectiveness to the cavalry of France is the *Ecole de Cavalerie* at Saumur. The merit of creating this school is due to the Duke of Choiseul. It was at the request of this minister that in 1764 the king created four *Ecoles d'Equitation* at Metz, Douai, Besançon, and Angers. These were each placed under the management of a general officer; and it may not be unimportant to state here, that in the last of them, the military school of Angers, the late Duke of Wellington received a portion of his military education. A central school was created at Paris to receive the most promising pupils of the subsidiary establishments. In 1771, a course of instruction was determined on, and it was among the regulations of the service that each colonel of cavalry should send to Saumur four officers and four *sous-officiers* selected from the most instructed of his regiment. In 1790, in the budget of Duportail, the funds set apart for the support of Saumur were suppressed. Six years afterwards, *i. e.*, in 1796, a new school, called the *Ecole Nationale d'Instruction des Troupes à cheval*, was created at Versailles; and two other schools, with special funds allocated, were established at Lunéville and Angers.

The school of Versailles existed till 1809, when it was suppressed by imperial decree, and the school of St. Germain was erected on its ruins. The school of St. Germain maintained itself till the Restoration, when the government of Louis XVIII. created at Saumur a new school of instruction, destined like the first to receive the officers and sub-officers of the different cavalry regiments. The course of instruction in the earlier part of the Restoration consisted of exercises and manœuvres in equitation, a course of veterinary surgery, shoeing, grooming, driving, breaking in, fencing, tilting, gun and pistol firing, swimming, &c., independently of lectures on military history, on German, and on drawing. In order to create good *sous-officiers*, greater extension and a broader basis was given to the school in 1824, whereby a body of masters and teachers were formed, and a nucleus created of good *sous-officiers*, who might become teachers in their turn. The school is presided over by a general of brigade, having under him a colonel, a lieut.-colonel, a *chef d'escadron instructeur*, a major, and a *capitain instructeur*, and is capable of containing 500 pupils. There is in the establishment a professor of military tactics, and an assistant professor. The élèves *sous-officiers* are divided into three squadrons. The first, forming a division of heavy cavalry and a division of dragoons, is composed of a *marechal des logis chef*, 4 quarter-master generals, 1 fourrier, 16 brigadiers, 62 cavaliers of the first class, and 82 of the second. The third squadron is composed of a similar number of *sous-officiers*, and the rest is formed of 72 élèves maréchaux ferrants, and 72 élèves trompettes.

For the last thirty years a great improvement has been introduced into the breed of the French cavalry horses. It seems now to be generally admitted that the native Norman horses are the best suited to the exigencies of the service. They are vigorous and hardy. The greater portion of the animals that survived the Russian campaign, in 1812, were Norman. The French cavalry horses are smaller, slenderer, and more narrow chested than our own, yet experience has proved that they survived in the Crimea when our horses were dying not merely by scores but by hundreds. No food comes amiss to the Norman horse, and he can do work for a long time in the day without any food at all. He is moreover insensible to those changes of atmosphere and of climate, which from his luxurious treatment, his perfect grooming, and his thinner skin, so injuriously affect English horses. The Breton horse, also much used in the French cavalry, is docile, easily trained, and goes through an infinity of hard labour, and he may be kept for a third of the cost of an English cavalry horse. His mouth, too, is softer, and more yielding than the hard mouths of our dragoon horses.

It was the opinion of the late Marshal Bugeaud, expressed in a pamphlet which he published on the subject, that a cavalry soldier should be constantly *sous drapeau*, and that it required seven years at least to make him a perfect adept in his calling. The marshal insisted that France should have in time of peace 45,000 cavalry horses because a cavalry is more difficult to improvise than an infantry. 'It is easier,' said the marshal (and he said truly), 'to have a respectable infantry than a tolerable cavalry.'

We may here remark that no army in the world is so indebted to its military schools for its successes and renown as the army of France. There is the *École d'Application*; *l'École d'Application d'État-major*; the *École Impériale Polytechnique*; the *École Impériale Spéciale Militaire à Saint Cyr*; the *Prytanée Imperial Militaire*; the *École Normale du Tir*; the *École Normale de Gymnastique*; the *Gymnase Musical Militaire*; the *École Impériale d'Application de l'Artillerie et du Génie*; the *École Impériale d'Application de Médecine et de Pharmacie Militaires*; and other schools not necessary to mention.

The *École d'Application* is a superior school where the pupils of the military schools and the Polytechnic enter to acquire practical and special instruction. There are in France two schools 'd'application': one for the artillery and the engineers, the other for the general staff. The Revolution of 1789, in effacing the privileges of birth, opened a military career to all Frenchmen, so that merit and talents are now and have for near seventy years been generally rewarded in the French army. The *École d'Application de l'Artillerie et de Génie* is at Metz, and it furnishes from its ranks the pupils necessary for the naval and military artillery. Pupils are admitted from the Polytechnic after an examination, when they take the rank of *sous lieutenants*. The teaching, labours, and exercises are divided into twelve parts, comprising the execution of *bouches à feu*, the manœuvres and construction of artillery of every species, the formation and conduct *des équipages de campagne* of sieges and of bridges, the manœuvres of infantry and cavalry, the art of tracing and constituting plans, the art of attack and defence, the art of mining, map making, the general administration and book-keeping, or rather the Dr. and Cr. account of an army, called in French *comptabilité*. Every year there is a mock siege at Metz, by way of affording to the pupils practical knowledge. The school is governed by a general of artillery, and there are professors of topography, construction, mechanics, artillery, permanent fortification, military art and geodesy, chymistry, drawing, German, equitation, and military administration.

The *École Impériale d'Application d'État Major* is held at Paris. It was instituted in 1818, and is destined to form pupils for the staff. By a decree of July, 1852, the pupils are to amount to thirty every year, which would give an effective maximum of sixty pupils yearly.

These pupils are chosen among those of the Imperial Military School and of the Polytechnic School capable of receiving the rank of sous-lieutenants, as well as among the sous-lieutenants of the army. The duration of the studies is for two years. After that period, the pupils, who have undergone an examination, are called upon in the order of their numbers to fill the places of lieutenants vacant in the staff, and are detached for four years in the regiments of infantry and cavalry of the army. There are professors of military administration, topography, geography, and military statistics, of the military art and history, of foreign languages, &c. During three months of the year the pupils of this school are engaged beyond its walls in drawing and making military tours, called *itinéraires militaires*. Of these two schools, it may be with truth said that they are the very first in Europe. The latter school originated with Marshal Gouvier St. Cyr.

The Polytechnic School is so generally known that we may be pardoned for dwelling on it at any very great length. This school was founded in the year III. of the Convention (1794), and no man laboured more to place it on a secure basis than Carnot. It was, above all things, destined to produce engineers, and some of the most celebrated military and civil engineers of France have been bred within its walls. The number of pupils is fixed at three hundred, and the age of admission is from sixteen to twenty, and to twenty-five for military men who have two years of effective service *sous drapeau*. Some of the most celebrated men produced by France have been professors and teachers in this school, as Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet, Fourcroy, Guyton Morveau, Pelletier, Chaussier, Porny, Poisson, &c. There are now about thirty-three professors, and the commandant is a general of engineers.

The School of St. Cyr is also destined to form officers in the infantry, the cavalry, and the marine. None but Frenchmen of from sixteen to twenty years can present themselves for examination, excepting always such sous-officiers, corporals, and brigadiers as can count two years' effective service *sous drapeau*, and they are eligible till they have completed their twenty-fifth year.

The *Prytanée* at La Flèche is destined for the education of the sons of sous-officiers without fortune, or the sons of sous-officiers killed on the field of battle. The number of pupils main-

tained at the expense of the state is 300 *boursiers* and 100 *demi-boursiers*. Pupils are admitted from the ages of ten to twelve, and may remain till they have completed their nineteenth year.

There is also an *École Normale de Tir* at Vincennes, and an *École Normale de Gymnastique* near Vincennes.

As though these various military schools were not sufficient, there is also a *Gymnase Musical Militaire*, which has existed from 1836, with a view to form leaders of bands and instrumentalists for regimental music. There are 281 pupils drawn from the infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. Any man who is aware of the effect that military music has had in the Crimea in keeping up the spirits of the French troops will see the necessity of these schools.

There are also, since the period Gouvier St. Cyr was minister, *Écoles Regimentaires*, or schools in each regiment, in which the soldiers, sous-officers, and children of soldiers, are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Inspectors report the progress of each individual attending these schools, and the names of distinguished pupils are mentioned in the *Journal Militaire*. There is also in every regiment a school of fencing and a school of swimming. Swimming, besides its power of conducing to the refreshment and health of the body, is so necessary to a soldier, who often must pass the sea, engage near great rivers, and sometimes cross them without bridges, that his common preservation, not less than duty, requires an expertness in swimming which practice alone can give. The Romans said of an ill-educated man that he could neither swim nor read.

There is also attached to the school of cavalry an *École de Trompettes*. The pupils are so instructed as to become *trompettes-brigadiers* and *trompettes maréchaux-des-logis*, and they also receive lessons in tilting and fencing on foot and on horseback, in equitation, and gymnastics.

We have spoken of the veterinary surgeons attached to the French army. For these gentlemen there are celebrated schools of the veterinary art—one at Alfort, at two leagues from Paris, in which Chabert, Gilbert Vicq-d'Azyr, Daubenton, Fourcroy, Flandrin, Girard, and Duptis have lectured; and others at Toulouse and Lyons, in which Yvert, Dulong, and Bourgelat have professed.

The most remarkable feature, however, in the French military system, as contra-distinguished from our own, is the system of conscription. The revolution of 1789 established this cardinal principle, ‘*que tout Français est soldat et se doit à la défense de la patrie.*’ Chateaubriand, in his days of enthusiastic ultra-loyalty, maintained the same principle, exclaiming, ‘*La France*

entière n'est qu'un soldat.' And albeit the military and martial spirit of France was a good deal curbed during the eighteen years' reign of the Citizen King, yet it was not extinct and did but slumber. Were the soil of France threatened, or a new declaration of Pilnitz proclaimed to-morrow, voluntary battalions would assemble, as in 1797. France had then 690,000 men under arms, which number could be increased in a few months to 871,000, and actually was increased to 1,026,950 in 1794. Towards the end of the year VII. the Republic which occupied the Roman States, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, and whose frontiers had been extended to the Rhine, possessed 110 half brigades of infantry of the line, 30 of light infantry, 25 regiments of heavy cavalry, 20 of dragoons, 25 of chasseurs, 12 of hussars, 8 of artillery, and 8 of horse artillery. Notwithstanding nearly seventy years of turmoil, organic change, and revolution, of all the great European powers, France is the one which, by the resources of its soil, its interior communications, the organization and special education and training of its troops, and its numerous military establishments, supported by state encouragement, is in the best position to make war promptly and effectively.

The word conscription, which signifies the raw material or levies from which the French army is taken, is somewhat new to the French language, dating only from the year VI. of the Republic (1798). A law of the 10th of March, 1818, re-establishes the conscription on bases which, though since modified, have not been essentially changed. Every young man is liable to the conscription, and once a year may be selected by 'tirage' to serve his country by becoming 'chair à canon.' To say that the conscription is popular in France, would be to disguise the truth; for large sums are given to procure 'remplacants,' and many 'compagnies d'assurance' have been formed to obviate the inconveniences arising from the lot falling on particular classes; but with all its inconveniences and unpopularity, the conscription has never been considered in France as in Spain a 'contribucion di sangre,' and in any crisis of national danger or alarm the younger population would rally under the national standard. Every conscript with us should be sound wind and limb, but the standard of height required in the French service is much lower than in ours, being only four feet nine inches. Mutilated, lame, gouty, scrofulous, or consumptive men are rejected; and conscripts who have lost an eye, or a finger, who are near-sighted, deaf or dumb, or have lost the incisive teeth, are also refused. In time of peace, though less frequently in war, maladies are simulated in order to escape selection. Thus belladonna is had recourse to to enlarge the eyeballs, with a view to counterfeit amaurosis; concave spectacles

are worn to produce 'myopie'; air is injected under the skin to counterfeit dropsy; and ipecacuanha is swallowed to produce an appearance of asthma.* But such malingerers as these would incur universal odium at a time when the soil of France was threatened. The business of the conscription is chiefly managed through the '*conseils de révision et de recrutement*'. It should be remarked that in all the military schools, and, indeed, from the moment a Frenchman is destined for the service, he is subjected to military government. Each school has its uniform. The scholars are formed into companies, and are commanded by officers; so that from their earliest years they are subjected to a military hierarchy with but one motive power. Thus the aptitude of the nation for war is strengthened, formed, and created, by habit, by education, and by the discipline of the government. There is a perfect organization through intermediate steps, by which a direct relation is established between the meanest soldier and the Minister of War. Thus it is that the French army has but one will directed to one object, the greatness and glory of France. This it is that renders it so efficient an instrument, so formidable to its enemies, at once the shield and spear of the nation. No body, no society of men can long subsist without organization, and least of all a military body composed of such diverse elements, and in the midst of which there are so many individual interests in presence. But independently of these considerations, it has been always felt in France that the question of military organization is one of those capital questions which interests the safety of the country, not only in time of war, but also its interior tranquillity in time of peace.

It is therefore very considerable—we might say immense—power is given to the Minister of War. This Minister is in correspondence with all commanders and generals of divisions of the army. He receives all military despatches; orders the movements of troops; directs and controls all the general and extraordinary expenses of military expeditions. He has the charge of the recruiting, clothing, provisioning and paying of the army; has the direction of the asylums for invalids at Paris and Avignon; has the sole control of the gunpowder and saltpetre manufactories; of the barracks, military hospitals, arsenals, depots, and magazines of military stores, government foundries, and manufactories of fire-arms. His department pays all officers on active service, on half-pay, or on retired pensions, as well as the allowances to officers' widows' and orphans. The War Minister is the head of the ordnance, and has the direction of the military

* 'Physiologie Médicale,' tom. ii line 5.

schools. He has, likewise, the organization and inspection of the gendarmerie as well in Paris as in the departments, and he issues general orders as to the regulation and discipline of the army.

The present Minister of War is Marshal Vaillant. He is also a Senator and Grand Marshal of the palace. The marshal has a minister, three aidecamps, and four officers on his staff. Independently of these, his private cabinet is presided over by a chef-d'escadron of the staff, and in this cabinet the opening and registering of despatches takes place, and the departure of military couriers is regulated. In this cabinet is what in the language of the office is called *Centralisation du travail avec l'Empereur, Affaires de franchise et contre-seing, Public Audiences, communications with the journals, secret affairs, and affairs which are not within the speciality of any department of the offices.*

The direction (personnel), which is the first, is under a general of brigade and a colonel of the staff. It contains seven bureaux, each under a chef with a multitude of clerks.

The first bureau is devoted to 'correspondance générale'—'opérations militaires.' The second to the staff and military schools; the third to recruiting; the fourth to military justice; the fifth to the gendarmerie; the sixth to the infantry; the seventh to the cavalry.

The second direction or division is the artillery, with sections for the personnel, the matériel, and the comptabilité. The third direction is the engineers, with sections of personnel, matériel, and comptabilité.

The fourth direction is administration, in which there are five bureaux, comprising intendance militaire, service de marche, équipages militaires, subsistances militaires, hospitals, clothing, bedding, camp-furniture, pay audit, internal administration, &c. The fifth direction is devoted to the affairs of Algiers. The sixth to what is called the dépôt de la guerre, with two sections, comprising géodésie, topography, drawing, engraving, military history, military statistics, archives, maps, and plans. The seventh direction is directed to audit and control of accounts, with sections devoted to pensions, aid, military law, &c. Independently of these there are eight consulting committees, composed of from six to fourteen superior officers, one a consultative committee for the staff, one for the infantry, one for the gendarmerie, one for the artillery, one for fortifications, one for Algiers, &c. There is also a Council of Health in the army, a Commission d'Hygiène Hippique, and a mixed commission of public works, all under the eye and in the offices of the Minister of War. The Minister

of War is also represented at the *Conseil d'Etat* by a general of brigade, by four counsellors of state, by three *Maîtres des requêtes*, by two auditors, and by a secretary.

The ministry of war, with its general directors, chiefs of division, chiefs and sub-chiefs of bureaux, subordinate employés, comprising the administrative service, the victualling service, with their directors, accountants, head clerks, writing clerks, porters, servants, messengers, &c., employs about 3000 persons, all working with a will at the bidding of one man. The expense is immense, but there is certainty, celerity, efficiency, and unity of action. No wonder that under a system like this such a genius as Napoleon entered Berlin after a campaign of eighteen days, or that his Austrian campaign scarcely lasted three months. It was the business of the Minister of War in that day—and ought to be his business now—to consider the frontiers of the enemy, the advantages and inconveniences of the ground, to obtain information on the resources of the country, and the dispositions and feeling of the army to which the troops of France were opposed. In truth, every officer who looks to a high command, ought to study the nature, the habits, and the constitution of the different European armies. This knowledge is absolutely necessary in order that a general should be acquainted with the strength and weakness of the troops of his own country, of its allies, and those who are opposed to him.

In the *Ministère de la Guerre* in France there is, as with us, no divided power—no opposing interests—no clashing of jurisdictions. The Minister of War in that country has sole and undivided authority and responsibility in command of the army, and all functionaries connected with the service are not merely subordinate but obedient to him. There is no board of ordnance, no treasury, no paymaster-general, no secretary-at-war, to interfere with the fiat of Marshal Vaillant. The result is, that a competent military man filling this important office sends out an army provided with everything necessary for its wants in the field. From 1830 to 1848, with three exceptions, the place of Minister of War was filled by marshals of France who all knew their duty; and the exceptions were Generals Berard, Cubières, and Schneider, all distinguished officers who had won their way by professional talent. In the best days of French military history, a general would never hazard his army in a country whose topography was unknown to him; for he who does not know the country in which he goes to make war, its nature, its resources, its manner of fighting, can never be sure of success.

We are not in a position to know whether the Crimean expedition was undertaken after this mature and necessary consideration;

but of this we are sure, that in the *Dépôt de la Guerre* of France were numerous *mémoires* on the resources and climate of the Crimea, on the disposition of the inhabitants, and on the Russian army of the South. That these *mémoires* were studied by some superior officers we have no doubt, and we are quite sure that the 300 *officiers d'administration*, of the Services Administratifs, connected with the military hospitals, took care that there was a proper supply of instruments, medicines, bandages, &c. So in like manner the 70 *officiers d'administration de l'habillement et du campement*, provided the requisite quantity of summer and winter clothing, of camp tents, &c. As to the 300 *officiers d'administration des subsistances*, their task was an easy one. In every considerable town in the eighty-six departments of France there are magazines and dépôts of *rivières et fourrages*, so that the troops cannot want flour, or biscuit, or preserved vegetables, soups or meat; or the horses want hay, corn, beans, or that black bread called 'bumper-nickel,' with which they are occasionally fed.

It should be moreover remarked, that the garrison service of France, an open continental country, touching the frontiers of Belgium, Prussia, Baden, Switzerland, Savoy, Spain, and we may say also touching Holland and England, impose on the administration and on the army itself, the necessity of being always prepared. Spread over the various parts of the French territories, in the *places de guerre*, on the frontiers, in the great towns, garrisons are so placed that they can aid each other, thus offering a mutual support. Numerous and frequent changes of garrison take place, with a view to relieve the monotony of the services, but portions of the artillery are always at Paris, Vincennes, La Fère, Toulon, Metz, Strasburgh, Besançon, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rennes. The *canonniers vétérans* are in garrison at St. Omer, Toulon, Marseilles, Antibes, Montpellier, Perpignan, Bayonne, La Rochelle, Nantes, Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, and Bastia.

A garrison is a source of activity and prosperity to the town in which it is located, and it need not be said that garrison duty makes officers and men acquainted with their profession, and teaches them to know each other thoroughly. Not merely sous-officiers in the French army, but lieutenants, captains, and field officers, know their men generally by name, and if not by name, by character, and the *sobriquet* they acquire in the regiment. There is also much greater familiarity between the officer and the soldier, partly from the more easy social commerce prevailing everywhere in France, partly because the system of purchase does not prevail in the French army, but chiefly because, to use the language of Napoleon, the humblest soldier in France

may rise to the loftiest rank, may carry the bâton of marshal in his cartouche-box. Even under the old monarchy, Catinat rose from a simple dragoon to be a marshal of France, and Hoche, a groom, Augereau, the son of a fruiterer, Bernadotte, a common soldier, Junot, the son of a baker, Massena, a cabin boy of a coasting vessel, Murat, the son of an innkeeper, Ney, the son of a tailor, and Soult, of the humblest origin, all rose to the rank of marshal of France. Bernadotte and Murat became kings, Massena and Ney, princes, and Junot and Soult, dukes. The French army for the last twenty years is different indeed to the army described by Brantome as composed of 'méchants garnements 'échappés à la justice et surtout force marques de fleurs-de-lis sur l'épaule.'

The system of military education is better in France than in England, and the military profession is viewed as it was at Athens, at Sparta, and at Rome. Valour and military skill are more regarded and more appreciated than great civil qualities among us. Skill and address in the art of war are more admired than civil wisdom, or, we fear we must add, than civil liberty. The French cultivate in their military schools gymnastics and bodily exercises, but they also cultivate the theory of strategy and war. Young men are instructed in these sciences by rule and precept, illustrated by practice. They read and ponder on the lectures that have been delivered to them, they discuss questions of strategy among themselves, and in all their barracks and garrisons there are libraries of reference to which they can have recourse. The French are essentially a military people, and we fear it must be added, they prefer military glory to civil freedom. In France, whenever war occurs, it assumes an intellectual complexion, and officers and men devote to it all their vivacious energy and strength. The French, like the Roman soldiers, are inured to fatigue and hardened by exercise. Drilled to walk at quick paces carrying heavy burdens, to climb steep acclivities, and to creep along the sides of precipices, they are early taught that success in warfare is a more constant attendant on boldness, intelligence, address, and audacity, than on mere numbers and brute force. The military art, in truth, becomes among the French a national and patriotic sentiment, and every feeling, thought, and aspiration of the soldier is bound up in the service of his country. No nation is so vain of military successes as the French, and this is one of the reasons why they more easily become soldiers than other men. The Frenchman is by nature and disposition a campaigner. He is of an eager and adventurous disposition, gay, jocund, and somewhat reckless, and disposed to make the best of everything in this world below. No man more easily

accommodates himself to circumstances, or makes himself more at home in a strange land. He is an excellent marcher, an excellent forager, and above all an excellent cook. He can bake, and roast, and stew; and make sauces, and dress eggs, and create omelettes in scores of ways. He can darn his own stockings, patch his own coat, and mend his own small-clothes, wash his shirt in a running brook, or cobble his shoes under the shade of a tree. He can hut himself with the ingenuity of a beaver, pitch his tent in a salubrious spot, and sing and dance with real light-heartedness to drive dull care away. He can subsist on much less than would satisfy an Englishman, nor is it necessary he should always have butcher's meat at his dinner like our countryman 'John.' With vegetables and bread, with a little cheese, a little potage and the pot-au-feu, with an onion, a carrot, and clove of garlic, and a few apples or chesnuts, or with the stoic's fare, a radish and an egg, Crupaud will make a satisfying if not a very solid meal, where Bull would either starve or become useless from sulk, grumble, and emptiness of stomach. Unless our men (with the exception of the Irish, who in character a good deal resemble the French) are provided with the raw victual, are cooked for, washed for, huttred, baked for, and provided with fuel, they can neither fish nor forage for themselves. They are admirable machines, who will do what they are ordered (provided always they are fed and beered) with unflinching resolution, but they have no training for a campaign. In the drill and regimental work they are perfect enough, but take them out of that routine and they are like Tidd or Archbold arguing a great point of constitutional law on which the fate of an empire depends, making sad work of it—reducing it to the small dimensions of a point of practice. Our common soldiers are strong, athletic, and brave fellows, but they are neither lissom nor flexible, and they do not practise the Olympic or Pythic games. Thousands of the French soldiers are tennis players, famous swordsmen, swimmers, runners, wrestlers—are more accustomed to traverse rugged surfaces, to penetrate thick woods, to climb stoep and difficult ascents—to observe accurately positions, and the surface of a country with a military eye, and to tell at a first view the number of troops it will contain, or the best situation for an encampment, or for an order of battle; but how many of such soldiers, or officers either, have we in our armies? In an army in which officers ascend to command by purchase, and by the capacity of the breeches pocket, there is not likely to be much self-denial or much ability or desire to bear hardship. The tendency of men with money in both pockets is—to ease—to indulgence—to pleasure. Gluttony, wine, and the loosest gallantry, probably we ought to use the word 'lubricity,' becomes

the order of the day. To all our wealthy—to most of our aristocratic soldiers—self-denial is a thing unknown. They have no idea of temperance or frugality, or of despising ease and luxury for their country's good.

It should also be remembered that the exact sciences are much more studied in France by officers and soldiers than in England. In the country of Vauban the science of fortification is indigenous; and excellence in the science of artillery has always been pre-eminently rewarded.

History, too, is only studied in France by military men as ancillary to the study of strategy and war. Every officer of promise opens the book of history as did Lucius Lucullus, who defeated Mithridates, with a view to vanquish his adversary. Lucullus, in his passage from Rome to Asia, read history with that view, and with that view only; and Frenchmen open Quintus Curtius, Cæsar, Vegetius, and the works of Foy, Suchet, Gourgaud, and the *Manuscrit de Ste. Hélène* only with a view to derive professional advantage and enlarged practical knowledge. There is scarcely a French regiment that does not contain among officers and men voluntary societies established for a daily review of their individual progress in military and strategical knowledge. They discuss and question each other, and enter on particular illustrations most profitable in a professional sense. Tactics, fortification, military geography, and military maxims, are in turn handled, so that any man with ordinary intelligence and industry may become a most competent soldier. Independently of these considerations, France at the conclusion of a war has always placed her army on the best possible basis, whereas we at peace have with a mistaken economy reduced our troops to the lowest possible footing. We altogether neglect recruiting, and the result is that when a war breaks out we have everything to begin—we have to create a new army by the means of crimp sergeants and bounties. We forget the remark of General Lamarque that an army reserve not only gains battles, but saves a kingdom and assures its independence.*

The chief defect of our military service, however, is that men rise not by merit or aptitude for the profession, but by purchase. During the last seventeen years only 446 men have risen from the ranks, whilst 476 cadets have been appointed, and 1269 commissions sold. Our staff, also, has no regular training. Men are appointed to serve in it without ability or aptitude, merely because they happen to be the son of the Duke of A., the cousin or nephew of Earl B., or because they have married the daughter or niece of this or that minister, or this or that commander-in-chief.

* 'De l'Esprit Militaire en France.' Par le Général Lamarque.

The organization of our army, indeed, now seems to be given up on all hands as a thing indefensible—as a thing that must be reformed, and reformed speedily. Mr. F. Peel stated a few nights ago, in the House of Commons, that an English commission, composed of an officer of the army, of the artillery, and of the engineers, was sitting at Paris, with a view to inquire into the French military organization, and that a report might soon be expected from it; whereupon Mr. Muntz remarked that a report in MS. on this subject was at the War Office, which had never been read, and of course never acted on. These are the things that discredit—not representative government—but the system of governing by a narrow clique of families and favourites. Had we *troupes de l'administration*, and *compagnies d'administration*, and *compagnies d'ourriers*, such as exist in France, or a *corps des équipages militaires* conducted on the plan of our allies, what errors might have been avoided, how many thousands of lives might have been spared, and what important results might have been achieved in the Crimea!

The raw material for the making of the soldier in England is better than in France. * Our men have more bone and muscle than the French, and though they are not as intelligent or as quick at invention, still they are less volatile and desultory, and more patient, persevering, and steady. Englishmen have a graver and a higher sense of the obligations of duty, and, as we conceive, a higher standard of principle, than the French; and if they do not attain the perfection of the French in carrying on war, the fault must be ascribed to a vicious system, to cliqueism, favoritism, and the red tapeism engendered by a blind and obstinate adherence to custom and to routine. The country of Cromwell and of Blake, of Marlborough and of Wellington, is fertile in the production of great captains. Of Marlborough it may be said, that he never besieged a town without taking it, or fought a battle without winning it. He had to consult many opinions, to accommodate himself to many tempers, to bend to many interests. Yet he reconciled them all, and kept them together, and defeated in succession Marsin, Tallard, Vendôme, Villars, and Villeroy. The British hero whom we have so lately lost, never saw defeat but in an enemy who retreated before him from Lisbon to Toulouse. Jourdan, Victor, Mortier, Massena, Marmont, and Soult were in turn vanquished by him; and his crowning victory was over the master of them all. English soldiers, led by a Wellington, can achieve anything; and English soldiers, without a general, succeeded in winning Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. Such men and such soldiers must be rescued from mismanagement, and a career opened to merit, as in France.

ART. VI.—*Theologia Germanica*. Edited by Dr. PFEIFFER, from the only complete Manuscript yet known. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH.

BANG ! crash ! clang-clang ! ding-dong ! boom ! boom ! whir-r-r ! So went the noises in the Amsterdam belfry, when John Evelyn, hot and out of breath, had climbed the last step, and found himself on the topmost platform of the steeple. And no wonder that the uproar was of the loudest; for does he not describe in that most readable of diaries, how the huge bells hung overhead, and all around were the great wires with elephantine keys and hammers, and in the midst a man with wooden bats fastened to his wrists, leaping about in paroxysms of agility, striking and stamping hither and thither, and raising withal such a riotous Babel of jingle, thunder, and creak, that one might well fancy Plato's spheres, with their sphere-music, had all been smashed, from stelliferous treble to sublunary bass, into a universal dissonance of groans and shrieks ? But, now, down the winding stairs again, and out into the summer evening air. Our worthy Evelyn gets into a boat, glides along the water streets, out by suburban houses on either side—houses stork-beloved, gaily painted, with trim, quaint gardens—and hark ! those clear sweet notes, those jubilant ringing repetitions, those dropping cadences and floating falls of sound wafted down to him across the city's hum—they are the chimes of the very tower in which he was deafened but half-an-hour ago. Such discord in the making, such music in the made ! So is it with the generations of men, their thoughts and schemes, their clamour, their wailing, their triumphs. From the actors and sufferers in an age of transition and strife, the real tendency of their time has been almost always hidden. To them it is a stormy cavern of the winds, a bewildering chaos of immediate interests, with which they rise or fall, win or lose. The rattling mechanism of preparation is close to the ear ; the resultant harmony far off, with their posterity. For this reason it is possible that book-men—not book-worms—in this our nineteenth century, may better comprehend the fermenting elements of a past epoch than those who wrought, or were wrought up, within it. They were full of feverish fervour about objects that cannot raise our pulse a stroke. We know the issue of conflicts which were still raging when they left the scene. We can distinguish between what was of transitory moment and what was of lasting import, and can pronounce like oracles, after the fact, on the wisdom of some of

their movements, and the folly of others. We can perceive, too, in the case of those men and those principles with which we may have most sympathy, that neither were their losses so irremediable nor their triumphs so complete as they imagined ; that the despondency of some need not have been so deep, or the joy of others so exultant. So to us, listening with the true ear of sympathy, there may come down the wind from an old time, full, seemingly, of ominous thunders and clanging sword-strokes, and all dolorous sounds, some plaintive notes from the 'sad music of humanity,' not wholly sorrowful in their very pathos, and fraught with wisdom for our most thoughtful hours. It cheers us to see how conflict and confusion, apparently inextricable, had yet a benign end to answer ; and that towards that end even distorted truths, impossible aspirations, extravagant antagonisms, were all employed to labour in their place, till from the discord some harmony should be evolved.

In the midst of the wars and rumours of wars, the bitter controversies, and the fearful visitations that vex and darken the history of the fourteenth century, a certain man of God—priest and warden in the house of the Teutonic Order at Frankfort—was quietly writing a little book which has received the name of the *German Theology*. It makes one among the many sounds to which that jarring time gave utterance. It was drowned well-nigh by noises loud and rude, but it awoke vibrations then, and may still, in hearts attuned and responsive to such tones. Now that the tumult in which it was awakened has long since grown silent, we can hear it clearly. We discern in it a certain tenuity, almost harshness ; we perceive that it is not quite natural ; other tones are evidently needed to fill the ear—to complete the chord—to rescue it from monotony ; but it is one of the few, one of the best, expressions of the real religious feeling of those days, and we listen to it with pleasure accordingly. For introducing such a book to English readers, in a version excellently rendered, and with a preface which will at once locate them in the times wherein it was written, the accomplished translator has our right hearty thanks.

So our anonymous author was a knight of the Teutonic Order, of all the military orders incomparably the best. Through the greater part of the thirteenth century had these soldier-priests, in their black armour and white mantles, been fighting and labouring—the champions and missionaries of Christendom in the north of Europe. Choosing for their province the sandy wastes and vast morasses of Pomerania, they won the country by their valour ; now advancing, now almost swept away—a handful against swarming myriads—fighting desperate battles on frozen

lakes by moonlight, baptizing heathen by hundreds; and having won their standing ground by prodigies of heroism, kept it by generosity and wisdom. Their pagan converts found truth and justice in them; and, strife once ended, love and tenderness. A line of forts frowned along the Vistula. Lubeck merchants were encouraged to found a flourishing city at its mouth. Marshes were drained with a perseverance and a skill which Europe had not witnessed since the Roman legionaries made the highways of the world, and to which is owing at this day the singular fertility of that part of Prussia. In this region of the Continent alone was to be seen a pleasing monstrosity, a most curious wonder—many a peasant actually well off, unvexed by feudal extortions, the possessor of a little fortune on land which no man could take from him.

But see the signs of an altered time. About the year 1326 comes a missive to the Teutonic Master, from the Pope at Avignon, which must have spoilt the hawking, or disturbed the prayers of the knights that day. Take equal parts of Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Epicure Mammon, adding thereto *quant. suff.* of cant and blasphemy, and you approach towards an idea of this pontiff. Furious with Lewis of Bavaria, for withstanding him so stoutly; and not less so with his former rival, Frederick, for refusing (when urged by his holiness) to commit perjury—this John XXII. hears that Lewis has recently invested his son with the Mark of Brandenburg. His letter to the knights is to bid them allow free passage to the pagan Lithuanians beyond the frontier, that they may waste with fire and sword the possessions of his adversary's heir. Now it was only twenty years ago that the wealthy Templars had fallen with a great fall. The accusers, who had piously gorged themselves with their riches, would soon hunger again. The Teutonic Order must be wary. So the pontiff is obeyed. With groans and muttered curses the knights must stand by, and see the interminable multitude of barbarians moving past, shaggy and bestial, to devastate that smiling land, which had found so long in the Teutonic lances its sole and invincible defence. The Lithuanian savages pillage and torture, burn and slay; they spit infants upon spears; they cut off the breasts of women; they lay churches in ruins; they defile all holy things; they stick the host upon their weapon-points, and jeer that God of the Christians who cannot help himself. Thus does the holy father, who watches over the weal of Christendom, gently admonish his children; and so must the miserable people suffer when he hath a spite against their rulers!.

Beyond a doubt, the author of the *Theologia Germanica* was happier in peaceful, bustling, thriving Frankfort, than he could

have been in the halls of the noble castle-convent at Marienberg. For in the north of Germany the fighting is now over; while in the Rhineland he feels a call to draw, not his carnal, but his spiritual sword. The preface to the Theology indicates thus much. We are there told that this little book 'giveth much precious insight 'into divine truth; and especially teacheth how and whereby we may 'discern the true and upright friends of God from those unrighteous and false freethinkers, who are most hurtful to the Holy 'Church.' There exists, then, a twofold mystical reaction, called forth by the corrupt externalism of the Church of Rome—a mysticism like that of the *Theologia Germanica*, contemplative, speculative, still within the pale of the Church, whose vices it laments—and another, lurid and portentous, fast spreading among down-trodden peasants, turbulent artisans, freedom-loving burgesses—to be found wherever crowded labour fosters combination, or majestic solitude nurtures enthusiasm—growing wild among the keen heights of the Alps—banding men together from the Oberland, all down the populous Rhine, out into fat and grassy Flanders—a mysticism which is often profane, sometimes licentious, always indiscriminate, unsparing, intensely practical, revolutionary, heretical past hope—a pent-up force, which one day will convulse Europe unless some safer outlet be found for it in time.

The *Theologia Germanica* is not polemical; it is an endeavour to set forth, in a somewhat systematic form, the true mysticism, and, in so doing, to exclude the false. It would be read with profit by the devout in religious houses. It would be passed from hand to hand about the country among the scattered 'Friends of God.' It would be listened to by substantial burghers, piously disposed, who sympathised strongly with the patriotic spirit, and the religious liberalism of the mystics, whom it would remind of Tauler's sermons, who would understand some parts, and pray for grace to comprehend the rest. But this grave and gentle voice could not reach the lawless fanatics of the 'Free Spirit.' Mysticism among the more educated listened, for the most part, to such words of warning, and paused at the threshold of pantheism and self-deification. Mysticism among the masses, goaded by wrongs and insults numberless, was in no mood to qualify or distinguish, and rioted unbridled. To the untaught mind the first thought of spiritual freedom, which mysticism gave it, was intoxication. This thought, whether some squalid Franciscan has preached it on a hill-side, or some wandering layman from the Alps, has set it going, or some Bohemian Autolycus has read it out in a fly-sheet from his pedlar's pack, flies everywhere, from lip to lip, exaggerated, distorted, opening a new world to men.

‘What!’ cry the serving-man, and the serf, the wainwright, the cloth-worker, the armourer—haply even the *lanzknecht* and the *jäger*—‘a light within us lighting every man? A grace above law? Our will, then, may become a divine thing. God is everywhere—in all things—in us—not with the priest only. If we realize this we are the sons of God—his Son is begotten in us; it is then he who acts when we think we act?’ So mysticism, pushed to grossest consequences, horrifies its pure-minded authors. They do not mean all they seem to mean, for mysticism speaks strongly, and loves hyperbole. But the common people took the mystics at their word. To the grinding law of priestcraft they oppose its contrary—a convent-plundering, absolute lawlessness. They have been denied what is due to man; they will dreadfully indemnify themselves by seizing what is due to God. Divine truth has been divorced from reason; therefore, irrationality shall be called divine. Has not the letter been slaying them by inches all their days? The spirit shall give them life!

From the commencement of the fourteenth century onward to the schism, the papacy was living on the great victories gained for it in the preceding age. The claims it put forward were, if possible, more arrogant; for France, having the pope in her hands, did not care to check them. The pontiff was a mere tool, and the sharper the edge the better. John XXII. indemnified himself for having to play the spaniel to Philip, by plundering and anathematising Germans and Italians. Avignon, where dwelt Christ’s Vicar, was a sordid sty, a usurer’s den, a place where all things in heaven above and in the earth beneath, were to be bought and sold for so many bags of bezants—where hoary shavelings put youthful debauchery to the blush, and renewed the loathsome vices of Tiberius at Capreae. There lives Petrarch, sighing because of these abominations, and recording them for all time; there, too, Laura, wife and mother, stainless as the snows, in that abyss of pollution. But if the papal court was a scandal to Christendom, what edifying zeal, on the other hand, does the pope display in stimulating the vigilance, and strengthening the hands of the Inquisition! In this way the old heathen plan comes round again; and a throned sinner makes atonement for his own sins by offering human sacrifices. The degradation and the crimes of the papacy made one great argument in the mouth of every mystic, every free-thinking layman, or persecuted heretic. To this source of moral revolt was added another principle of opposition—the spirit of national and political animosity. France and Germany had long been rivals; France and England were natural enemies. Why should England—why

should Germany pay implicit homage to the behests of a voluptuary, who represented, after all, not the Almighty, but Philip of Valois?

Nevertheless, an interdict was still a serious matter, whether for prince or people. There are certain animals, such as the foumart or the musk-rat, which, though not formidable in themselves, the hunter will never willingly provoke, because they emit, when terrified, so intolerable and irremovable a stench. Nothing can be used again which this pestilent air has once defiled, and your rat, in his odiferous aggravation, will spoil a whole wine-cellar in five minutes. Such was the resource of every pope, however personally contemptible or vile. When Lewis meditated an expedition to punish Joanna of Naples, Clement VI. calls on the electors to choose another emperor, and vents upon him some such blast as this: 'May God confound you with the right hand of his 'might; curse you in your going out and your coming in; 'smite you with blindness, with madness; blast you! may the 'wrath of the blessed Peter and Paul burn against you to all 'eternity; may all the world fight against you—all the elements 'war on you; may the earth open and swallow you up quick; 'all the merits of all the saints confound you; may your name 'perish—your children be homeless; may you see them slain 'before your eyes,' &c. &c. Coupled with these Ernulphian execrations, orders go forth, bidding all Christian powers exterminate the offender, releasing his lieges from their obedience, and giving to every turbulent baron or scheming prelate a terrible advantage. Repeatedly is every city, town, and bailiwick which shall remain faithful to its lawful emperor, pronounced excommunicate. In other words, the pope unrolls a sheet of brass, spreads it across the sky, and all the country of the victims is blockaded on the heavenward side. Priests and monks are forbidden to say mass; all the choristers have lost their voices; the organ pipes are mute and choked with dust, and church doors nailed up for long inexorable years. The subjects of the kingdom under bann, who resided in other countries, might be seized, despoiled, and enslaved. The audacious Florentines were excommunicated for muzzling the bandogs of the Inquisition, and pulling down their kennel. Unsuspecting Florentine merchants at Avignon and London were straightway made slaves, and their property confiscated. Even then, strange to say, the hearts of the men of Florence were not softened—they even spake, wrote, and plotted against their spiritual father worse than ever.

Such was still the power of the papacy, but the drawbacks were considerable. The German people, from the prince-elector to the burgomaster, were with their emperor against the Gallican

pontiff. The process of the pope is answered in gallant style by the proclamation of the emperor. He, in camp or palace, municipals in their town halls, issue stringent orders to the clergy that they sing mass as before, despite the bann. Birds that can sing and wont sing shall try starvation—the city casts them out. Miserably must they wander over wintry fields, seeking some kindlier land: not a peasant will yield his straw or offer crust to the creatures of the common enemy. The clergy themselves are divided. Some obey the emperor, and stay; others the pope, and go. Bitter words pass between the two parties. ‘You are traitors,’ say the patriot monks: ‘and you infidels,’ answer the papal ones.

Now, then, there is scope and range as never before, in this general desertion of spiritual functionaries, for all those who rate the outward function below the inward spirit. The authorized service grows scanty, let the unauthorized or half-authorized supply the lack. The religion which is external is narrowed—all but abolished, let the internal take its place. The clergy for the most part have failed the laity, let the laity have religion of their own; let mysticism sit in the seat of formalism. Have those fugitive priests carried God away? Not so; the kingdom of heaven is within us. Come forth then from your cells or your lurking-places, throw off your disguises, return from your wanderings, all ye Waldenses, Beghards, radical Fraticelli, Brethren of the Free Spirit, (so there be love in the freedom,) Friends of God, and Mystics all of you, that do not weep and dream merely, come and comfort these poor people; sow your seed of better doctrine, never was the soil so ready; show them who are their truest friends, visit the sick, strengthen the faint-hearted, shrive the dying; hell-fire glares before their expiring eyes—quench those flames! Tell men that they are not guilty, as they fear, or endangered as they imagine, because the pope is wroth with their emperor; that Christ died for all, and no pontiff’s passion can take away their Saviour; that only they themselves—no fellow-sinner’s hand—can shut against them the door of heaven.

To such an appeal patriotism was not deaf, nor mysticism, nor any other ism of those days, which had in it truth to Father-land, desire for reform, hatred of the pope, or love of God. Honour to every friar who bravely remembered in that hour of superstitious terror that his cowl covered a German head,—that his sandals pressed a German soil! No city offered a more sturdy resistance to the papal claims than Strasburg; no city lay under the bann so long. There the mystics were numerous, the friends of God indefatigable. There John Tauler

preached and wrote and counselled all through the darkest days of curse and pestilence, filling the hearts of the almost adoring populace with comfort and with courage. With him laboured two men, Thomas of Strasburg, an Augustinian, and Ludolph of Saxony, a Carthusian, neither of them properly mystics, but both in influential office and zealous for reform. These three friends wrote and disseminated daring circulars, defying the edicts and denouncing the spirit of the pope, defending the emperor, vindicating the cause of the people, and exhorting all priests and monks to fulfil their functions as though this bolt of interdict had never left the forge. Afterwards they got into trouble for their bold words, and in the thoughtless revulsion of joy after so many calamities, their services seemed to be forgotten by those who should have best remembered them. But the fidelity of the mystical and anti-papal party in the church during that awful crisis produced a sympathy in Strasburg with the more free and spiritual religious development never wholly lost, and bequeathed some elements of truth which lived through succeeding generations to hail the Reformation.

What has now been said will suffice to indicate one great vantage ground of the reaction against ecclesiastical corruptions, and to show how space was opened for the subjective as opposed to the objective religionism. But without some survey, however rapid, of the reformatory and heretical elements at work in the fourteenth century, it will be impossible to understand the true position of the *Théologie Germanica*—what the form of mysticism it represents could accomplish, and what it could not.

There still survive, scattered abroad, principally in the Oberland, descendants, lineal and spiritual, of the Waldenses. The memory of martyred grandsires and the bitterness of present wrong has, however, darkened the religion of some of them with fanaticism. There are Balfours of Burley in their number. Isolation makes others erratic and visionary. They see portents of coming judgment, they utter rhapsodical prophecies. Wherever they dare to speak, the Church of Rome is depicted in its true colours.

The Waldenses maintained a friendly intercourse with the 'Friends of God.' Such was the title by which those were known who wrought towards a common aim—the promotion of a more spiritual devotion among priests and people. This secret union, without regulations of formal organization, seeking strength by occasional concert, embraced all classes, monks and merchants, abbesses and artisans. With them the once impassable gulf which parted the poor laic from the heaven-bestowing priest was known no more. Tauler himself traced the awakening of his true

spiritual life to the teaching of a layman. But the religion of these men—among the best of their time—was darkened by an unnatural asceticism. Neither was mysticism even among them without its sensuous extravagances. With but few exceptions—among whom Tauler stands illustrious—they sought or cherished, with the enthusiast's fondness, special revelations, ecstasy, and vision.

Then there are to be seen a class known variously as Fratricelli, Minorites, Spirituales,—dispersed through the south of France, and most numerous in Italy. These are dissidents driven off from the Franciscan order by papal decisions—men who will rather suffer as heretics than relax the severity of their rule. Some of them, under the wing of the emperor, wield trenchant pens against the pope. With all, the strict rule of Francis, with its two virtues, poverty and almsgiving, makes up the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They alone, they say, are the true church; that of Rome is the 'meretrix magna,' and Pope John the mystical anti-christ. They place charity above the mass, they protest against many a crying evil, but they themselves see Christ too much through St. Francis, and attempt, with self-denying perverseness, a literal imitation of His life who had not where to lay His head.

These monks, the radicals of monasticism, fraternize more or less with the Beghards, called also Lollards and Brethren of the Free Spirit. The word Beghard is a vague and general term, convenient for Dominican persecutors, embracing every variety of divergence, from harmless communities, orthodox enough, and even sheltered by the popes, to errant and arrant scoundrels whose 'Free Spirit' gave the rein to every evil passion. They are to be found in greatest numbers at Cologne, where Eckart preached. Very many of them appear to have carried his daring mysticism to its worst practical consequence. The soul, they would say, is a part of God—a particle of the universal—did once exist in him; this union must be restored; to be persuaded of this oneness with God is to possess it; then every impulse is divine; whatever we will and please is of God; whatever restrains or hinders of the devil. The grace of God which Eckart proclaimed gives man not so much Godliness as Godhead. This arrogant doctrine of identity might leave its original preacher with a moral character unstained. Not so with his motley crowd of half-taught, of ignorant, of unscrupulous hearers. What was with him a philosophical principle, became with many of them a plea for sin.

This Master Eckart is a personage of importance. He it is who wrought up the floating ideas of pantheistic mysticism into a system which anticipated modern German speculation, and has

won the praise of Hegel. Consider his position—a speculative; austere man—a Cato in cap and gown, scholar, and afterwards teacher at that intellectual focus of Christendom, the University of Paris. He asks deep questions, and receives superficial answers. Doctors stare, with that amazed expression you see in the faces of owls nailed to barn-doors, at this young man who is not satisfied with their replies. The spiritual beadle of those days—French and German Bumbles—are disgusted with this hungry Oliver daring to ask for more. ‘How does man return to God,’ he asks, ‘and how may I be sure of it if I have returned thither?’ Says Holy Mother—‘Pray accept this wafer; here alone is your ‘certainty—in my sacraments; here, too, I have whipecord, peas ‘of sin-expelling hardness and excruciating rotundity; moreover, ‘some of the back-hair of St. Wyggifrite, one of the poultices of ‘St. Menneboyle, a brush full of cherubs’ down that fell down ‘from heaven on the eve of St. Curlicue;—if not inclined to pur- ‘chase any of these articles to-day, you should at least give ‘something at once to Canon Heavystern’s Arm-Chair Founda- ‘tion for the relief of decayed bishops;—but, stay; there are some ‘tramps down stairs, just come off a journey—their feet in fine ‘condition, let me ring for the hot water—you can do your soul’s ‘washing and theirs at the same time.’ Declined, with thanks. Neither is scholasticism, accomplished dialectician though he be, altogether to his taste. To spend his days in disputing questions like those which Charles Lamb has caricatured so happily—‘Whether the higher order of Seraphim Illuminati ever *sneer*?’ ‘Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would*?—that is impossible for Eckart. But he catches, through Erigena and Augustine, some dim glimpses of that ‘mighty priest,’ Plato, as he calls him. Certain current notions, too, set running on the glib intrepid tongues of wild students by a heretic, one David of Dinanto, seem to hint at some escape. He hears it said, ‘Certainty we must have—that ‘assurance of our true religiousness cannot be given by priestly ‘form—if not without, it must be within—all then depends simply ‘on this, that we be ourselves convinced of God within us.’ A grand truth, rightly understood. Eckart hails it, but what hay and stubble does he stack on this foundation! This antagonism knows not where to stop, and leaps from theism to pantheism, from despotism to anarchy.

A rebound so violent was not justifiable, not necessary; but for a bold and independent thinker in those days of corruption very difficult to avoid. There was a middle ground between those desperate extremes of servility and arrogance. In the Scriptures Eckart would have found that outer light which nourishes and

directs the inner—that common truth which, while it meets the deepest wants of the individual, yet links him in wholesome fellowship with others. That biblical region, however, could scarcely be called a thoroughfare at that time, so overgrown was it by the tangled jungle of scholastic and of mystical misinterpretation. Eckart, hearing only bell-ringing and paternosters, turns disdainfully away, wraps himself in majestic isolation, and regards almost everything positive in the Church doctrine and Church usage about him as a kind of acted allegory—the symbolic presentation of his own mental processes.

His results are somewhat as follows. God is Thought—the living essential Reason. There is in man a divine and uncreated principle—Thought also. The universe is a divine evolution, necessary, eternal, (what Hegel calls the *Anderseyn* of God), in the culminating point whereof, man's reason, God realizes himself. The Word, or Son, represents this self-development of God outwards; the Holy Spirit represents the return of the creature to God, that is, of God to himself, inwards—the Hegelian *Anhebung der Gegensätze*. Thus the process of the Trinity repeats itself in the mind of every enlightened man, and Christ is to him the representative of his own sense of sonship—of his consciousness that God incarnates himself in him.

Like the *Theologia Germanica*, Eckart enjoins total abandonment, disinterestedness, the death of the Ego. But these denunciations of Self are not always so seemly and healthful as they sound. With the author of the *Theologia Germanica* they have a moral significance, no doubt, and are so far sound, but they are too unqualified and vague even with him. With Eckart these injunctions to mortification of the flesh and to unselfishness, have a sense more metaphysical than moral, and the former, with all its mischief, is not wholly excluded even from the German Theology. It is at this point that the baneful nature of the Neoplatonist ideas wrought into Christian doctrine become apparent. 'Annihilate Self,' cries Eckart. So far we say, Amen. But inquire more narrowly, and you find that the mystics (in proportion to their Platonism), mean more or less some such injunction as this—'Destroy everything creaturely, particular, 'individual, in you; everything that belongs to the manifold, 'the imperfect; all that is not God in you, but sets you apart 'as a creature here in time made by God; abandon hope and 'fear; attain to absolute indifference, a sublime apathy which 'is above particular desires and petitions, above human dis- 'tinctions and modes of thought—thus will you emancipate 'that spark (*Funklein*), that principle in you which is God,— 'you then become divine, you are above grace and its means,

'above ordinance and law, for the fountain head of all springs 'up within you ; what you now will and do, having realized this 'identity, God wills and does—He has taken the place of yourself 'within you—God, strange to say, rids you of God, for the God 'without us—the phantom, the revealed, and therefore the limited, 'is superseded by the Infinite, the Unutterable, the All, in which 'you are absorbed.'

It is obvious that the man who professedly destroys Self this way destroys only the just limitations of Self, till nothing but a lawless Autoocratic Egotism, rising to Egotheism, is left behind. The outer light tells us, and the inner light ought to tell us too, that man's great aim shall be, not to cease from creatureliness, but to cease from sin. That view of sin is grievously superficial which thus identifies it with the natural limitation of our faculties—with our finite personality in fact. Even the *Theologia Germanica*, however, betrays the influence of this misconception in its unnatural intolerance of the *Me* and of the *Mine*.

The doctrine of Eckart, in its philosophical shape, could not be popular, but the floating notions from which it was partly elaborated were so ; and so likewise were some of its results, packed in portable phrases, with practical corollaries, on which the rigid abstract preacher, unhappily, did not reckon. Those terse, mysterious, startling sentences in which he was wont to couch what meaning he had, became the proverbs of pantheism, the watchwords of licence. Welcome they were to miserable turbulent men, vexed and vexing ; to vagabond Beghards, to lazy craftsmen, to sturdy religious beggars (for whom the cant of the new spiritualism was a godsend), to hedge-parsons, and to outlaws—to all who sought fanatical excuse for fanatical revenge, to all who could hear with delight that they fulfilled the law of God by breaking the laws of man, and would restrain the freedom of the spirit by bridling the excesses of a passion.

Hence a phenomenon, common in those days, visible too in our own wherever pantheism has been popularized—inspired Blackguardism—rascality deliberately worshipping itself. This summary religion assumed a variety of shapes, depicted for us by the sorrowing hand of a Flemish mystic, Ruysbroek, Prior of Grünthal. Some were Quietists—not of the ethereal Fénélon school—imagine it not for a moment ; their Quietism was low and lubberly—the Quietism of every boor who loves better to snore than to labour. 'God,' they would say, 'is in himself absolute repose ; our essence is one with his ; we, therefore, will repose likewise ;' pleasanter than hewing wood and drawing water. 'He is above knowledge and action ; in ignorance, therefore, and inaction we are one with Him. In Him are no distinctions,

'we therefore will make none ;' none, perhaps, between *meum* and *tuum*. Others are rough undeveloped Fichtes in mediæval doublet and hose. Unhappy idealists ! could they but have waited for our enlightened times, and enjoyed a University education, they might have been professors. They declare that their own minds make the universe ; they and God together (God being a large expression for man's subjectivity) make the world what it is. They even add that if they had not chosen, they need not have been created at all. Why so impatient then ? How foolish to drop into that century rather than this ! A third class take up the Romish idea of the superiority of contemplation to active life. They maintain that they are as much incarnations of God as Christ was, yea more, for they being contemplatists live a life above his, and find in him a kind of preliminary help whereby they rise above him to a perfection which he would have attained had he lived long enough ! Why cry out in horror at these poor creatures ? Has not Rome always talked in this style ? If certain doctrines of ours, she says, were not expressly delivered by Christ and his Apostles, they meant them, or ought to have meant them, and would certainly have promulgated them, had their lives been prolonged like Methuselal's, to support us through the dark ages. A fourth species, rejecting, like the rest, the common doctrines, did not so much as attempt a substitute, and were content with universal scepticism, retaining belief in one fact alone, that they themselves had five senses, craving present gratification.

Good Ruysbroek is not unnaturally scandalised at the ominous caricature of mysticism exhibited by many of these enthusiasts. He too believes in the inward light, in a union with God,—which he has so described in his obscure and turgid language as almost to obliterate the distinction between finite and infinite, and to declare the identity of the seer and the seen, the divine Object and the human subject. But then this absorption in Deity, this liquefaction in God, this ecstasy, as the mystics call it, is with him the gift of grace. But here were men proclaiming their identity with the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Spirit, without any previous discipline, without wrestling prayer, self-mortification, or use of means, simply by virtue of some fancied power inherent in human nature. Their worship was begotten of self-will, not from the will of God. But here the best of the mystics cannot stand free from blame. In the sermons of Tauler and in the German Theology those who would be perfect are exhorted to strive towards a state so exalted that it transcends all Christian virtues and means of grace, as the end transcends the means. At that climax of contemplation—the promised land of

every mystic from Dionysius downwards, all human distinctions, images, modes of thought, reasonings, memories, are left below. This state is above knowledge, above emotion, above action; the thick darkness of a holy ignorance enwraps the soul, blinded by excess of light,—it rests—it slumbers—it swoons in God. The perfect absence of all ideas, of all desire, of all working, assimilates the soul (by reducing it to its crude quintessence) to the Supreme Divine Essence, the serene abstraction, the everlasting Now, and blends it (as Tauler says) ‘with the All-moving Immobility.’ The true poverty of spirit, he commands involves not only self-denial, bodily mortifications and temporal poverty, but that we should be poor—even destitute in what is really proper to us as creatures here on earth, in what constitutes our personality. Here it is impossible not to perceive the influence of Platonism—the revival of the old ethinic principle which regarded virtue less for its own sake than as an instrument whereby the soaring sage might transcend ordinary humanity.

These high-flown doctrines run through the sermons of Tauler along with much that is plain, practical, and godly. Scarcely can the poor lay folk understand them, though they listen open-mouthed. Mysticism cannot be fairly translated from Tauler’s mind to theirs. One unintelligible phrase is explained by another as mysterious in its way; metaphor follows metaphor;—since mysticism, though it rejects all symbols in its aim, is compelled to use them incessantly for its expression. It labours to find language, and when it has heaped a Pelion of words upon an Ossa, its utterance is to the reality, says Tauler, only ‘as a needle’s point to all the cope of heaven.’ Its explanations resemble those with which Andrew Fairservice perplexes Frank Osbaldestone. ‘The folk in Lunnon are a’ clean wud about this bit job in the north here.’ ‘Clean wood! What’s that?’ ‘Ou, just real daft—neither to haud nor to bind—a’ hirdy-girdy—clean through ither—the deil’s ower Jock Wabster.’

But suppose one of the hearers *half* understands the mystical preacher—and such will be somewhat numerous. He is set a-thinking, much in this style, most probably: ‘So, the finest ‘thing of all is this mystical ignorance; the more distinct a ‘notion is, or the more lively any imagination I have, the more ‘untrue it is, seemingly, because it is partial. No means or school-‘knowledge are of the least use in this state of immediate commun-‘ication. Then I am better off than I thought I was. Thank ‘heaven! I haven’t a distinct idea in my head. I never could ‘think for five minutes together. The perfection of ignorance is ‘mine already. How much easier for me than for a learned master ‘to abstain from discursive acts, as they call them, and intellectual

‘operations. He has to unload—I am as empty now as yonder old cart. Why take in only to take out? Why use means only to get beyond means? Why not do at first, better and more easily, what must be done at last?’ Nor would this be altogether a conscious *reductio ad absurdum*, though it looks to us like it. It is just in this way that your philosophical abstractions are travestied when brought in contact with the popular mind.

It must be remembered that the varieties of religious extravagance we have described would naturally combine in different proportions with the elements of political disturbance so rife in the fourteenth century. In France, devastated by civil strife, by invasion, by the marauding black bands, the enthusiasm of the Pastoreaux, the brief and bloody outbreak of the Jacquerie, indicate what lay beneath the surface. During the following century, Hans Boheim of Niklashausen, is the precursor of the great Peasant War, which threatened so severe a shock to the Reformation. This united reaction against the spiritual and the social oppression was capable of terrible things; a fire-breathing Enceladus, crushed but unquenched. Mysticism contributed to fan the flame by setting men free from the letter, without any sufficiently intelligible guide for the spirit. The Reformation came in as mediator, reconciled the claims of the inward and the outward in religion; met the real want of one extreme while it exposed the mischief of the other, and quenched the torch of the incendiary while lighting the lamp of truth.

We have seen how Eckart’s colourless metaphysical abstractions, dazzling and cold, became foul and swart in common hands, as the Moslems say their Kaaba stone, once a shining crystal fresh from Gabriel’s hand, has grown black by the touches and by the sins of innumerable believers. During the first half of the fourteenth century, the two great exaggerations of the subjective and the objective stand frowning at each other. Man seems destined to oppose one monstrosity by another, and always missing the mean in his first attempt, to hurry furious from one evil to its opposite. So what is won upon the one hand is lost upon the other. A Highlander, when, benighted on a moor, he hastened toward the light thrown out by a decayed cod’s head, and, stooping down to warm his hands at the phosphorescence, felt the shrewd wind whistling about his hind quarters, is said to have exclaimed, ‘What I gain afore I lose ahint.’ Let philosophic ingenuity discover unfathomable depth in his complaint: has it not been everywhere the cry of disappointed humanity? There must be religious authority somewhere—an outward coherence—a binding power of some sort. But the priesthood, professing to perform this useful service, soon constituted themselves the end and not the means.

Christianity was to exist for them, not they for Christianity. Lord Foppington tells his jeweller that his shoe-buckles are rather of the smallest. 'They could not be larger,' says the man of business, 'to keep on your lordship's shoe.' 'My good 'sir,' rejoins the lord, 'you forget that these matters are not as 'they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of 'machine; intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now 'quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use but to keep on 'the buckle.' The papal system was all buckle—enormous, bejewelled, resplendent; the shoe in holes. So extreme opposition will abolish, not reduce them; and religion goes slipshod; her footing is precarious; yea, some, as we have seen, prefer going even shoeless, through thickest mire.

The *Theologia Germanica* occupies a place between the fervid zone of this destructive speculation, or this levelling fanaticism, and the arctic circle of frozen formalism. It exhibits mysticism shrinking from the consequences drawn from her own doctrines. It would check the impulse given to wild subjectivity, but is itself too subjective to do so with much success. It cannot harmonize the opposite terms of the antithesis, for lack of the due proportion of the scriptural element. It can only say and unsay, and, with a wise inconsistency, contradict itself from time to time. This vacillation is still more apparent in the sermons of Tauler. Of the doctrine contained in those extraordinary discourses the *Theologia Germanica* is virtually a summary. Luther, writing to Spalatin, and praising Tauler's theology, sends with his letter what he calls an epitome thereof (cujus totius velut epitomen ecce hic tibi mitto),—beyond question his edition of the *Theologia Germanica*, which came out that year.* Both Tauler and the author of the German Theology urge man in express terms to escape as far as possible from all that distinguishes him as a creature,—as a part of the manifold distinct from the one, from all otherness (*Anderheit*), and so to become nothing, that, by ceasing from the human, they may transcend it—grow empty, passive, motionless, till nothing but God shall live and move in them, so that Deity may, as it were, take the place of their soul, and rather be substituted for, than renew it. This is the deification—the transformation in God which is the goal of mysticism. But seeing the gulf of pantheism yawning near, and God and man all but confounded, the practical Tauler draws back; our devout author corrects himself, and men are reminded that Egotheism is a false light, that the finite cannot be identical with the infinite, that we must submit to the limitations of

* Luther, Epp., *De Wette*, No. xxv.

our nature here. The negations of this mysticism are stringent and sweeping, its positive element is so ill-defined as to vary with the temperament of every individual. Thus, instead of really escaping from himself, the mystic is most frequently at the mercy of the merest accidents and appendages of himself—of what is eminently *particular and personal*—namely, the shifting frames and feelings of the hour. The work of Christ in us overbalances unduly the work of Christ for us. The external ground of hope is not sufficiently clear, and the subjective religionist fluctuates with the tide of feeling—soars heaven-high to-day, and drops to the abysses to-morrow. When the precepts of the *Via Negativa*—that highway of mysticism—have been obeyed, little but a blank remains. At the highest stage, ‘above reason and above grace,’ everything earthly, everything finite, all affirmations, all distinctions, all means and modes of divine communication, all operations of intellect, stirrings of hope or fear, are transcended; the Immediate—the Essential takes their place; and, wordless, imageless, motionless, desirless, the soul loses itself in the Divine Serene!

Now the Scriptures, fairly interpreted, would have imposed the needful check on these unnatural aspirations, would have directed this religious energy to a proper and profitable channel. But the *Theologia Germanica* starts with a most curiously Platonic misinterpretation of Paul’s language; and as to Tauler, all the Scripture worthies are mystics with him, and many a Scripture narrative a fanciful allegory of mystical experience. The Reformers, by disseminating the Scriptures, along with principles of interpretation generally sound, furnished a guide and even a protection for the inner light, which mysticism could not supply. They did, as it were, enclose in a glass the precious flame; it was bright as ever, but not, as before, blown about, and sometimes well-nigh extinguished, by the fitful gusts of feeling. Mysticism nurtured genuine religion in a certain class of devout minds, despite its two fundamental errors—the strain after superhuman elevation, and the tendency to identify particular impulses as special movements of the spirit. But beyond that circle it was almost powerless, except as largely mingled with philosophical or political elements really foreign to its own nature. By far the larger proportion of its votaries withdrew from the world altogether. Uncorrected by contact with the actual world, by benevolent—even belligerent toils and cares, such as those to which Tauler so nobly gave himself, it became effeminate and visionary. Tauler and the German Theology stand almost alone in their rejection of the vision and the dream, the miraculous sights and tastes and odours in which the grosser and more sensuous mysticism rejoices. Too subtle and impalpable for ordinary appre-

hension, mysticism was only appropriated by the people in proportion as it was misunderstood. Its message was, after all, rather for the few than the many,—a direction to a kind of perfectness for which the multitude could not care. What use they made of the syllables they caught and put a meaning to, we have already seen.

Such, then, were the weaknesses, such the dangers of German mysticism. But let us not fail to recognise the measure of its strength, or deny its services, in pointing out their limit. For the vanity and vexation of the brain in the schools of men it substituted the education of the heart in the school of Christ. It pronounced knowledge without love a shame, and not a glory. It set man face to face with God without the priest between. Wherever Christ was, there it found its church; and in whomsoever dwelt the Spirit of Christ, there it saw a priest and king. If it did not always repudiate the cloister and the mass, the vows of the ascetic, and the office of the priest, it struck at the root of all their superstition when it pronounced them valueless, save as transitory means for the nurture of a life hidden with Christ in God. It deprived man of all glory in the sight of heaven. Its first step was to unbuild and desolate all works of self, laying waste as with consuming fire all merit and all righteousness of ours. It surmised already—in later days it ventured to declare, that such a process was a purgatory more real than that the priest had kindled beyond the grave. It aroused the German nationality against the all-absorbing claim of central Rome, while it offered its prayers, preached its sermons, and wrote its books in the German tongue.

Mysticism could not achieve the Reformation, not because it did not go far enough, but because it went too far. Its recklessly consistent disciples were rather the outrunners than the forerunners of the true reform. The moderate mystics, it is true, stopped short of a breach with Rome. We see them represented by Gerson, in the fifteenth century, hoping everything from an internal reform, to be effected by councils at Constance or at Basle. But this religion of the spirit, apart from the letter, could neither attract nor control men generally with sufficient force. On the one side, its seraphico-ascetic ideal was too refined for ordinary sympathies. It was not that sober, homely, happy religion, which stood revealed to every-day folk in Luther's German Bible. On the other, it could oppose to speculative or antinomian extravagance no steady authoritative check. Its law and testimony gave but vague and variable verdict, for the only appeal lay either to an amount of right moral discernment, already in the individual, or to the social opinion of a religious

coterie. Beyond such circles every ardent votary of the inward light was a law unto himself. Vainly to such a man does some more moderate and less consistent mystic counsel moderation. 'Is not my light,' he will answer, 'as good as yours? The external is nothing, the internal all. You are external to me; I listen, therefore, not to you, but to myself only.' And these men with one idea are so numerous, so intense, so terribly in earnest, so dangerously practical. At this rate there will come a struggle for life and death between corrupt Christian theism and the revolutionary pantheism of self-deification. Justly, therefore, does Melanethon remark, that the Reformation, coming in and giving men the Scriptural light and guidance it did, rescued Europe from a conflict in which the success of either party had been ruin.*

But let it not be thought that the ambition of men to become as gods was extinguished, however put in abeyance by the Reformation. In Berlin, in London, in German America, brethren of the Free Spirit abound at this day—men who know no God but their own will—nothing diviner than their instincts, higher or lower. Behold in them the fruits of a religion all spirit, and no letter. Those who are tempted now-a-days to fall in love with mysticism, should remember that these are its results—that it becomes thus corrupt from no external causes merely, but from the defect inherent in its own nature; only as it grows corrupt does it become apprehensible to the many. Now a religion which must, for the vast majority, become mischievous before it becomes visible, cannot be the true one. The popular Christianity of our religious world may have its prejudices, its faults, its follies, but to denounce and abandon it therefore, referring men to the glimmerings of a certain inward sentiment instead, will not be to do the work of the reformer. Men may fondly imagine that they can loosen the sanctions which invest revelation, infringe on what is objective and historic in Christianity, and, after all, restrain at pleasure that arbitrary self-will, and those vain imaginations, which they have released from a benign and legitimate control. The voice of history is loud and emphatic—'You cannot, dreamers!'

The estimate to be formed of the mystics who lived before the Reformation differs widely, indeed, from that which is due to those who appeared after it. Previous to the Reformation, there was, on the whole, a larger amount of truth with the mystics than

* Speaking apparently of the anti-christian elements at work prior to the Reformation, he says, 'Dogmatum semina, quæ longe graviora tumultus aliquando excitatura fuerant, nisi Lutherus exortus esset ac studia hominum alio traxisset.'—Neander's *Life of Christ*. (Preface to 3rd edition.)

with any other party in the Romish Church. They were, in reality, men of progress, and belonged to the onward element in their day and generation. For reform of some sort many of them laboured—all of them sighed. They protested against the corruptions of religion. Many an Angean stable would they have cleansed, could they but have found their Hercules.

When Luther comes with his doctrine of justification by faith, and his announcement that the *Scriptures* are the sole and sufficient standard of Christian truth, a great change takes place. Mystics of the more thoughtful, rightly earnest sort, are among the first to embrace the new doctrines. Here they have the guide they longed for—here they find what mysticism could never give. They are, some of them, like Justin Martyr, who waited long among the schools of the Platonists for their promised immediate intuition of Deity, and then discovered among Christians that God was to be known in another way far better—through the medium of his written Word, by the teaching of his Spirit. But those who, when a fuller light came, refused to quit for its lustre that dull and flickering torch, about which men had gathered for lack of anything brighter, such were given over to the veriest absurdity, or speedily consigned to utter forgetfulness. By the mystic in the fourteenth century, the way of the Reformation was in part prepared; by the mystic of the sixteenth century it was hindered and imperilled. In that great ship of the state ecclesiastic, which all true hearts and hands in those troublous times were concerned to work to their very best, a new code of regulations had been issued. Such rule came in with Luther. Now some of those who would have been among the very best sailors under the old *régime* proved useless, or worse than useless, under the new. One set of them were insolent and mutinous—had a way of reviling the captain in strange gibberish—and a most insane tendency to look into the powder-room with a light. Another class lay about useless, till having been tumbled over many times by their more active comrades, they got kicked into corners, whence they were never to emerge. So fared it with mysticism, attempting to persist in existence when its work for that time was done. The mystic so situated was either a caricature of reform or a cipher, either a fanatical firebrand or an unheeded negation.

We need not go far for examples. Dr. Bodenstein of Carlstadt (best known as simple Carlstadt) is professor at Wittenberg, and a thorough reformed. He is a little, swarthy, sunburnt man, crotchety to the last degree. He follows his intuitions—now this whim, now that—right to-day, wrong to-morrow—a man whom you never know where to find. He must spring to his conclusion at once; he will not first pause for satisfying reasons,

for clear ideas on the various bearings of his thought or deed. So his life is a series of starts; his actions isolated and spasmodic, unlinked, unharmonized by any thoughtful plan or principle. Of such materials is commonly made your practical, active mystic.

But Carlstadt is a man of books as well as of action. He writes books, repeating the doctrines of Tauler and the German Theology, all about abandonment, and not seeing God or enjoying Him more in this than in that event or employment; about the sin of enjoying ordinances and media, rather than God immediately; about the blessed self-loss in the One; about the reduction of ourselves to nothing. Ah, Dr. Bodenstein, thou mayest write for ever that way, and no one now will read! Men have left all this behind. A ripe full vintage invites their thirst; thine acrid and ascetic grape is now deserted. Gladly do they, for the most part, exchange the refined and impracticable requirements of mysticism, its vagueness, its incessant prohibition, for the genial, simple truth of that German New Testament which Luther is giving them.

At the juncture of which we are about to speak, Luther lay hidden in the Wartburg. In the small town of Zwickau, in the Erzgebirge, there arose a knot of enthusiasts for whom Luther did not go half far enough. There was Storch, a weaver, to whom Gabriel had made very wonderful communications one night; another weaver named Thomas, and a student, Stübner, who had forsaken the toil of study for the easier method of supernatural illumination. To these should be added the more notorious Thomas Müntzer, who has been erroneously regarded as the founder of the party. 'Why such slavish reverence for what the Bible says?' cry these mystics. 'What is a mere book?' (with a silliness here equal to that of Mr. Francis Newman). 'Have we not immediate voices, impulses, revelations from the Holy Spirit, dictating all we should do? Better this than your Bible reading and college work.' Then, next, they prophesy terrible woes and judgments to come on Christendom, mainly through the Turks; they themselves, perhaps, in fitting time, may draw the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and win the land for the saints.

These worthies were put down by the magistrates of Zwickau. Shaking off the Zwickau dust against their enemies, several of them seek a 'larger sphere of usefulness' in Wittenberg. They found the city already in no small excitement concerning certain reforms which Carlstadt was making at full speed. He fraternizes with the Zwickau prophets at once. Indeed, he had been heard to say of the whole body of Scripture what divines were accustomed to say of the law only, that it was a 'killing letter, leading to nothing more than a sense of guilt and deserved con-

demnation. Faster and faster come his changes, so well meant, but so ill-advised. With a few strokes he abolishes auricular confession, makes it incumbent to violate the fast days, and renders it customary to come to the sacrament without preparation. Next an iconoclast riot is raised. Carlstadt declares that the magistrates have power to render criminal those observances which the popular voice declares contrary to the word of God; that if they refuse, the community may take the law into its own hands.

A scholar like Carlstadt, a professor of many years' standing, surrenders at last to the vulgar error of the very coarsest mysticism. He advises his students to go home; human learning is vain; Hebrew and Greek an idle toil; inspiration is far above scholarship. Were there not prophets among them, wiser than all the doctors, who had never studied anything or anywhere for half an hour? He himself went about among the poor people, asking them the meaning of Scripture passages, and believing that the hap-hazard notions they put forth were a special revelation from Him who hideth from the wise and prudent what is revealed unto babes. Imagine the professor bawling a text into the ear of some deaf old crone who cowers beside the stove, and awaiting the irrelevant mumblings of ignorant decrepitude as the oracle of God. Fancy him accosting the shoemaker at his stall, and getting his notion of the text in question, noting it down as infallible, and going his way rejoicing; while Crispin, who knows him, thinks over and over again what a far cleverer answer he might have given, and wishes unsaid what Carlstadt believes inspired!

Is there no one in Wittenberg to unmask these follies, and to quiet the smouldering excitement dangerously spreading among townspeople and students? Melanethon is young. The loud browbeating volubility of the prophets overpowers his gentle nature. He is candid—he fancies he sees some force in what they say about baptism. He is timid—he will do nothing.

Friends write to Luther. Back comes an answer from a man who sees to the heart of the matter in a moment—a standing confutation of the mystics' ambition, in three sentences. Thus replies Luther—‘Do you wish to know the place, the time, the manner in which God holds converse with men? Hear then—‘As a lion so hath he crushed all my bones;’ and again, ‘I am cast out from before thy face;’ and again, ‘My soul is filled with plagues, and my life draweth nigh unto the gates of hell.’ The Divine Majesty does not speak to men immediately, as they call it, so that they have vision of God, for He saith, ‘No flesh shall

see me and live.' Human nature could not survive the least syllable of the Divine utterance. So God addresses man through men, because we could not endure his speaking to us without medium.*

And the mystics could not say (as mystics so commonly plead) that Luther was a man unable, from defective experience, to understand them. If any man had sounded the depths of the soul's 'dim and perilous way,' it was he. Nay, it is for him to question *their* experience. 'Inquire,' he says, to Melancthon, 'if they know aught of those spiritual distresses, those divine 'births, and deaths, and sorrows, as of hell.'†

Luther receives day by day more alarming intelligence. He fears the spread of false doctrine—insurrection in the name of reform. He is anxious lest the elector should persecute the new lights—a step which the fat, amiable, children-with-sugar-plums-feeding Frederick, was not very likely to take. He forms the heroic resolve of quitting his refuge, and suddenly reappears in Wittenberg. He preaches sermons marvellous for moderation and wisdom—sermons which accomplish what is so hard, the calming of heated passion, the reconciliation of adversaries. At his voice Violence and Tumult slink away—their hounds still in the leash; and Charity descends, waving her wand of peace, and shedding the light of her heavenly* smile on every face. So triumphs Religion over Fanaticism.

Finally, Luther was called on to hold a discussion with two of the prophets, Stübner, and one Cellarius, a schoolmaster. The latter, when called upon by Luther to substantiate his positions from the Scripture, stamps, strikes the table with his fist, and declares it an insult to speak so to a man of God. Luther, at last, seeing this man foaming, roaring, leaping about like one possessed, comes to believe that there is a spirit in these men—but an unclean one from beneath. He cries out finally after his homely fashion, 'I smack that spirit of yours upon the snout.' Howls of indignation from the Zwickauer side—universal confusion—dissolution of assembly. The prophets after this find themselves moved to quit Wittenberg without delay—their occupation gone. Let prosaic or sceptical folk regard this discussion as they may, to those who look beneath the surface, it is manifest that there really was a conflict of spirits going on then and there—the unclean spirit of Arrogance and Misrule quailing before that of Truth and Soberness.

* Ep. De Wette, No. 358, Jan. 13, 1522.

† Num experti sint spirituales illas angustias et nativitates divinas, mortes, infernique.

Carlstadt and his allies of Zwickau exhibit mysticism rampant, making reformation look questionable. A very fair representative of the other class of mystic is found in Sebastian Frank. This man, born at the close of the fifteenth century, seems to have lived a wandering life in different parts of Germany (often brought into trouble by his doctrines probably) for some forty or fifty years. He was early enamoured of the German theology, the writings of Tauler, the remains which Eckart had handed down. The leading principles contained in the books he regarded with such veneration, he elaborated into a system of his own. Starting with the doctrine of the *Theologia Germanica* that God is the *substans* of all things, he pushes it to the verge of a dreamy pantheism—nay, even beyond that uncertain frontier. He conceives of a kind of divine life-process (*Lebens-prozess*) through which the universe has to pass. This process, like the Hegelian, is threefold. *First*, the divine substance, the abstract unity which produces all existence. *Second*, said substance appears as an opposite to itself—makes itself object. *Third*, the absorption of this opposition and antithesis—the consummate realization whereof takes place in the consciousness of man when restored to the supreme unity and rendered in a sense divine. These unintelligibilities are an anticipation certainly—as was Eckart himself—of modern German speculation.

Yet shall we say on this account that Sebastian Frank was before his age or behind it? The latter unquestionably. He stood up in defence of obsolescent error against a truth that was blessing mankind. He must stand condemned, on the sole ground of judgment we modern judges care to take, as one of the obstructives of his day who put forth what strength he had to roll back the climbing wheel of truth. We pardon Tauler's allegorical interpretations—those freaks of fancy, so subtle, so inexhaustible, so curiously irrelevant in one sense, yet so sagaciously brought home in another—we assent to Melanethon's verdict, who calls him the German Origen; but we remember that every one in his times interpreted the Bible in that arbitrary style. The Reformers, aided by the revival of letters, were successful in introducing those principles of interpretation with which we are ourselves familiar—what is technically termed the grammatico-historical system of hermeneutics, as opposed to the caprice of allegory. But for this correct method of exegesis the benign influence of the Scriptures themselves had been all but nullified, for any one might have found in them what he would. But against this good thing, second only to the Word itself, Sebastian Frank stands up to fight in defence of arbitrary fancy

with such strength as he may. So has mysticism, once so eager to press on, grown childishly conservative; and is cast out straightway. Luther said he had written nothing against Frank, he despised him so thoroughly. 'Unless my scent deceive me,' says the reformer, 'the man is an enthusiast or spiritualist ('Geisterer), for whom nothing will do but spirit! spirit!—and 'not a word of Scripture, sacrament, or ministry.'

So Frank, contending for the painted dreams of night against the realities of day—for fantasy against soberness—and falling, necessarily, in the fight, has been curtained over in his sleep by the profoundest darkness. Scarcely does any one care to resuscite from their oblivion even the names of his many books;—what is his *Golden Ark*, or *Seven-Sealed Book*, or collection of most extravagant interpretations, called *Paradoxa*, to any human creature?

For a chronicle he left behind the historian has sometimes to thank him. He had a near-sighted mind. Action immediately about him he could limn truly. But he had not the comprehensiveness to see whither the age was tending.

We might multiply instances of either class, but what we have said will suffice to show how mysticism, while deserving a large measure of praise in its tendency towards the light of reformation, became only a danger or a hindrance when it essayed to maintain itself independently of, or against, that light.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of James Montgomery.* By JOHN HOLLAND
and JAMES EVERETT. Vols. I. and II.

ACCORDING to an old Rabbinical tradition, there exists a subordinate class of angels, created each of them only for the conduct of a single human soul. The attendant spirit delivers the object of his care into the hands of his superior among the celestial hierarchies, and in that moment does himself cease to be. Similarly short-lived, and in like manner consigned to oblivion, have been many of those ministering events—those radiant impulses—those swift-alighting suggestions—those counselling circumstances, which have conducted the thoughts of poets to their immortality. An incident occurs, of little mark, it may be, and is forgotten by all save the artist; but before it vanished in the past, it had kindled the first spark of some work of art which shines for ever, a constellation in the highest heaven of invention. These evanescent causes of the imperishable are, for the most part, beyond the reach of our discovery. Some, time has hidden; others are too subtle ever to be revealed. Who prompted Homer's song? What chorus of friends, or of friendly scenes, suggested to the dramatists of Greece the themes that made them great? From what witty chats, what story-books, what adventures, spring up in Shakspeare the first thoughts of a character, a scene, a plot? Where now are all his prototypes? Where those men with 'humours' that he and Ben Jonson used to hunt for and to study, whom they drew out with twinkling eyes and face demure, and have held up to laughter, kindly as the nectar, irrepressible as the mirth, perpetual as the mountain of Homer's joyial Olympian gods? How did the *Paradise Lost* grow up, like Ygdrasyl, the Mundane Tree, with our young world cradled in its mighty branches? Such questions inquisitive fancy will always ask; such questions it boots but little to have answered. The position, the circumstance, the hint which, coming in contact with a gifted mind, effloresced into a poem, can never do the same thing again. No generalization can be made, no rule deduced from it. All lies in the idiosyncrasy of the poet. Many a galloping horse-hoof had dinted the wild Galloway moor, but only to one dark-browed impetuous rider could the rising storm articulate itself in a 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.' Many ladies, merry and fair, have wickedly proposed to poets themes ludicrously impracticable, but only Cowper can immortalize the sofa.

Tried by a standard strictly utilitarian, the biography of a poet is a mere curiosity. You cannot from it construct a theory of art. You cannot from it find out in what way genius achieves its creations. The wave which casts the pearl upon the beach does not reveal the secret of its formation. The science of æsthetics has to deal with results, not processes. But human nature laughs at that prosing old Polonius, Utility: though he does say a wise thing or two at times. Nowhere has the inquisitiveness of the educated mind displayed such rampancy and rudeness as in the passion for knowing all about the private history of men who have produced astonishing pictures, books, statues, compositions, &c. In most instances, the satisfaction of such inquiries is rather apparent than real. A certain craving of the mind is allayed, and that is all. History and biography, when they profess to unfold the course and mystery of an artist's life, exhibit most commonly only certain adjuncts, accidents, or externalisms, and not the characteristic substance and peculiar secret of the poet's personality. So the owner of the once famous automaton chess-player would open a door here and push aside a panel there in his piece of mechanism, disclosing springs and levers, cranks and cog-wheels—the pretended instruments of the wonder; but never showing its actual cause—the hidden boy, whose mind directed the arm of that sagacious figure. Information concerning the lives of poets, with every variety of intrinsic value, has abounded among us to overflowing of late years. Has a poem, a picture, or a song of recent date delighted us, we know, or are soon to know, all about the producer; we shall overhear his conversations, rifle his desk, enter into his friendships and his enmities, and execute a search-warrant among the inmost penetralia of his home.

We have now before us the first two volumes of a *Life of James Montgomery*. The biography of such a man should possess no common interest. Many who have enjoyed his verses will gladly learn by what steps the obscure editor of a provincial paper, after being doubly condemned at the bar both of letters and of law, attained the conspicuous place he holds among the religious poets of our country. Not a few will be anxious to see what light that long life may throw on the memorable changes in our social history during the last sixty years. The lovers of literary gossip will be on the alert to secure their customary fare. None of these various guests will quit Mr. Holland's biographical table without a share of viands to their taste.

It appears that Mr. Holland and Mr. Everett had formed, each of them unknown to the other, the design of writing Montgomery's life. Ere long they determined to pursue their plan in

concert, and finally Mr. Holland was entrusted alone with the task of preparing their joint materials for the press. The reason for this course is alluded to by Mr. Holland in language which appears as designedly obscure as the phrases of a parliamentary explanation. It would seem that Everett has become a *nomen infandum* with certain Wesleyan oligarchs, and those who believe in them. Verily the star of Montgomery must have set in blackest shame for ever had a recusant and an agitator tarnished its glory by his disgraceful praise! Having been a combatant in these miserable ecclesiastical brawls, Mr. Everett readily resigned to his coadjutor—a man of peace—his own share in the erection of the structure which is to enshrine the name of Montgomery. Mr. Holland, Montgomery's executor, has done his work like a man, modest, sensible, and altogether trustworthy. His object is simply to exhibit himself as little, and the poet as fully, as he can. Want of selection and compression is his most serious fault. The method he has adopted renders the temptation to this sort of sin unusually strong. He is content to follow too closely the course of such letters or extracts as may be forthcoming, appending his own remarks as explanations or connecting links. Without great care, this style of biography becomes insufferably tedious. In the hands of a thorough master of his material, and a merciless excisor of superfluities, it is the best of all. The political element of Montgomery's life, the part he took, the persecution he underwent, is encumbered with tiresome detail. Nowhere is the disadvantage of Mr. Holland's plan so apparent as in this portion of his narrative. Here was the place for our modest editor to throw off all self-distrust—present us with a spirited sketch of the state of public feeling at the juncture so eventful for Montgomery, and then to have passed from what was public to the personal experience of his hero—the former having been so selected as to illustrate at once the latter. As it is, what is general and what is private turn up at hap-hazard, confusedly intersect each other, to the damage of both, and weary the reader by obscuring his actual progress—by making him feel that neither subject is done with, for its section, and fairly left behind. The whole of the Tobago episode appears to us out of place in such a work. Sundry third and fourth-rate folk occupy too much space, since their point of contact with Montgomery brings out no remarkable feature of his character. Montgomery's remark on the trick played Cromeek by Allan Cunningham, and the solemn and somewhat prosy rejoinder by Mr. Holland, were surely scarce worthy of being chronicled with the dramatic accuracy of a Boswell. Neither did the S. N. U. quarrel, or the 'paper pellets' business, merit record from any instruction or

entertainment they can afford the reader. In the early part of the first volume we meet with the description of a very striking religious service, celebrated at Easter, by the Moravians of Fulneck. Expectation is awakened. Did this imposing ritual contribute to kindle the first fervours of young Montgomery's devout imagination? A cruel foot-note at last informs us that the ceremony had been discontinued before Montgomery entered the school. Why, then, give it a place in his biography? This insertion of irrelevant circumstances among such as really influence the boy's development consumes space, and is apt to mislead the reader.

Such offences as these are no one of them very grave. They do not materially derogate from the cordiality of the thanks we render Mr. Holland for his painstaking labour of love. But in the aggregate, they impair the interest of the work for general readers. These are hurrying days. The numbers who read for mere reading's sake, grow impatient of many volumes crowded with the minutiae of a quiet life. They wish to have more of Montgomery, but such knowledge must come in compact shape, and be readily carried off. They cannot be always at Sheffield, and when Mr. Holland has them there, they will patiently take no raw material, only a manufactured article. The author will do well, therefore, in what remains of his task, to bear in mind the direction in which his danger lies. When hesitant whether he shall leave out or put in, let him make it a rule to choose the former.

‘Much,’ said gruff Dr. Johnson, ‘may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young.’ Montgomery was carried away from Scotland at the tender age of four, and something certainly was made of him. He was born very shortly after the landing of his parents in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His father, a Moravian minister, came from Ireland, and Montgomery was wont to say that he had narrowly escaped being an Irishman. After returning to Ireland, the child is again taken across the water, through a terrific and never-forgotten tempest; is left, when six years old (1777), at the Moravian school of Fulneck, near Leeds; and his father and mother set forth, to perish, after labours admirable and deplorable (for they were vain), as missionaries in the West Indies.

The brief Ayrshire era he calls the antediluvian period of his life. In his memory were stored a few fossils, even from those childish days. He remembered distinctly the ruddy rising of a full-orbed harvest moon, and how the turbid rushing of great waters impressed him, when the river overflowed one time in ruinous inundation.

In the secluded, ascetic little world of Fulneck, young James is destined to remain some nine years. Nor till he was fifteen was he born into the real, huge world without. Nine years' experience must always be subtracted from his age, if due allowance be made for this embryo period. His practical acquaintance with life at thirty does not exceed that of a youth of one-and-twenty. The boy is conspicuous among his schoolfellows by an abundant shock of hair, of the hue known as carotty. He is very shortsighted—so less active and social than the many. The joys of cricket he could never know; and in sliding, no amount of tumbles could accomplish him. Neither was this loss of out-door enjoyment compensated, as with many boys similarly circumstanced, by any zest or success in the studies of the place. Heavily and sadly did he stumble, 'driven like a coal-ass,' through Greek and Latin grammars. The gift in him was not that of the linguist, but that of language. A lingering disorder of a feverish nature hung about him long, and fostered indolence and melancholy. The first awakening of any poetical ambition is thus described by Mr. Holland:—

'The reader will naturally be curious to know what first led Montgomery to court the Muses. On being interrogated on the subject,—'The master,' said he, 'took several of the children out one day, and read Blair's *Grave* to them behind a hedge; my attention was strongly arrested, and a few lines made a powerful impression upon my mind. I said to myself, "If ever I become a poet, I will write something like this." I afterwards resolved, oddly enough, that when I became a man, I would write a *round poem*: this notion was perpetually in my head; an idea of *round* being my idea of perfection.' This he illustrated by referring to a glass globe, which was smooth and entire; that anything added to it may augment its size, but would never add to the perfection of its rotundity; while anything taken from it might be destructive of its globular form, and so far also of its perfection. When it was once inquired whether he could attribute to the perusal of any particular author that smoothness of versification which was so predominant a characteristic of his poetry, he still had recourse to the old image, observing, 'I wrought it out in my own mind, as a pebble is rounded by the stream: I always aimed at it from the beginning. My first idea, as I have before told you, was to write a *round poem*: this was early my *beau ideal* of perfection; and never shall I forget the impression this vague notion made upon my boyish imagination. I remember as well as if it was but yesterday, how I leaned upon a rail while I stood upon some steps in Fulneck, and deeply and silently mused in my mind on the commotion which would be produced upon the public by the appearance of this *round poem*.'

The taste for works of imagination which such an incident so strongly stimulated, was systematically tantalized rather than

gratified at Fulneck. The pedantry of virtue, absurdly striving to retain boyhood in a Paradisaical innocence, laid strict embargo on all unauthorized books. Those well-meaning but narrow-minded preceptors could not see that ignorance is not strength, but weakness. They forgot, as Rome forgets, that prohibition creates insatiable curiosity. Even selections from Milton, Thomson, and Young, were expurgated in that Yorkshire Eden; and a mangled copy, mercilessly emasculated by pedagogic scissors, circulated among the wondering and disappointed boys. Morsels of Blair's *Grave* and Blackmore's *King Arthur* are thrown to hungry Montgomery, and having snapped them up he hungers still. So conventional was the Fulneck life, that the poet could not recollect having conversed for ten minutes together, during all the years of his residence, with any one except the masters, his companions, or occasional Moravian visitors. *Robinson Crusoe* found admittance, and set young imaginations working. Did not Joe Binns write a story on the strength of it, about a whole crew cast away, with an imaginary nation, and successive dynasties of sovereigns? in which sinful waste of time he was aided and abetted by little James Montgomery, to whom sundry odd-shaped fields on the hill opposite their windows suggested provinces and satrapies for their fictitious empire. How delightful are these ideal regencies and legislatures of boyhood; and how common, where imagination is strong! Hartley Coleridge at eight years old governed a phantom-people of the same sort, allowed them a senate, and extemporized speeches for their statesmen. His brother saw him walking one day in mood unusually pensive. 'What is the matter?' 'My people are too fond of war, and I have just made an eloquent speech in the senate, which has not made any impression on them, and to war they will go.' De Quincey had likewise his kingdom in the air, an island called Gombroon, some ten degrees south of the line, and also unfortunately an ambitious elder brother with a kingdom too, who would persist in fitting out an armada to invade Gombroonia, for the sake of diamond mines in its central forests.

Though poetry was watched at Fulneck with an eye so jealous, verse-making was encouraged. Birthdays were celebrated by tributary odes, which were publicly read. For his skill in these compositions, one Billy Dutton was the envy of Montgomery, and indeed of the whole school. But the laurel was preparing, not for Billy, but for that other lad with the red hair; so lazy, even in the verse department, that one day he gets his poetical exercise done for him. Montgomery writes hymns, however, in secret, on the model of those in the Moravian Hymn Book.

Hymns more fervid in feeling, more outrageously fantastical in taste, could nowhere be found. Yet on these a lyrant sought to form himself, in the compositions of whose later years simplicity is the most conspicuous excellence. So true is it that the poetry of others eventually serves the originally poetic mind, not by remaining a pattern, but by having imparted an impulse. Before he is ten years old, Montgomery has written a little volume of verses in schoolboy hand. He borrows a book now and then, and reads by stealth. He reads more and thinks more than his simple instructors would deem good for him. Before he is thirteen he has lost implicit faith—he doubts—he puzzles himself—he cannot take for granted even the religious teachings of his master. Short-sighted teachers! Your small *Index Expurgatorius* could not keep the serpent out. It looks rather as if he came in that way.

The passion for composition grew rapidly. Often did he lie awake for hours, working out a theme in rhyme. The first little book of poems was succeeded by another; that by a third, within two years. Cowper, of whose poems he contrived to get sight, he did not relish. Few boys can. 'I thought,' said he, 'I could write better verses myself.' From hymn writing he proceeded to attempt a great mock-heroic poem, after the manner of the Homeric *Frogs and Mice*. Afterwards a vast epic was commenced, entitled *The World*. The opening scene was laid early, —before the creation of the angels. Satan and Michael were to be introduced in combat. The former, whose wing is shorn off by the falchion of his adversary, loses his balance and topples over into the abyss. Imagine the boy, lying in bed, amid the snores of his schoolfellows, and chuckling at dead of night over this notable invention, so satisfactorily explaining the Fall of Lucifer! The plan of this poem was to embrace a survey of the history of mankind, civil and religious. Milton, but partially known by edifying extracts, was to be left far behind. After *The World*, another heroic theme presented itself—*King Alfred*. Twenty books of odes were to combine the lyric and the epic in a manner wholly new.

We smile at this ardour, this audacity of fifteen, which will make Pindar and Homer join hands. But the days are happy in which such ambition is possible. Great are the joys of that secret projection and creation, when dreamland is all our own, and the encroaching sea of reality has not yet swept away a single acre from its enchanted shore. Then fancy has a world to herself, unquestioned, uncontradicted by the actual. Experiment has not stirred the viper, self-distrust. Execution, with

shortcoming or futility, has not embittered the pleasure or frozen the activity of design. Whether in earlier or riper years, the plan and preparation have always a certain charm which vanishes as we attempt to realize and to complete. How merrily pass swift-gliding holidays while the boy is carving and rigging his little ship. He sees it in fancy stretch across the pool, triumphant over duckweed and terrible to ducks. But alas! on the long looked-for day of trial, overweighted aloft, it capsizes, but a league—a yard, that is to say, from land! Happy, too, is he who will build him a house, and lay him out a garden,—happy with ground-plan and elevation, happy with ruler, compasses, and green paint; but not happy when baited by knavish builder and fallacious tradesman, when aggravated by workmen obstinate and stupid, and driven to desperation by a hopeless chaos of bricks and mortar. Such is the difference between scheme and work; purpose and result. This is the condition of our life, and with neither factor may we dispense. Those men fail of eminence who cannot, somehow, practically reconcile these two opposing terms; those succeed who can. Some adhere pertinaciously to the ideal element. These are dreamers all their days. Others, finding their young aspirations checked, their conceptions chilled by the matter-of-fact world into which necessity drives them, relinquish their ambition for ever. Then does conventionalism receive them into its easy-chair of full-padded common-place; soft are their beds, gainful their shops, snug their back parlours, fat and fameless their lives. That German merchant or burgomaster, or government official, with heavy eye, with cheek voluminous, and paunch the burial-place of sausages and birth-place of grunts, who smokes away his life in obese oblivion—what was he in his slim youth? A poet, a theorist, an enthusiast: hot with schemes for human regeneration, social, political, and irreligious. He was ardent as the Genii of Arabian fable—like them a mere vehicle of fire; wound him, and he bleeds flame. Extinct combustible! where now are all his beer-bibbing beatitudes, his trenched-furies at the kneipe, his philanthropic frenzies, his ecstasies about the Beautiful and the All, his Werterian passions for Lotte and for Lina, Ottilia and Louise? A bargain sums his bliss; a place in the Customs seals his heaven. Such transformations are incessant; they are the real Platonic falls of souls,—hapless precipitations from the froth of life to the dregs. There exists, however, a third class of minds to which the disappointments of actual life can indeed give a check, but never a check-mate. Their first essays may have been mistakes; they correct the mistake. Their earliest ambitions

may have been absurd; they put away the absurdity. But to ambition they are wedded; their passion for production is extinguishable; every exercise of their powers contributes toward a just sense of them; they sow perseveringly, and affluent are the sheaves at last that lade their groaning harvest wain. To this higher order Montgomery belongs. His gentle and even timid nature assumes no port of defiance. He flings down no daring gauntlet like a Byron, to answer those contemptuous challengers, the critics. But this you mark in him, that again and again, after discouragement, after prostration, he arises and returns, sadly but inevitably, to his one work—poetic composition. This irrepressible instinct is genius.

To the teachers at Fulneck school, Montgomery was a sad puzzle. Ability unquestionably lay in him. But this boy, so quick, so docile, so grateful for the smallest kindness, so strangely enclosed in some world or other of his own, could not be spurred on to diligence. Not even the offered prospect of becoming himself a Fulneck teacher, could recal him from his reveries to his lesson books. So, ‘as J. M., notwithstanding repeated admonitions, has not been more attentive, it is resolved to put him to business, at least for a time.’ Farewell, then, to Fulneck, with its kindly stringencies and petty claustral routine. The lad of sixteen is lodged gently in the arms of the rough outer world, behind a counter at Mirfield, where he finds much time for writing more of *Alfred*, composing music after a fashion, and well-nigh ‘blowing out his brains with a hautboy.’

The school-days of Montgomery present a striking contrast to those of Wordsworth. The former was cooped up in a playground. The Lake poet, sent to school amidst the romantic scenery of Hawkshead, did not even reside under a master’s roof; and he and his companions spent their play-hours in unchecked games and rambles beside the streams, among the hills, or in the village market-place. Montgomery was taken now and then with the rest to see Kirkstall Abbey or Bierley Park, and might walk in his place before the master through the dirty villages of Pudsey or Staningley, doubly offensive from the stench of offal and the insults of the rude inhabitants. As for young Wordsworth and his happy mates, they boat on Windermere, picnic among the mountains, play bowls, and devour strawberries and cream at picturesque inns, and wander at will among the glens on starry nights or early summer mornings. It is evident that what little Montgomery could see of nature’s loveliness impressed him strongly. But Wordsworth lived among her richest scenes, and had the leisure for that long-gazing, intimate

communion which characterized him through life. Knowing nature better, he loved her more for her own sweet sake. Thus the abstraction of the two boy-poets is remarkably different. The quiet Montgomery, in a day dream, looks out of the school-room window, lost in some creation of his own, weaving rhymes for *Alfred* or *The World*, or perhaps anticipating the time when he shall become illustrious in that world which seclusion has invested with such fallacious charms. The proud and headstrong Wordsworth, all his gnarled self forgotten, sits upon a hill, and drinks in the beauty of wood and lake—looks and looks, with steady insatiable eyes, till his soul has almost passed into the landscape. Montgomery has often linked some natural object with the emotions of the mind in lyrics of much tenderness and beauty; but he never thought himself *into* nature so profoundly as Wordsworth did—never breathed into its varying, its evanescent, or its humblest forms, such a living personality. That which, with one poet, was an occasional contact, was with the other an indissoluble union. In the manifestation of Montgomery's genius, thus far, we see little that is uncommon. Many a shy and pensive boy has possessed a brain not less active, and has as pertinaciously composed verses, without, however, becoming a poet; but a devotion to nature so absorbing as that of Wordsworth is unparalleled in schoolboy annals.

One Sunday morning, long before the Mirfield village bells began to sound, Montgomery was off—whither, he knew not,—why, he could scarcely say (except that life as baker's boy hung heavy): he is gone, with a change of linen at his back, and three and sixpence in his pocket, to seek his fortune. He walks to Lancaster; thence to Wentworth, where he rests at a little public-house. There a youth named Hunt falls in with him, and kindly suggests his applying for a place in the shop kept by his father at the neighbouring village of Wath. The Moravian ministers, when applied to, send cordial recommendations after their fugitive charge, and Mr. Hunt agrees to engage him. At Wath, Montgomery works well,—a grave, silent young man of eighteen, and solaces his more scanty leisure with poetry. He is busy writing the *Whiskeriad*, an heroi-comic poem in three cantos, intended to satirize war by detailing the military operations of certain bellicose cats and rats. There are odes, too, in his desk, compositions inflated to bursting; abounding in misplaced and interminable descriptions; sinning, in fact, now by extravagance, and now by commonplace. This incessant scribbling is doing him good; he is gaining visibly in command of language, and acquiring facility in the subordinate parts of his art as he tries every variety of key. The poems written at Wath contain many

melodious verses, and a few that are vigorous, with here and there a thought not destitute of promise. Mr. Holland justly selects for commendation such lines as these :—

‘The host of suns and worlds that o'er the pole
Their boundless paths in flaming grandeur roll,
Shall fall like dew-drops from the shaken thorn,
Brushed by the passing swain at early morn.’

And now Montgomery makes acquaintance with a great and highly-favoured man—a bookseller ; a being who actually holds intercourse with those mysterious powers of a higher world—London publishers. Yea more, the kind-hearted bibliopole sends his young friend's poems up to town, to one Harrison, renowned in the Row ; and Montgomery shortly after follows his manuscript. Harrison gives the poet a situation in his shop ; speaks words of encouragement ; but would rather not publish *The Whiskeriad, and other Poems*. In London, Montgomery lives almost as quietly as at Wath. Not the theatre, not the Museum, no historic localities or popular sights of the metropolis, can draw him out of his shell. His activity is altogether inward, his enterprise belongs exclusively to pen and paper.

After attempting a tale for children, which failed to find favour in the eyes of Marshall, Montgomery next produced a novel in the style of Fielding. Behold this innocent youth, preserved so carefully at Fulneck from naughty books, studying *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle* as his models ! Ignorant of the world, and unpractised in prose writing, he could imitate successfully little more than the oaths and curses of Squire Western and Commodore Truncheon. The guileless novelist, while catching the vice of a bygone time, was scarcely aware that it had gone by. What was temporary and accidental he copied ; what was abidingly true to human nature escaped him. He was ‘petrified’ when Lane told him that his characters swore with such a sulphurous atrocity that he dared not publish the story as it was : if he would re-write it, he should have twenty pounds. Poor Montgomery—he who never swore an oath in his life, has shocked with blasphemy the callous man of the world ! The next effort was even more disheartening ; its result is thus described by Mr. Holland :—

‘Though he here met with another, and—he may well have deemed it at the time—a serious disappointment, yet there was sufficient in Lane's proposal to keep hope alive, and encourage an ardent mind like Montgomery's in the work of composition. Accordingly, he soon produced an *Eastern Tale*, and carried it one evening to a publisher in town, to whose private room he was introduced through the shop, presenting his MS. to the awful personage with equal trepidation and

formality. The cautious bibliopolist read the title, counted first the pages, then the lines in each, and after a brief calculation, turned to the author, who was not a little surprised at this mode of estimating the merit of a work of imagination—by pinching it between the thumb and fingers!—very civilly placed the copy in his hand, saying, ‘Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won’t do for me; take it to —, he publishes these kind of things.’ The young author withdrew from the presence of the literary Rhadamanthus with so much embarrassment and precipitation, that, in re-passing through the shop, he bolted his head right against a patent lamp, smashed the glass, and spilt the oil! ‘He was endeavouring to frame an awkward apology, when he saw the shopmen were enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, which gave a less serious air to the accident than he had at first apprehended. He rushed into the street, with all the emotions of ‘the bashful man,’ and yet he could scarcely then refrain from laughing at a scene that might have almost tempted Hogarth to resume his pencil, even after he had finished his ‘Tail-piece.’ The refusal to print which he had encountered was, however, the most painful part of the business; for by this his prospects of success, whether in prose or verse, still appeared inauspicious. Of this, the disaster of the lamp, to a superstitious mind, might have been deemed ominously conclusive. In consequence of these discouragements, and a casual misunderstanding with Garrison, the young and enthusiastic, but sadly disappointed, poet took a farewell ramble along the bank of that great river where he had lately witnessed the fire, and finally made up his mind to return to Yorkshire.’

So he toils back to Wath by the ‘heavy coach,’ with a heavy heart. Yet hope is not dead utterly, and reading and rhyming still go on, amidst the delivery of goods and the taking of orders. His wanderings now are nearly at an end. He sees one day in a newspaper the advertisement of a Mr. Gales, printer at Sheffield, in want of a clerk; he applies; is accepted, and commences that long Sheffield life, soon to grow so stormy, and eventually so calm.

The French Revolution had thrown the country into a ferment. Few towns shared in the excitement so largely as Sheffield. Among the Sheffield liberals few were so active as Mr. Gales, the proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*. He admitted to his journal extracts from the writings of Thomas Paine; he attended meetings clamorous for reform; he sympathized with the Friends of the People; he was suspected of being privy to a certain pike manufacture. As to this last affair, there can be no question but that the workmen were incited to make and collect arms by government agents; so important was it deemed to make out a case for strong measures, and to keep up a wholesome terror of revolution. Gales was an honest man, bold to imprudence, who

thought for himself, when every one who did so had to reckon on being marked as dangerous. Ere long he had to fly the country where to be suspected was to be condemned. Montgomery, aided by a partner, succeeded to the editorship of the paper, which was to appear in future under the new title of the *Sheffield Iris*. It would seem that he had contributed but little literary matter to the *Register*, and scarcely anything political. Of history and politics he knew next to nothing; of party tactics and practical life as little. Neither his tastes nor his education had qualified him for such a post. But there was no help for it. The inexperienced youth must with all speed assume the tone of the oracle; the lover of retirement must sally forth, must brave, and, if he can, direct the storm.

But in those days such a candidate might hope for success. The provincial newspaper, then, was rather a conveyance for news, than a leader of opinion. Reporting was almost unknown. Let a pair of Sheffield scissors judiciously cut out the London intelligence, and the goose-quill may take things easily. An original opinion from an editor was a thing scarce dreamed of. When Baines, six years later, published his *Leeds Mercury* with leading articles, all the hands of Yorkshire were held up in amazement. Montgomery started by saying that his highest ambition would be gratified if he could render his paper 'an 'authentic, impartial, and early record of the sentiments of others 'on those great political topics which now,' &c. &c. Nor was he singular in this course. His editorship is timid and reserved compared with that of Gales; not when compared with the general average of provincial performance in that capacity. Yet several hundred of the hottest gave up the tamer *Iris*, missing the sledge-hammer strokes which drew government to the doorway of that forge where sturdy Gales was fashioning the *Register*. The partner was averse, moreover, to 'highly-seasoned politics'; and Montgomery attempted less to excite the public, than to divert it gently from party animosities, and to furnish entertainment by a succession of essays, by apologetics, by verses, or by short tales. The weekly commentary on public affairs was invariably written by himself. Whether praise or blame ensued, all was his own: the censure due to others he refused to bear; the applause they merited he disdained to steal.

From first to last Montgomery hated politics. The political part of his editorial work was not merely a drudgery, it was an offence. It was dragging about a dung-cart, he said. Imprisonment as a political agitator, for an act in reality innocent, could impart no sweetness to this unsavoury incumbrance. After his confinement a shadow of dread overhung him; he was

more cautious than ever. Thus even during that most exciting year 1798, the place of political remarks is supplied by the safer topics of the infirmary or the theatre. He is seldom impassioned, except where a personal attack has chafed his pacific nature. His rhetoric adorns, for the most part, safe generalities. He does not think like an antagonist; he never writes like a debater. He succeeded best in summaries of events—pointed crystallizations, with a terse, crisp brilliance about them, and a happy sparkle here and there of wit or fancy. But even here, when he touched delicate ground, his skill departed as his caution rose; and in such places he is elaborately involved, parenthetical, and obscure. *

No moderation on the part of Montgomery could remove the evil reputation bequeathed him by his predecessor. Tory magistrates and government spies persisted in seeing in his office the rendezvous of sedition. From his press was supposed to issue a cloud of inflammatory resolutions, handbills, pamphlets,—the pestiferous breath of the Sheffield political societies. Extinguish Montgomery, and sympathisers with friends of the people, members of constitutional and corresponding societies, will lack their organ—will be struck dumb—may haply perish of asphyxia. Besides, the iniquity of the *Register* must be visited somewhere: if Gales has escaped justice, let that new-hatched cockatrice the *Iris*, suffer. So reason government lawyers, and reverend gentlemen, justices of the peace, with hereditary hatred of reform, and holy horror of dissent. A pretext was soon found. Montgomery had printed off for a ballad-seller some copies of a popular song, set up in type in the time of Gales. The hawker gave up the name of Montgomery; the song contained a verse pronounced seditious. 'The stanza thus condemned ran as follows:—

‘Europe’s fate on the contest’s decision depends—
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe’s liberty ends;
If she triumphs, the world will be free.’

This doggerel could not possibly have been a libel on the war then waging by England against France, for it was published before hostilities broke out, and referred to the Austrian and Prussian coalition against France in 1792. Montgomery appeared at the Doncaster Quarter Sessions to take his trial; was of course found guilty, and condemned to three months’ imprisonment in York Castle; fined also twenty pounds. Thus did indignant justice rid itself of that ‘wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil-disposed person’!

Released from prison, Montgomery resumed the conduct of the

Iris. Soon after his return a riot took place in the streets of Sheffield; the volunteers fired on the people; two men were killed, many wounded. Montgomery in describing the scene of terror, related how 'a person who shall be nameless plunged with ' his horse among the unarmed defenceless people, and wounded ' with his sword men, women, and children, promiscuously.' The individual alluded to was the military magistrate Colonel Athorpe. A warrant was soon issued for the arrest of the writer, and a bill was found against him at Barnsley Sessions for 'a false, scan- ' dalous, and malicious libel' on the character of said R. A. Athorpe, Esq. Imprisonment this time six months; fine, thirty pounds. *Delenda est Carthago*, i. e., devoted *Iris*.

The second imprisonment was made more easy than the first. Montgomery had a comfortable room; could take exercise, and enjoyed other indulgences. The general feeling in his favour was strong; Pye Smith worried himself to desperation, carrying on the paper for his friend, 'hacking and hewing' at Pitt with all his might, and spending a distracted six months in the thick of printing-office noise and bustle. There was much, in short, which Montgomery might set over against his troubles; and, indeed, while in confinement he seems to have kept up his spirits very fairly; but the odious publicity, the bitterness, the suspense, the harassing strife, the mortification, the loss attendant on these trials, contributed much to sink into habitual gloom a temperament easily depressed. His early disappointments must have been severe in proportion to the magnitude of his untaught ambition. 'Flushed,' he says, 'almost to madness with the ' success of my first flights, I determined to rival, nay outshine, ' every bard of ancient or modern times.' And London refused him a publisher! He tells his friend Aston, moreover, that he has a native melancholy interwoven in his disposition: 'I have ' from my earliest years encouraged its growth, because in certain ' moments I loved to feast on the delicious poison.'—*Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 528. Hence such confessions as the following, written during some of those too frequent seasons of despondency:—

'This very circumstance—this poetic frenzy—has been the source of many sorrows and many misfortunes to me: my life, short as it has been, has been chequered with many curious changes, and has taken its colour from this unhappy passion for fame. Disappointments and distresses, of which few—indeed none but those who have experienced the same—can form any idea, have been the consequence. My disposition, by too much indulgence of that romantic melancholy which I mistook for inspiration, is become gloomy and discontented; my feelings are very irritable; and I have an unhappy sensibility that would much better suit a boarding-school miss, who lives upon novels,

than one whose evil stars have placed him in a public and perilous situation, which talents equal even to those which he once fancied he possessed, would be requisite to support, though the reward at least is trivial.'

Again :—

' You do not know the thousandth part of me. I am dull, melancholy, and phlegmatic by nature; and am grown indolent and ill-humoured by habit. Disappointments at which you would laugh, in the early period of my life, have sickened all my hopes and clouded all my prospects; my mind is grown quite hypochondriacal; and sunk in listlessness, or only roused occasionally by the horrors of religious feelings, I languish away life without comfort to myself, or benefit to others.'—*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 297.

Montgomery would seem to have suffered acutely from those annoyances incident to his position, which most editors learn after awhile to take as matters of course. Thus, on one occasion, in complaining of the censure and illiberality he had experienced at the hands of the violent of both parties, he says, ' Circumstances of this kind, however tranquil or moderate I may appear in public, wound me in private to the quick. On calmly reviewing my conduct, I am perfectly satisfied with it on this occasion; but the exertion of such a haughty spirit of independence has cost me inconceivable agony of mind.' This ' haughty spirit of independence' was, after all, simply caution looking big. He had refused to insert papers in the *Iris* either for or against the ' Voluntary Contributions' movement then on foot to help the war.

For some time Montgomery had been diverted from his true province by a return of his old *penchant* for humorous and serio-comic poetry. He admired to excess La Fontaine, Hull Stevenson, and Peter Pindar. A little poem entitled *The Lyre*, which he inserted in the *Iris* about the year 1803, marks the turning-point of recovery. A vein of humour was in him, but his jocose attempts at this period appeared forced, even to himself. The applause which greeted *The Lyre* decided him, as he resolved to devote himself to worthy themes, and inwardly exclaimed—

' Give me an honest fame, or give me none.'

At this time, too, a change in his spiritual character was taking place. The Unitarianism which satisfied most of his friends could not impart the warmth and strength he needed. High principled, strictly conscientious, eager to benefit his fellows, he was, in one sense, among the whole not needing a physician. He was already one of those whom morality does her utmost in aspiring to make. Early memories had left a yearning; present

cares and glooms craved light; future issues were a far-off thunder; nowhere could his then faith, or remnant of faith, afford him help. He began to frequent the worship of sundry poor folk—Methodists, who cared for his soul, and said so. Among them he began to build on another foundation: it was now well with him.

Montgomery adopted for his effusions in the *Iris* the signature of Alceus. Some of the best of these productions he sent to Dr. Aikin, for his *Poetical Register*. The doctor approved; the poet's hopes rose high, for such praise was the earnest of fame. The calamities of Switzerland began to awaken his warmest sympathies. 'Switzerland,' said a friend, 'would make an excellent subject for a poem.' 'I will make a ballad of it,' replied Montgomery. The projected ballad soon absorbed him: grew into a poem; was laid aside through long intervals claimed by the necessities of business; and after long lingering in the brain and in the press, appeared by the end of three years as *The Wanderer of Switzerland*.

This poem was received with a favour that amazed its author. A second edition of a thousand copies was sold almost entirely in little more than two months. A third was impatiently called for. In course of time the little volume brought the poet no less a sum than eight hundred pounds. More than twelve thousand copies were sold, besides numerous editions in America. So much for Jeffrey's prophecy, that in three years neither the author nor the book would be remembered.

The Edinburgh Aristarchus launched his tomahawk at Montgomery in January, 1807. The success of three editions nettled him. A miserable Feramorz had actually won applause unaccredited by the august Fadladeen. And moreover, to tell the honest truth, such poetry he never could away with. So the little man felt wasp all over; seldom had he been known more spiteful. He puffed out a rapid succession of those north-east sentences of his, fit to skin the reader's nose; he harangued the public on its folly—he condoled with it under its delusion—he held up the tatters of the poems to laughter and spitting. Never was his gall more active. His irony, his sneers, his sarcasm, his choicest vinegar were lavished on that occasion; yea, he praised the *Lakers* to sink the *Wanderer* deeper in opprobrium. It is instructive to mark how many of these ferocious verdicts have been reversed by time. But nothing could bridle young Edinburgh in the first headstrong days. Ben Jonson makes Damplay say, 'I will censure and be witty, and take my tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of reprehension, as my predecessors have done before me.' Such was Jeffrey's resolve, though utterly without

precedent ; and with his own whims for Magna Charta. Jeffrey was unfair, in widely different ways, to Wordsworth and to Montgomery. Of both he says, in effect, This will never do. But he does not gloat over the mangled remains of Wordsworth. He censures his poetical theory ; and there the poet had laid himself open to censure : he gives examples of feebleness, puerility, silliness, that speak for themselves. This was easy, for Wordsworth writing ill was the deadliest enemy of Wordsworth writing well. But Jeffrey did scant justice to the nobler elements in those poems. Nothing in the *Wanderer* rose so high or sunk so low as parts of Wordsworth's book. Montgomery did not confute himself, and required, therefore, a more active attack. Accordingly, Jeffrey rent the poetic mantle of Montgomery, and leaped upon it in the mire ; he simply held up to view the bald and threadbare places in that of Wordsworth. The mischief done in either case was in the inverse ratio of the malice. The sale of Wordsworth's volumes was stopped completely ; the progress of the *Wanderer* was scarcely arrested for a moment. So severely had the faults of Wordsworth been made to tell against himself—so important to Montgomery was the start he had already gained in public favour, before the critic entered to protest against such favour as a folly.

The *Wanderer of Switzerland* is unfortunate in its construction. A dramatic form filled with four-line stanzas can scarcely, by any art, be rendered natural. Yet the very attempt was indicative of a freshness and a courage which showed that the poet was not the second-hand sentimentalist Jeffrey pretended. Parts of that poem, and many of the minor pieces appended, are at once musical and spirited, for Montgomery handles the swift-footed trochaic measure admirably. They display a power of compression, touches of nature, felicities of language, which ought to have secured pardon for such mediocrities as the *Remonstrance to Winter*, and the *Snowdrop*—even for such a wretched affair as the *Pillow*. The *Grave* has in 'it both grandeur and pathos ; the *Lyre* is the embodiment of a thought worthy of Uhland, though falling somewhat short in execution ; the *Ode to the Volunteers* is a fine Tyrtaean strain, of higher mood, assuredly, than that produced by the intoxication of 'weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns.' Verily, it takes a man of genius to write eight lines of this sort :—

‘Ghosts of the mighty dead !
Your children’s hearts inspire ;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.’

The dead to life return;
 Our fathers' spirits rise!
 My brethren! in *your* breasts they burn,
 They sparkle in *your* eyes.'

Any rhymester could have apostrophised the spirits of the dead; but to put such a burning reality into the appeal,—to plant the soldier's foot upon the dust of heroes, and make their extinguished ardours flame out again at the tread,—to make the breasts of the marching men heave with the spectral and yet familiar valour of their dreadless and indomitable ancestry,—to light their eyes with the old wrath-flashes that fulminated over the fields of Agincourt and Crecy,—to do this with words so simple, words so few, —ah! ill-fated Jeffrey, this man works in a way beyond thy rule, never wilt thou be able to take his measure and fit him with thy critical *tunica molesta*!

On the *Edinburgh* criticism Montgomery thus expresses himself (writing to his friend Aston after a harassing day—three proofs at his elbow—paper to be out in the morning), 'I received 'the *Edinburgh* review of my poems, of which I disdain now to 'say more, than that, though I have perhaps been wounded as 'deeply by its envious and pitiful slanders as the critic intended, 'yet I declare truly that I would rather be the suffering subject 'than the triumphing author of such satire.'

Meanwhile, the poet had himself become a critic. Parken, the editor of the *Eclectic* at that time, invited him to a place on his staff, after having warmly praised his poems in the review. It is painful to find that the *Eclectic* was 'a losing concern,' even in those days when Robert Hall wrote for it occasionally, John Foster regularly, and when Clarke and Gregory were active contributors both with pen and purse. Congregationalism has suffered more in its time from indifference to its own literature than from all the attacks of its enemies. It cannot hope to rise if it will not do itself justice in this respect. The incalculable loss such neglect entails is now partially perceived; the patient mends, but not half fast enough. All parties are mending, let us hope; so victory will fall to those who are the readiest and most persistent in self-improvement. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat!* Once embarked in the critical career, Montgomery seems for some time to have written as frequently as *Iris* would allow. He says, 'My friend Parken, Mr. Foster, and myself, had nearly the 'whole of the *Review* in our own hands at one period; at least, 'we were the chief contributors. After Parken's death I became 'more shy, and wrote very little for it.' The poet would appear to have exercised his skill principally on the poetical literature of

the day. He was not one to write on what he did not understand, and he had neither time nor inclination to read up a subject for the nonce. He was able to say, 'I have done what I believe no other living poet ever did,—reviewed the whole of my contemporaries, except Lord Byron; and no one can say I have done them injustice. I am certain I never wrote with a feeling of envy or jealousy.' He was tempted to make others taste the bitterness he had himself experienced. He might have done so with impunity. But he resisted the devil.

'This I know well,' he writes to Parken, concerning his review of Scott, 'that racked and broken as I was myself on the wheel of the Scotch inquisitors, I showed all the mercy that my conscience would permit towards him, as he had been the favourite and I understand the associate of my butchers; none of that envy, however, I hope, is betrayed in my review. I tried with all my might to hide the cloven foot; if I have shown it, chop it off, for I would rather limp on a wooden leg than be seen dancing with it.'

All love to him for these honest confessions,—all honour for this self-distrustful vigilance and generous self-mastery!

The length of review articles in those days contrasts remarkably with the present usage. Such productions were of very moderate compass in the *Edinburgh*; they were shorter still in the *Eclectic*. Each number of a review was then a congeries of little pigeon-holes; it is now an edifice with apartments of fair size. At that time, the most cynical critic had to bark at the end of a very short tether. Now there is more liberty and less licence. It is amusing to hear Montgomery promising to take 'some pains' with his review of Scott, and not exceed 'four or five pages at the uttermost.' Again he pleads with his editor,—'You must not confine Hutchinson to eight pages, or you ruin both him and me.' Our present custom is by far the better. A good selection of subjects, adequately discussed, supplies satisfactorily a constant and rational demand. A miscellany of brief critical notices wearies by the very rapidity with which the subjects succeed each other; is superficial without being lively.

The prose writing of Montgomery, in its thought and purpose, possesses those high qualities which might be looked for from such verse. It is unaffected, earnest, elevated in tone, didactic in its very playfulness, ever freest of utterance when retained by compassion in behalf of the neglected or distressed. But in style, properly speaking, it falls much short of expectation. Though simple, it lacks ease. Many of the sentences have hanging to them awkward pendant clauses of after-thoughts, like the earth-clots about the ragged roots of an uprooted plant. Ideas that should

be separated, having each a sentence of its own, distinct and clear, instead of being set out to advantage, like coins in a case, are shaken up together like coppers in a coat-tail pocket. When Montgomery repeats a clause, it is commonly the repetition of clumsiness or weakness, not of force. In poetry his happiest passages were the most spontaneous,—born, and perfect, in a moment. It cannot have been so with his prose. Southey maintained that the fittest expression for a thought was always that which first occurred. With his happy gift it might be so. He reached his aim in prose,—not, however, the highest. Montgomery, like many more careless and slovenly writers, followed unconsciously the maxim of Southey, destitute of his advantages. It is not difficult to find long and apparently intricate sentences in Southey's prose. But he never fails to give you at starting a key, or bunch of keys, before which door after door of clause within clause flies open in a moment. Montgomery, beginning eagerly, gets carried away by upstart thoughts,—works them up into a labyrinth, and then discovers that the key has been left behind, so that he and the reader have to run back for it. His prose sins in the opposite way to that of Burns, who took too much pains about his, till it was often stiff, turgid, and artificial, like an ambitious composition in a foreign tongue. That fine ear, which guarded so well the harmony of his verse, was thrown out of employment in his prose. But in prose the ear has a function scarcely less delicate in its exercise or less pleasing in its success. In one of our old plays, *Romelio*, a rich merchant, declares,—

‘My scriveners,
Merely through my employment, grow so rich,
They build their palaces and belvideres
With musical waterworks.’

So with the most affluent factors of prose speech. The very clerks of their thoughts—the mere words and phrases are rich from the master's fulness, and must have splendours and rare melodies of their own. It is thus sometimes with Milton despite his heavy-going mammoth Latinisms, with Jeremy Taylor, and eminently among us moderns with Ruskin and Professor Wilson.

Some writers completely cover the defects of a careless style by bidding defiance to all rule. Whether serious or in jest, they care not about the seemly or the silk attire of thoughts,—only give them room enough—let their fancies fly to the very uttermost, they will not have done with the fiery particles till they have knocked at heaven's gate, or mingled with the nether smoke; till they have danced in limbo, and beaten their tireless wings

against the 'universe' flaming wall.' These are the humourists—witness Sterne, Jean Paul, Carlyle. But just as for that other excellence of clear finish, Montgomery had not fear enough to drive him to the trouble, so for this he has too much of fear. Power is wanting, in some measure; yet more, courage. His imagination is a flash, not an expanse of lustre, like the Aurora Borealis. The humour or the fancy that is in him he is unable to sustain or develop. If it cannot do its work at a touch, he will have none of it. He seems to write at times, under a dread of extravagance, as though, if he dared to let loose his imagination, he might become ridiculous. A collection of pieces which he published was called *Prose by a Poet*, principally as a kind of apology for the fanciful nature of a part of its contents. Yet there is nothing from first to last, which approaches the eccentric, or fantastical.

Compare Montgomery and Wilson in their treatment of the same subject. In his *Life of a Flower*, the former thus describes the fairy folk. *Flower loquitur* :—

' Millions, aye millions, of little beings, in form like the lords of the creation, and as brilliant as if they had been born in ladies' eyes, came pouring upon our bank side, and covered it as thick as dewdrops. The music which was as much too exquisite for human ears as these shapes were too fine for human sight, continued meanwhile to swell, and fall, and float, and quicken, and languish.' It seemed a moving spirit among these lively little things; sometimes they ran out in lines all the way up to the moon and back again; anon they wheeled in rings so swift as to be individually indistinguishable; again they intermingled in measures so slow that every feature of the smallest face was easily discerned. Love, joy, grief, hope, fear, and every passion, were expressed in their countenances, caroled in their songs, and represented in their dances. They flew among us and over us with steps so light that we bent not our heads beneath their volatile feet; but when they touched us we felt in ourselves the very affection, whether joyous or mournful, that possessed them at the time. It would take more hours than I have to live to describe all the scenes of this wonderful spectacle; it was a pantomime in miniature of your great world,' &c.

Now hear Christopher North, in a 'recreation' entitled *The Moors*.

' There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a fairy's funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! The patterning of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-

drops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks, and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the Highland hills, and on the bier a fairy lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away, when two of the creatures came from the circle and took their station one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened woodlark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred, for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever, the very dews glittering above the buried fairy. . . . ?

Now here are two genuine descriptions, for each poet has first seen with the inner eye what he would pourtray. But the reader will see at a¹ glance that Wilson has the advantage over Montgomery in three respects. *First*—in a more intimate acquaintance and self-identification with nature. The analogies suggested to him are possible only for one who had spent many a long day in the moors. The whispering of the hollow rushes, the crest of the lapwing, the note of the woodlark before rising, form similitudes which at once exquisitely set forth the fairy forms and sounds, while confining the imagination to the Highland glen. The fairies, the hills, the wild flowers, have a world all to themselves. Montgomery has not separated himself in imagination so completely from our actual human world, and so his fairy one has somewhat less reality. He looks on the fairies as a masquerade in miniature of human life; he reminds us that in form they resemble ‘the lords of the creation,’ and are brilliant ‘as if born in ladies’ eyes;’ this last a sparkling troubadour conceit, out of place here, and disturbing rather than aiding our conception of the scene. *Secondly*—in imaginative daring and *abandon*. Had the thought of a fairy funeral occurred to Montgomery, he would not have ventured to give such rein to it—so utterly to lose himself in the pursuit of the idea. This persistence and this concentration give Wilson such fulness of detail—make his ideal so real. What a beauty is there in that thought of Montgomery’s that, as the flowers were touched by the fairy feet, the fairy emotions of joy or grief thrilled through petal, leaf, and stem. But how carelessly and prosaically expressed. There is nothing more deeply poetic in Wilson’s description than this conception, produced, it may be, amid the smoke of Sheffield. But Christopher would not have thus abandoned it, like an ostrich-egg in the sand. *Thirdly*—in harmony of expression. By this we mean

not merely a certain melody of rhythm, avoidance of long dissonant words, delicate choice of simplest Saxon terms, but a most happy wedding throughout of sense and sound. Wilson's ear would have been torn by such a cacophonous collocation as 'individually indistinguishable'; but Montgomery, however desirous of writing a '*round poem*,' writes prose which forms a very irregular solid.

Be it so, however, that certain points of artistic inferiority are discernible in Montgomery, in generous breadth and tempered self-control his spirit finds few equals. He never dreamed of Pantisocracy in youth, to diverge towards absolutism and superstition in maturer life. He never went so far towards either the democratic or the conservative pole as did both Southey and Coleridge. The political principles of Southey were personal likes and dislikes expressed in general terms. He employs the show of reason only to justify the arbitrary ground first assumed by imagination or by prejudice. Coleridge, again, reads and dreams, dreams and reads, and then lays down the law for an imaginary commonwealth. Abstractions are to him what facts are to ordinary men. He was too much a Platonist, too, not to be at heart an aristocrat. Coleridge lives for the idealism of philosophy; Southey worships the idealism of tradition. They both passed their time almost entirely among their books; both were the suns of little systems; both found it far more agreeable to read or to talk among admiring friends than to mingle observant with mankind. Now Montgomery was happily constrained to mix with many varieties of men. Southey had as kind a heart as Montgomery, but his sympathies enjoyed a much narrower range. The vexatious whirl of busy, striving, toiling, suffering, sinning men, if it marred at times the meditation of the poetical editor of the *Iris*, was not without its expansive and elevating lessons. Montgomery could look back and see the principles he had advocated, when such advocacy was made a crime, established as axioms, and familiar as 'household words.' The retrospect of Southey presented the successive failure of his most confident predictions. Montgomery was never the idol of a coterie, religious or poetical. He was not even formally identified with any ecclesiastical denomination. While Unitarianism relinquished a borderer with regret, Methodism strove in vain to enrol a citizen. His opinions are neither to be claimed nor to be depreciated by the latest fashion in politics on any side. His cry for peace at the close of the last century, brings no succour to that false or pitiful clamour against the war which crowns the disgrace of the present. His service to the cause of enlightenment, humanity, and freedom, is never to be under-

rated because, in the progress of events, the goal of the last course has become the starting-post of this. Of a truth, so to judge, would be to offend against the generation of the good and great in every age. The great question concerning any workman who has ceased from among us,—the question on which alone should hang our censure or our praise, is simply this—‘Did he, according to his light, do his stroke of work upon the ‘side of truth? Has he contributed to open or obstruct our road? ‘Did he at least attempt to give ‘a hitch forwards’ to the ‘stalled ‘world’s wheel,’ or did he roll a stone before it?’ And such a test the memory of Montgomery may abide in triumph.

The second volume of these memoirs contains some highly interesting letters from Southey. They are bright with a cheerful sunshine; let us hope they gladdened the heart of the too-despondent brother-bard. The biography extends at present to the year 1812, and the reader bids Montgomery farewell for an interval, just as the poet has all but completed the *World before the Flood*. This poem was three years on hand,—its author much beset in soul by the conflicting advice of friends. The work is finished—is broken up—is repeatedly re-modelled—is laid aside for months, in discouragement—is at last going into print, with some hopes and many misgivings. The *World before the Flood* does not appear to us to rank among the happiest efforts of the author’s genius. There is too much of Pope in it, and too little of Homer. The fourth canto, which relates the death of Adam, ranges far above the rest of the poem. The incidents are finely imagined, the execution is masterly; both in invention and expression it is a perfect episode.

The name of Montgomery is naturally associated with that of Cowper as a popular religious poet. Both were men of retiring habit, in whom an enormous ambition snouldered beneath a quiet exterior. ‘I have (writes Cowper to Dr. Maty), what perhaps you little suspect me of, an infinite share of ambition in ‘my nature.’ Both suffered acutely when hostile criticism attempted to spurn them from the eminence they sought. They shared, with their common shyness, the fondness of most reserved and bashful men for animal associates. Even the parlour of Mrs. Unwin was the happier for the playful hares; and Montgomery felt the prison yard at York grow bright with dumb friendship, as Billy the goat lay at his feet, as Nanny the doe ate from his hand, and when that mysterious little dog was frisking round him which forsook friends and family to come and live with the poet. Both are distinguished by a sincerity disdainful of all affectation; by a practical earnestness which constrains them to write what may serve the great interests of their fellows.

—to uphold some lofty principle, to assail some flagrant abuse. ‘ My sole drift,’ said Cowper, ‘ is to be useful; a point which, ‘ however, I know I should in vain aim at, unless I could be like- ‘ wise entertaining.’ In their work of composition we find them both accustomed to write their descriptions in circumstances apparently the least congenial with the objects described. Cowper sings of summer with the snow upon the ground. Montgomery depicts the Alps from a little back room looking out on a mass of dead brick wall. Very like true lovers! They sing oftenest in nature’s praise when enduring the pangs of absence, and when an interview is granted they are dumb from excess of rapture. These bards contradict the notion, classical and ancient as it is, that the poet must be a dweller among the scenes he pourtrays. Maternus would have been thankful for such examples wherewith to reply to Aper, when the latter objected that poets must of necessity turn solitaries and relinquish the pleasures of town;—*relinquenda conversatio amicorum et iucunditas urbis, deserenda cætera officia, utque ipsi dicunt, in nethora et lucos, id est in solitudinem, secedendum est.* (*De Oratoribus Dial.* c. ix.) It was not until he had reached middle life that Cowper enjoyed abundance of rural leisure, and his satire would have lost half its force had all his days been spent among the fields.

The genius of Cowper appears to most advantage in his longer poems. The sustained efforts of Montgomery are generally inferior to his occasional pieces. The latter is essentially the lyrlist. His *Greenland* and his *Pelican Island* contain some magnificent descriptions of natural scenery, but, as an artistic whole, a short poem entitled *A Tale without a Name* is superior to either. Many of his descriptions might have been written (with the exception of a few happiest strokes here and there) by a man of talent; but only the inspiration of unquestionable genius could have given to passion the touching utterance it finds in the best of his lyrics—could have breathed out sorrows with such pathos—could have brought a sudden beauty with such delicious swiftness into the heart, by the sweet turn of a single sentence—could have been so clear, so pointed, yet so warm and natural. Even where he may have chosen a theme apparently remote from general interest, Montgomery is sure to contrive opportunities ever and anon for bringing it home to the affections common to us all. And such parts are always the best in the piece. Thus the finest passage in the *Pelican Island* is that which describes the murder of the female infant by its barbarian mother. The pathos is profound, and deepened by following much luxuriant description of natural beauty. In *Greenland*, again, none can read without admiration the poet’s picture of the ice-blink—of

the northern lights—of the terrible disruption of the ice continent; but he wins and melts our hearts by his relation of the fate of the last family in the deserted land. Montgomery's verse never presents that ruggedness of aspect generally the result of design with Cowper, who had the work of a poetical reformer to do. Neither does he write with the scathing vehemence that burns along the line of Cowper's satire. In the lighter graces of the art, and even in epigrammatic ingenuity, Cowper must yield, we think, to Montgomery. Such pieces as *The Blank Leaf*, *The Gnat*, *A Wedding Wish*, *A Motto to a Poet's Portfolio*, are excellent in their way. He has a series of epigrams on the birds, very unequal, almost necessarily, in their merit, but some of them exceedingly felicitous. This, for instance, must be recognised as a gem:—

THE CHAFFINCH.

‘Stand still a moment!
• Spare your idle words—
I'm the perpetual mobile of birds.
My days are running, rippling, twittering streams;
When fast asleep I'm all afloat in dreams.’

As writers of hymns Montgomery and Cowper are inseparably associated; we scarcely think of comparing them; we can dispense with neither. Cowper is perhaps most sought for private devotion, as giving words to the secret sorrows and longings of the soul. He utters his *De profundis* in solitary places, and thither the sorrowful repair. Montgomery oftener leads devotion, girds on his singing robes, and lifts his strain with many voices about him. His noble exultant bursts of praise have greatly enriched our psalmody. Many of his hymns are in the livelier, soaring, trochaic measure, a welcome variety after Watts, who confined himself too exclusively to iambics. Watts has beauties wholly his own, but he has occupied only a portion of the great field. He is sweet and solemn, Cowper plaintive, Montgomery jubilant.

To conclude, let us reveal a secret, which the young aspirant will do well to remember. Montgomery discloses it to his friend Aston in this wise:—

‘I never write for the public in a hurry (except in my newspaper, when I am flogged to it regularly every Wednesday), because I make it a rule always to do my very best, whatever be the subject, whether in prose or in verse. When I address my thoughts to the public, I always endeavour to write as if I were writing for posterity; and this is a precious secret, which I would not communicate to the profane vulgar:—it is the secret of *learning* to write well.’

- ART. VIII.—(1.) *Correspondence respecting the Rights and Privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey.* Parts I. II. III. VII. XI.
- (2.) *Communications respecting Turkey, made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia; with the Answer returned to them.* 1854.
- (3.) *Memorandum of Count Nesselrode, June, 1844.*
- (4.) *Treaties Political and Territorial, between Russia and Turkey. 1774—1849,*
- (5.) *Her Majesty's Declarations, Proclamations, and Orders in Council, &c., with reference to the Commencement of Hostilities against the Emperor of all the Russias.*
- (6.) *Protocol signed at Vienna on the 23rd May, 1854.*
- (7.) *Protocol signed at Vienna on the 9th of April, 1854.*
- (8.) *Treaty between Her Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of the French. Signed at Vienna, Dec. 2, 1854.*

THE war in the East is a war of the sword, and at home we have our war of words. In the course of this latter war there have been some significant revelations. Barely have the worst vices of controversy become so conspicuous as on this question. Never in our history have opinions and feelings so fraught with the humiliating and the ruinous in their bearing on our future as a nation, been so openly avowed. Our object in this paper is two-fold,—to present the Eastern Question as it really is, in a brief and an authenticated form; and to show the sort of morality and nobleness which underlie much of the disputation relating to it.

I. *We shall first give the true version of the dispute about the Holy Places.*—This supposed beginning of the present strife, will furnish a sample of the manner in which this discussion has been conducted in some quarters. It is a fact, that the claims of the French in relation to those places, founded on the treaty of 1740, were admitted by the Porte to be valid claims.* It is a fact, that when a 'Mixed Commission,' consisting equally of Greeks and Latins, was appointed to examine that treaty, and all documents relating to the rights and privileges of the Latin Christians at Jerusalem, the report published was, that the claim made in favour

* 'The Minister of France has seen, with lively satisfaction, that the Sublime Porte recognises the EXISTENCE and FULL FORCE of the Treaties, the complete execution of which France, in the present case, claims in behalf of all Catholics.'—Correspondence I. 12. The Porte acknowledged, in this case, 'that a Treaty which has not undergone any alteration or modification by the consent of the contracting parties, continues to be valid, and in full force.'—Ibid.

of the Latins was fully established.* It is a fact, that the treaty of 1740, the validity of which was thus admitted, provided that all possessions and privileges then pertaining to the Latin Christians at Jerusalem, should pertain to them in all time to come; and that the places which were in the hands of the Latin Christians at that time, but which had since been appropriated by the Greek Christians, and that chiefly under Russian influence, were some seventeen in number.† It is a fact, that France, and the Catholic powers generally, in whose name France acted, were very far from meaning to say that all these places should be taken from the Greek Christians and given to the Latin Christians, the extent of the demand ultimately made being, that the Latin Christians should be allowed to have their *season* for worship before the shrine of the Virgin, near Jerusalem, and in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem.‡ It is a fact, that the wishes of France were no sooner made known in Constantinople, than Russia interposed, protesting even against inquiry as to the alleged right of such claims, and declaring that the slightest departure from the *status quo* in regard to the holy places in deference to such claims, would be followed by a departure of the Russian ambassador, and the termination of all diplomatic relations between the Porte and St. Petersburgh.§ It is a fact

* France, says M. de Lavalette, is intitled, by the Treaty of 1740, with the Porte, to vindicate the right of the Latins to *an exclusive possession of all the sanctuaries which they possessed at that time*. The Conferences lately opened have resulted in a *clear establishment of that right as applied to the Holy Buildings*, ten, I believe, in number, most of which are now possessed jointly by the two communions, and some exclusively by the Greeks.—Lord Redcliffe's Despatch.—Correspondence, i. 10—19.

† Ibid. i. 4; 6, 7, 19, 22, 23.

‡ It would seem that M. de Lavalette, in making his *first* communication, expressed the importance attaching to it by his government, but intimated, at the same time, *a readiness to treat the points at issue in a spirit of moderation and fairness*.—Lord Redcliffe, Cor. i. 16.

* Although no decision has yet been officially announced to M. de Lavalette on the affair of the sanctuaries, I have reason to believe that an answer in writing, calculated to arrange the question, is now in preparation at the Porte. The terms of it will probably be a concession to the Latins of the *right of officiating at the shrine of the Virgin* near Jerusalem, together with *keys to the Church of the Nativity of Bethlehem*. This intended departure from the *status quo* has induced the Russian envoy to look out for some concession in favour of the Greeks; and I am informed that an *equivalent* is to be given to them.—Ibid. i. 34.

* Fuad Effendi, says Colonel Rose, 'has volunteered telling me, at three different interviews, that having again, with some of his colleagues, gone over the documents and treaties relating to the Holy Places, he has come to the conviction, that France's claim to the keys of the great door of the church at Bethlehem is just; and that if her Treaty of 1740 were examined *d'une manière juridique*, France might claim many more sanctuaries than the two now given. The Grand Vizier, also, whom I saw to-day, volunteered also a declaration in a similar sense.'—Ibid. 51.

§ M. de Titoff, says Lord Redcliffe, 'protests against *all inquiry* into the *right of possession*, and insists, *in the Emperor's name*, on the *actual state of occupation*.'—

that the French ambassador, M. de Lavalette, who has been so much censured for rashness, is described by Lord Redcliffe as having acquitted himself during the earlier stages of this discussion with great moderation, and that it is not until the Porte seemed about to yield to the intimidation resorted to by Russia, that M. de Lavalette went so far as to speak of the probable effect of a French fleet in the Dardanelles—this language being, even then, merely private and personal, not public, not official.* It is accordingly a fact, also, that this language was not the language of insult cast upon the supposed weakness of the Porte, but language intended to indicate that France was not likely to bow in this matter ‘to the dictation of Russia.’† It is a fact, moreover, that this intention, in the utterance of such expressions, was nowhere better understood than in the Turkish cabinet itself. Finally, it is a fact, that this claim had not respect to Latin Christians who were *subjects of the Porte*, but simply to pilgrims and others, subject to other sovereignties, who should visit the Holy Land—nor did our Government take any part in the dispute.‡

Now what we wish our readers to observe here is—that the writers and speakers among us, who, unfortunately for themselves and their native land, have taken upon them to act as apologists for Russia, and as accusers of their country, have passed by all these facts, and have constantly so expressed themselves, as to convey the impression—not only that there are no such facts belonging to the question at issue, but that the real state of the case was in nearly all respects the reverse of what it

Cor. i. 13. The intention of ceding the change stated in the preceding extract having transpired, Lord Redcliffe writes—‘The question of the sanctuaries in Judca has quite unexpectedly assumed, in *so far as Russia is concerned*, an angry, and almost threatening aspect.’—Ibid. 35. Some days later, M. de Titoff expressed himself to the Turkish minister ‘with unusual vehemence, and no small degree of irritation, *against the proposed arrangement*.’ ‘The former’ (M. de Titoff) ‘declared to the Turkish minister, that he and his Legation *would immediately quit Constantinople*, if the *status quo* of the sanctuaries were in *any degree* unsettled.’—Ibid. 19.

* ‘M. de Lavalette has acted *with moderation throughout*, and is anxious to act with moderation to the last; but, at the same time, he thinks it impossible to submit with honour to the present plan of proceeding; his government having embarked in the question, cannot, with any degree of credit or consistency, stop short under the *dictation of Russia*.’—Cor. i. 19.

† Ibid.

‡ ‘M. d’Ozeroff (the Russian Envoy) has prejudiced much his position at this important moment, by making a formal declaration to the French Ambassador, that *Russia, by virtue of the Treaty of Kainardji, protects the orthodox*; that is, the *Greek Christians in Turkey*. M. de Lavalette takes this the more to heart, because he has lately formally declared that *France makes no claim to protect the Turkish Roman Catholics*. He has made known M. d’Ozeroff’s declaration to his colleagues and the Porte. The Porte has heard this assertion of *Russian protection of ten or eleven millions of her subjects with UNMINGLED DISSATISFACTION*.’—Ibid. 50. So far was the Porte, when left to itself, from looking on a Russian protectorate as a comparatively harmless affair.

is thus shown to have been. The substance of their assertions has been—that the claims of France were of a very doubtful, as well as of a very imprudent description; and that they were urged with a degree of insolence certainly not inferior to that attributed to Prince Menschikoff.

II. Our next step is, to place the conduct of M. de Lavalette beside the conduct of Prince Menschikoff.—When the Prince reached Constantinople with his extraordinary pomp, and vested with his extraordinary powers, the disputes concerning the Holy Places may be said to have come to an end. The object of this mission was a mystery which time was to disclose. But within a day or two after his arrival the new ambassador paid his visit of ceremony to the Grand Vizier. The following is the official description of that day's proceedings as sent to the British government.

‘Prince Menschikoff’s first public act evinced entire disregard on his part of the Sultan’s dignity and rights, which, combined with the hostile attitude of Russia, created the impression that coercion, rather than conciliatory negotiation, would distinguish his Excellency’s mission.

‘His Excellency transmitted his credentials to Fuad Effendi (the foreign minister), and the next day, with his whole embassy, waited on the Grand Vizier at the Porte. It is an invariable rule that a new ambassador makes his second visit of ceremony to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But Prince Menschikoff, after leaving the Grand Vizier, although invited by the ‘*Introducteur des Ambassadeurs*’ to visit Fuad Effendi, declined to do so; and Prince Menschikoff, passing by the line of troops and kavasses, and the very door of Fuad Effendi, which had been open to receive him, left the Porte.

‘The affront was the more galling because great preparation had been made for the purpose of receiving the Russian ambassador with marked honours, and a great concourse of people, particularly Greeks, had assembled for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony.

‘The incident made a great and most painful sensation. The Grand Vizier expressed to me his indignation at the premeditated affront which had been offered to his sovereign; and the Sultan’s irritation was excessive.

‘M. Benedetti (the French ambassador) and myself at once saw all the bearing and intention of the affront. Prince Menschikoff wished, at his first start, to create an intimidating and commanding influence, to show that any man, even a cabinet minister, who had offended Russia, would be humiliated and punished even in the midst of the Sultan’s court, and without previous communication with his Majesty. Prince Menschikoff wished to take the cleverest man out of the ministry, to humiliate it, upset it, and establish in its place a ministry favourable to his own views.’—Cor. i. 86, 87.

We entreat the reader not to pass lightly over the above para-
N N 2

graphs. The circumstances of premeditated insult here presented are such, both for number and ~~severity~~, as rarely come together in one scene even in fiction. You have seen, good reader, what the conduct of the French ambassador was, for it has been faithfully described in the facts we have enumerated. You also see in the preceding extract what the conduct of Prince Menschikoff was, and we leave you to pronounce on the candour—the veracity of the men, who can assert that the conduct of the Russian envoy was not a whit more insulting than that of the French.

Fuad Effendi at once resigned, and the wounded Sultan deemed it prudent to accept the seals of office from his wounded minister. When inquiry was made as to the reason of this strange course of proceeding on the part of the Russian ambassador, his colleague, M. d'Ozeroff, answered that 'Fuad Effendi had acted "in a manner which rendered it impossible that the Russian embassy should have anything to do with him."—*Blue Book*, i. 87. The fact was, that Fuad Effendi had been placed in great difficulty between the rival claims of France and Russia—France, however, had quite as much right to complain of the want of consistency in the course of the foreign minister as Russia; but it never entered the thoughts of the French to take such a course as Russia is here shown to have taken.

III. *We now come to the History of the Menschikoff Propositions touching the Protectorate.*—The new ambassador had driven Fuad Effendi from office. What could be done to give a favourable complexion to the ministry, and to awe it into submission, was done. The appearance of Prince Menschikoff in Constantinople dates from the beginning of March, 1853. The following passage is from a despatch sent to the English government on the 1st of April. It describes what had then taken place in an interview between the Russian ambassador and the Turkish cabinet.

'Prince Menschikoff expressed the Emperor's wish to enter into a *secret* treaty with Turkey, putting a fleet and 400,000 men at her disposal, if she ever needed aid against *any western power whatsoever*. That Russia further secretly demanded an addition to the treaty of Kainardji, whereby the *Greek Church should be placed entirely under Russian protection, without reference to Turkey*,—which was to be the equivalent for the proffered aid above mentioned. Prince Menschikoff stated that *the greatest secrecy must be maintained relative to this proposition*, and that should Turkey allow it to be *made known to England*, he and his mission would instantly quit Constantinople.—*Cor. i. 136.*

But it soon became manifest that Turkey was by no means disposed to sell herself after this manner into the hands of Russia. Prince Menschikoff, accordingly, became less definite and more

moderate in his tone. But the object sought by this proposed secret treaty, was ~~the~~ object contemplated in his ultimate proposals. 'Long and painful experience of the past,' says the Prince, 'requires, in order to avoid all coldness or mistrust between the two governments for the future, a solemn engagement having 'the force of a treaty,' and the Porte is required to attach its signature to the following articles within a week. Should this request not be complied with, the effect, Prince Menschikoff states, would be to 'impose upon him the most painful duty.' The principal articles are as follows:

'Art. I.—No change shall be made as regards the rights, privileges, and immunities which have been enjoyed by, or are possessed *ab antiquo* by the orthodox church, pious institutions, and clergy, in the dominions of the Sublime Ottoman Porte, which is pleased to secure the same to them in perpetuity, on the strict basis of *status quo* now existing.

'Art. II.—The rights and advantages conceded by the Ottoman government, or which shall hereafter be conceded, to the other Christian rites, by treaties, conventions, or special arrangements, shall be considered as belonging also to the orthodox church.'*

Now it was contended, that these articles were, in fact, only a more explicit iteration of the provision of the treaty of Kainardji on this subject. What the Czar sought, accordingly, it was said, was *no new power*, but simply that what that treaty had provided should be more explicitly confirmed. But this is not a just representation. The treaty of Kainardji, instead of giving Russia the power she now sought, was framed with the manifest design of precluding such pretensions. It is of great importance that the reader should mark this fact. The treaty dates from 1774, and the articles in question are the following:—

Art. VII.—*The Porte promises to protect the Christian Religion and its Churches; and the ministers of Russia shall be allowed to make representations in favour of the new church of which mention is made in Art. XIV.*

'Art. XIV.—The Court of Russia is permitted, besides the chapel built in the Minister's house, to build in the quarter of Galata, in the street named Bey-oglou, a public church of the Greek rite, which shall always be under the *protection* of the Russian minister, and secure from 'all vexation and exaction.'

* 'The proposals amount in substance to the conclusion of a treaty, stipulating that Russia shall enjoy the *exclusive* right of intervening for the *effectual protection* of all *members of the Greek Church*, and of the *interests of the churches themselves*; that the *privileges of the four Greek Patriarchs* shall be *effectually confirmed*, and the *patriarchs shall hold their preferments for life, independently of the Porte's approval*.—Despatch of Lord Redcliffe.—Correspondence, 127—129.

Here, it is plain, the 'protection' to be exercised was a protection to be restricted to the 'new church' about to be erected. The liberty 'to make representations' is a liberty restricted to matters concerning that church. In fact, the mischief which has recently developed itself appears to have been foreseen as a probability of the future, and to have been provided against with the utmost caution in this very treaty. With this view, what is said of the Greek church is said in the fewest words possible, and in words as little definite in their meaning as possible. '*The Porte promises to protect the Christian Religion and its Churches*'—that is all. Not of this description is the language employed by Prince Menschikoff. His claim is, that Turkey should pledge herself to Russia, by exclusive and solemn treaty, to uphold all 'rights, privileges, and immunities of the Greek church,' whether small or great, relating to clergy, to laity, or to the religious orders. In future, the Sultan is not to favour any change touching the religious condition of ten millions of his subjects, whether for the better or the worse, in lesser things or greater, without the concurrence of the Czar. Should he so do, parties deeming themselves aggrieved were, in fact, to be empowered to look from the court of the Sultan to that of the Czar, as to a virtual court of appeal. To Russia separately was this pledge of partnership in rule to be given—with Russia alone was this joint sovereignty to be instituted. In the Greek Church, moreover, the ecclesiastical is mixed up with the secular to a degree with which we are not familiar. The questions for litigation, accordingly, coming up, would be ceaseless and numberless, affecting both persons and properties in ways innumerable. No impartial man can doubt this, who shall bear in mind that the Czar claims to be to the Greek Church all the Pope is to the Latin, with this very material difference, that the temporal power of the popes, even in the times of the Hildebrands of that race, has been nothing, while in the late Emperor Nicholas we saw a sovereign pontiff who could call in half a million of bayonets, and many a park of artillery, to give point and weight to his ecclesiastical decisions!

Such, then, was the relative posture of affairs as between Turkey and Russia, which was brought out by the propositions of Prince Menschikoff. But it must be remembered, that the case as it stood in the eyes of the British Government, was greatly more serious than as presented in those propositions. For some months before, the Czar had been holding private conversations with the English ambassador at St. Petersburgh, and a secret correspondence with the English Government, on the affairs of Turkey. In these conversations, and in this correspondence, the Emperor insisted that it was folly to think of the

dissolution of Turkey as a distant event—it was close at hand ; no one could tell a day in which it might not happen. It was fixed that the 'sick man' must soon die, and no less fixed that on his death his heritage must fall into the hands of Russia. England, in that eventuality, might take possession of Egypt, and perhaps of the island of Candia, but the whole of Turkey beside was to fall into the hands of the Czar. Now it is to be remembered, that the British Government was familiar with all these forecastings of the Czar BEFORE the propositions of Prince Menschikoff were named at Constantinople, and that they had to look on those propositions, when produced, in the light of those forecastings. If 'the English Government and I, I and the English Government, have entire confidence in one another,' said the Czar, 'I care nothing about the rest.' *Eastern Papers*, v. 10. The Czar further says to Sir Hamilton Seymour :—

'Now I desire to speak to you as a friend and a gentleman ; if England and I arrive at an understanding of the matter, as regards the rest it matters little to me ; it is indifferent to me what others do or think. Frankly then, I tell you plainly that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you, but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly : for my part I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there, as *proprietor*, that is to say, for as *occupier* I do not say it might not happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, or if anything should be left to chance, might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople.'—*Ibid.* 11, 12.

It is now pretty well understood that this 'occupying' of the Turkish capital for a time was intended to precede the induction of the Czar's second son, Constantine, as permanent 'proprietor.'

Nevertheless, we are told, that this was a case with which our Government should not have interfered at all ; or, if they must interfere, their advice to the Sultan, it is said, should have been, that it would not be wise or just in him to cherish suspicions concerning the intentions of the Czar, but rather to confide in his honour, and to submit. Care, too, it is said, should have been taken, to state clearly, that if another course should be adopted, it would be in vain to expect assistance of any kind from England. Now we feel no scruple in saying that had our Government taken either of these courses, in place of being entitled to commendation, it would have deserved impeachment. We hold, therefore, that any evidence showing that the British cabinet, and the British ambassador at Constantinople, did not encourage this surrender on the part of the Sultan, but rather the contrary, is evidence to their honour, and not to their disgrace.

We marvel not that the Czar, and Count Nesselrode,* should

have said, as their troubles grew upon them—all this has come from the interference of England and France, had the case been left as a matter simply between Turkey and Russia, it would have been readily settled. Very likely. It is quite natural that those gentlemen should so talk—not exactly natural that some other men should so do. In that case the Porte would have accepted the propositions of Prince Menschikoff, or she would not. If she had accepted them, then Russia would have gained that sort of footing in Turkey, that would have enabled her to attain quietly, stealthily, bit by bit, to the virtual, and ere long to the formal sovereignty of that empire. If the Porte had rejected the propositions, then the occasion so much coveted by the Czar, for entering Turkey with a military force would have come, and being left, by the generous non-intervention maxims of the surrounding nations, to concentrate all his strength in the direction of Constantinople, it is certain that the time for 'occupying' that beautiful city, and for giving it a new 'proprietor' would soon have come.

It is easy to affect to ridicule what is called the balance of power. But the men who think they show their wisdom by so doing, only betray their folly. Wherever nations are clustered together, some weaker and others stronger, as on the surface of Europe, the idea of a balance of power has never failed to be recognised, and to give existence to a general states-system. Lay down the maxim of non-intervention—that is, that no one nation shall be under any circumstances the helper of another, and you surrender the weak everywhere into the hands of the strong. The most powerful nation has only to will it, and it may forthwith absorb all the rest into itself, no nation being left to indulge any higher hope, than that of being possibly the last to be swallowed. But it is not thus, where the weak, by combining, know how to prove themselves stronger than the strong. That the working out of this balance of forces has led to many wars, and involved particular acts of injustice, no one will deny. But it is with this states-system, as it is with national government, in the particular states—its cost is as nothing, compared with the costs that would be incurred by a resolve to dispense with it. Nor is it of avail to say, if you have intervention *at all*, you must have it *everywhere*. We know how to admit the interference of our government in *many* things, without admitting it in *all* things.

The leading states of Europe have been influenced by ideas of the above description in resisting the policy that would have added Turkey to Russia. They could not see that it would contribute to the safety and tranquillity of Europe that the authority of Russia should extend, not merely from the Baltic to the

Danube, but from Finland to Egypt; not merely over its present sixty-two millions of people, but over a HUNDRED MILLIONS! They could not flatter themselves that the weak would be quite safe by the side of so much strength; or that the most costly combinations of the weak would suffice in all cases to cope with such strength. M. Thiers—no narrow or timid politician—has his word on this subject which we must cite:—

36

‘It was quite enough in delivering Finland to the Russians, to have afforded them the means of a step in advance towards the Sound, as a point from which they will not be less menacing at a future day, when the Russian colossus, with one foot on the Dardanelles, and another on the Sound, shall make the whole world his slave, and liberty will have fled to America. However chimerical all this may seem now to narrow minds, it will one day be a cruel reality; for Europe, unwisely divided, like the towns of Greece in the presence of the kings of Macedonia, will have probably the same lot.’

But if we are not to hasten this terrible consummation, by giving Turkey to Russia, what is to be done with it? Put an end to Mohammedan domination say our peace-makers. Proclaim freedom to the nationalities. Let the different races govern themselves. But we venture to ask such persons—do you know what your friend the late Czar said on that subject? His majesty declared that so long as he had a man or a musket left he would not allow *that*. To suffer the different provinces of Turkey to become ‘so many asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis’ of the age—the thought was not to be endured.* Then shall Turkey be partitioned—Poland fashion? There are some difficulties in the way of that scheme. One does not, for instance, at once see the *right* of the European powers so to deal with a neighbour territory. Moreover, the process might be dangerous—brigands do sometimes quarrel over the division of the spoil. Wealth, too, when ill-got, is often ill-spent—so that the end of such an undertaking might possibly prove to be as little satisfactory as the beginning.

On such grounds as we have indicated, our ministers have concluded that it became them to do their best to perpetuate Turkey as an unbroken and independent power. It is quite true, that in rejecting the propositions of Prince Menschikoff, Turkey felt that she might calculate on aid from England and

* ‘I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths, Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe. Rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and, as long as I had a man and a musket left, would carry it on.’—*Eastern Papers*, v. 10—12.

France; but it is no less true, that in taking that course, the Turkish cabinet acted simply in accordance with its own often expressed conviction of right and duty. It is said, however, that in the rejection of these proposals we have the origin of the present struggle; that the Turks would not have ventured to reject them had they not been allowed to expect aid from England, and that upon the English ministry accordingly rests the guilt of this war.* But look for a moment to what our ministers must have done to escape the brand of these censors.

The leading states of Europe had pledged themselves to uphold the order of things which recognises Turkey as an independent empire—and no one had done this more explicitly than the Emperor Nicholas.† But our ministers, it seems, should have made light of that often-repeated pledge, and for the sake of quietness, should have been content to put their country in the position of the truce-breaker, the faithless, the untruthful. Our cabinet, moreover, knew full well, from its correspondence with the Czar, that in place of not meditating anything hostile to the independence of Turkey, his majesty was in reality most impatient to get such a footing in that country as should secure him a speedy possession of the whole territory. But while they knew the case to be thus, they ought, it seems, to have expressed themselves to the Sultan as though they did not know it—in short, as though they knew something strictly the reverse of the truth to be the truth. Their language, it seems, should have been, that the Czar ought not to be suspected of meaning anything dangerous by his proposals through Prince Menschikoff, and that the Porte would be quite safe in complying

* The English ambassador, it is said, urged the Sultan and his cabinet to this course of resistance, and 'insisted on his (the Sultan's) rejection of *all terms of accommodation with Russia*' (Mr. Bright's letter). In his despatch of the 10th of May, giving an account of his interview with the Sultan, Lord Redcliffe says that he had been careful not to express any opinion about the proposals of Prince Menschikoff, until the Turkish Cabinet had come to their own decision upon them. That decision was, *not to reject all terms with Russia*, but rather to accept of *any terms* that might be satisfactory, *short of being parties to such a measure as should endanger the independence of Turkey*. And such was the course *commended* by Lord Redcliffe, and by the English Cabinet. Instead of saying 'reject all terms of accommodation with Russia,' their language was, be calm, conciliating, and conceding, to the utmost extent possible, consistently with not instituting a divided sovereignty in the Turkish empire. Lord Redcliffe used every influence in the way of reason and persuasion to bring the Prince to accept of more reasonable terms, but without effect; and when the Grand Vizier himself wished to see the Russian ambassador for further conference with the same view, Prince Menschikoff refused to see him, insisting on the required answer—yes or no—by the fixed day.—'Blue Book,' i. 156—177. This may be taken as an instance of the manner in which Mr. Bright has dealt with this question; and nearly everything we have seen as spoken or written by his disciples has been only so much Bright and water.

† Nesselrode's Despatch, 1844.

with them! It was, furthermore, the conviction of the English ministry, that the seizure of Turkey by Russia, as thus clearly contemplated, would have been a most disastrous event for England, for civilization, for the human race. But to save themselves trouble, to keep things comfortable a little longer, they should, it seems, have played the hypocrite, and have acted like men having no such convictions, caring much for the immediate and the selfish, caring nothing for the remote or the generous. Beyond this, the English ministry was professedly a liberal ministry; but to make things pleasant for awhile, they should have pretended, it would appear, to have seen nothing really insulting in the court-day doings of Prince Menschikoff, nor anything inconsistent with their professed adhesion to liberal principles, in allowing the rabid conservatism of Russia, to be foisted into the place of the hopeful reforms of Turkey.

So steeped in immorality would our cabinet have become, had they done on this question as we are told they ought to have done. But it may be said—if they would not be a peace cabinet, they should have made way for such a cabinet. Suppose, then, they had resigned—by ceasing to be ministers, they would not cease to be Englishmen, or to be senators. The course which they could not themselves take in office, they would have been bound to do their best to prevent other men from taking. Whether out of office or in, they would have felt bound to encourage resistance rather than surrender, and in doing that successfully, would have been the authors of the war. For it is all a mistake, it appears, to suppose that guilt in such cases lies on the side of the aggressor, it belongs wholly to those who are so wickedly inclined as to think of resisting aggression. The highwayman says ‘stand,’ the traveller hesitates to ‘deliver,’ and straightway he is prostrated with a bludgeon. Of course, the blame in this case does not attach in any degree to the amiable person with the bludgeon, but solely to that most unreasonable person who, when summoned to produce his purse, showed signs of resistance rather than of submission. Such are a few specimens of the logic and the morality with which our war controversy has been graced.

IV. *We now come to the History of the Vienna Note.*—The proposals of Prince Menschikoff were rejected, and a Russian army, which had been gathering for some months on the borders of the Principalities, immediately took possession of them. It would seem that, until now, the Four Powers had flattered themselves that Russia would never commit itself to an extreme course of this description; and their discovery of this error appears to have been allowed to influence their fears unduly. The French ambassador, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, drew up a paper

which he hoped might still be admitted as the basis of a settlement. It is manifest that the intention in the framing of this document, was to consult the wishes of Russia as far as should be possible, consistently with any hope of securing the concurrence of Turkey. Accordingly, when M. Drouyn de Lhuys sent this paper to the Czar, he spoke of it as differing more in form than in substance, from the propositions of Prince Menschikoff. Having endeavoured, in this diplomatic style, to bring the Czar to a favourable consideration of the paper, it was strongly urged on his acceptance. The Emperor saw that the case was very much as stated—that this paper (the future Vienna Note) might be made to serve his purpose nearly as well as the scheme which had been rejected. The Czar accordingly signified his approval. The paper was sent to London, to Vienna, and to Berlin, and, strange to say, with slight modification, was approved. It then passed through the hands of Lord Redcliffe to the Turkish cabinet.

But the Czar had stated that his acceptance of this paper was strictly with the understanding that no alteration should be made in it. His majesty, it will be remembered, had seen the document in draft, as well as in its ultimate form, while the Sultan was left in total ignorance of it until it had passed through that ordeal. Nevertheless, when the Turkish cabinet spoke of the necessity of some modifications of the note, before it could be admitted, the fact that the Czar had been pleased to accept the paper without alteration, was deemed reason enough to make it little less than an insult in the Sultan to call for amendments. The Four Powers, it should be remembered, were not arbitrators, they were simply friendly mediators. Both the Czar and the Sultan had full right to take exception to the terms proposed, and how the fact that the Czar had not chosen to exercise this right himself, should give him warrant for denying the possession of it to the Sultan, is to us a great mystery. The following is a copy of this note, with the parts to which exception was taken given in italics.

‘ If the Emperors of Russia have at all times evinced their active solicitude for the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of the Orthodox Greek Church in the Ottoman empire, the Sultans have never refused again to confirm them* by solemn acts, testifying their ancient and constant benevolence towards their Christian subjects.

‘ The undersigned has in consequence received orders to declare by the present note, that the government of his majesty the Sultan will remain faithful to the letter and to the spirit of the *Treaties of*

* The changes proposed were as follows:—‘the religious and orthodox Greek Church, the Sultans have never ceased to provide for the maintenance of the privileges and immunities which at different times they have spontaneously granted to that religion and to that Church in the Ottoman Empire, and to confirm them—’

Kainardji and Adrianople, relating to the protection of the Christian religion, and that his majesty considers himself bound in honour to cause to be observed for ever, and to preserve from all prejudice either now or hereafter, the enjoyment of the spiritual privileges which have been granted by his majesty's august ancestors to the Orthodox Eastern Church, which are maintained and confirmed by him; and, moreover, in a spirit of exalted equity, to cause the Greek rite to share in the advantages granted to the other Christian rites by convention or special arrangement.†—Cor. ii. 80, 81.*

The complaint made as to the first of these articles was, that it would be interpreted as an admission made by the Porte, that it had always recognised in Russia the right to exercise an 'active solicitude for the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of the Greek Church in the Ottoman empire'; and as further admitting, that the maintenance of those rights and advantages in the past, is to be ascribed in reality to such solicitude and action on the part of Russia, more than to the free equity and benevolence of the Porte. The fact, however, is, that the Porte has never recognised such a right on the part of Russia as this language will be understood as describing; and that the granting and perpetuating of the privileges of its Christian subjects, has been purely its own act, from the earliest times to the present. In brief, and in substance, they say, that *to admit that Russia has filled such a position towards the Porte in the past, would be to give her that position for the future, and in that act to surrender the independence of the Ottoman Empire.*

To the second paragraph the objection was, that the treaty of Adrianople merely confirmed that of Kainardji, while that of Kainardji merely said, '*The Porte promises to protect the Christian Religion and its Churches.*' That declaration the Porte is prepared to confirm; anything simply to the effect of that declaration the Porte is prepared to repeat. Whatever privilege, moreover, is granted to other Christians 'subjects of Turkey,' will, as a matter of course, be granted to the Greek Church. But the terms 'by convention or special arrangement' are ambiguous, may lead to inconvenience, and had better be omitted.

What there was of the unreasonable in these exceptions, we have still to learn. That the parties who framed this document should have felt vexed on finding that they had not seen these difficulties as they should have seen them, is natural; and it is

* '—to the stipulations of the treaty of Kainardji, confirmed by that of Adrianople, relative to the protection by the Sublime Porte, of the Christian religion, and he is moreover charged to make known—'

† '—granted or which might be granted, to the other Christian communities, Ottoman subjects.'

easy to cite them as trying to make the proposed modifications appear unimportant. But they soon became so far sensible to the validity of the ground taken by the Porte, as to unite in urging upon the Czar the acceptance of the Note as modified. Upon this came the despatch of Count Nesselrode, analysing the paper, for the purpose of getting rid of the Turkish amendments, from which it became only too manifest that the Porte had exercised a sound discretion in the course it had taken. By the interpretation put thus officially on that document, it was made to cede to the Czar what its authors never meant to cede.

In this posture of affairs, the natural course would seem to have been, to withdraw the Vienna note, and to endeavour to substitute something more satisfactory in its place. But such a course did not accord with the policy of the Czar. The Four Powers, in an evil moment, had given him the substance of what he sought. The advantage was obvious, and his majesty was resolved on retaining it. His maxim accordingly was—the note, the whole note, and nothing but the note.*

At this stage of proceedings the Czar made his journey to Olmütz. His majesty then talked to the Austrian ambassador and others smoothly and harmlessly, assuring them that he saw nothing in the Vienna note that did not exist in previous treaties, and that he should attempt nothing on its authority that he might not have attempted on other and much older authority. Count Buol and others were weak enough to be influenced by this hollow talk, and hence came the project of drawing up a 'declaration,' in which the Four Powers should set forth *their* sense of the Vienna note, and which should be given to the Porte as a security against any misconstruction of that document on a future day. But it is to be observed concerning this proposed 'declaration,' that it was to be a matter purely between the Four Powers and the Porte; the settlement between Russia and Turkey, receiving the signatures of the Czar and the Sultan, was to be on the basis of the unaltered Vienna note, and on that alone. Had a 'declaration' been approved, which should have dealt as fairly with Turkey as with Russia, we have little doubt that as much exception would have been taken to that exposition of the Vienna note as to the Turkish modifications of it; for the 'declaration' which Nicholus contemplated, was one which should

* 'In the anxious desire to find some means by which the Turkish government could be induced to give such assurances to the Emperor of Russia as might terminate the present differences, Count Buol would have given up the Vienna note, and have sought some other means of attaining that object, had he not found an *invincible repugnance* on the part of Count Nesselrode to abandon the only basis which by the Emperor of Russia's acceptance of that note had been established amongst the Five Powers.'—Earl Westmoreland to Lord Clarendon, 11—129.

simply say that the note gave no new powers, and would not tend to disturb the *status quo*. Now such a declaration would have been without the least value, inasmuch as it had been all along the policy of the Czar to insist that the really new powers which he intended to exercise, were no other than had been secured to him by old treaties—the fact, however, being, that those treaties had never before been so interpreted. The juggle was a dexterous one, and has fairly puzzled the wits of some who have had to deal with it.* But the English cabinet saw through it. ‘Her Majesty’s government,’ says Lord Clarendon, ‘would consider it nothing short of dishonesty to persuade the Turkish government to sign the note, now that they are made aware that their interpretation of it is not that of the Emperor of Russia.’†

To take this ground, we are told, was a great crime on the part of the English Government—a crime which has been the cause of the war. Our own impression is, that the error of the English cabinet, and of the four cabinets, was, not in giving up the Vienna Note, but in having ever adopted it. It came into existence immediately after the invasion of the Principalities by a Russian army; and owed its origin to a fear of Russia, which, for the time, rendered the mediating powers less sensible to the claims of Turkey than they should have been. The complexion and the fate of that document came from that source.

As we have stated before, what the English ministry knew from the conversations and correspondence of the Czar, as to his real intentions towards Turkey, precluded them from putting into his hand such an instrument as that prepared for his use by Prince Menschikoff; and the same reasons now precluded them from counselling the Sultan to sign a paper which Russia herself had declared that she understood in the sense of that instrument. New interferences would soon have taken place, and all would have been vindicated by an appeal to the Vienna Note, as being nothing more than an accredited exposition and confirmation of old treaties. But in the full view of these facts, our government, we are told, should have advised, should virtually have compelled the Sultan to sign that Note! With one hand, the English

* ‘What it (the Note) was designed to recognise, is that there *has ever existed* on the part of Russia *active solicitude* for her co-religionists in Turkey, as also for *the maintenance of their religious immunities*; and that the Ottoman Empire is disposed to take account of that solicitude’ ‘The protection (in the treaty of Kaimardji) is a promise made and an engagement undertaken by the Sultan. There is an appearance now of throwing doubt upon the *right* which we *possess* of *watching over the STRICT fulfilment of that promise*.’—Count Nesselrode’s Despatch, ii. 104—105. This despatch went so far as to say in substance and effect, that the Greek Church in the Ottoman Empire had been indebted to Russia, and not to the Porte, for her immunities in the past, and must be so indebted for the future.

† Correspondence, ii. 112.

minister was to give a document to the Czar which would be interpreted as of one meaning ; with the other, he was to give a document to the Sultan, designed to convey quite another meaning. Talk of imbecility, could the history of diplomacy furnish another instance of such a huddling together of inconsistencies and contradictions as would here have taken place ? And as to the question of morality, need we say that the man who allows himself to be represented as saying and unsaying in the same breath, is a man who tells us that his word is utterly worthless. We repeat, the error of our cabinet was, not in giving up the Vienna Note, but in the want of firmness and sagacity which allowed them to adopt it.

The Czar then clung to this unhappy Note for the reasons stated, and rejected the proposed modifications. Whereupon, the Turks, despairing of a satisfactory settlement, and maddened by the tidings which came to them day by day of proceedings in the Principalities, declared war. So far were they from needing a stimulus to resist the demands made upon them by Russia, that the combined remonstrances of the ambassadors friendly to their cause was not sufficient to prevent their taking this extreme course of denouncing those demands.

V. We have next to mark the Pacific Efforts of the English Cabinet after the Turkish Declaration of War.—Lord Clarendon drew up another paper to submit in the place of the Vienna Note. Lord Redcliffe volunteered a document of the same purport from Constantinople. The two drafts were laid before the conference at Vienna, with entreaties that prompt and serious consideration should be given to them. But Count Buol spoke of the aspect of affairs as changed. War had been declared—blood had been shed. Settlement now could hardly come except by treaty and plenipotentiaries. At all events, the conference should first learn whether the belligerents were willing to treat, and if so, on what terms. Much precious time was thus lost. The paper framed according to the suggestion of Count Buol did not reach Constantinople until the week which brought the news of the perfidious slaughter at Sinope. Even now, however, the Turkish cabinet replies to the new note of the Conference, saying, we are willing to treat. Let Russia consent to leave the Principalities as soon as may be ; let the Czar be content with the confirmation of treaties existing before the war, but now abrogated by war ; let the immunities of the Greek Church remain under the protection which those treaties have secured to them ; and let the actual settlement in regard to the holy places continue undisturbed—let these things be, and we are prepared to forget the past. The Emperor Napoleon wrote an autograph letter to the Czar, pointing out the unreasonableness of the course taken, calling for an armistice, and

urging negotiations on honourable terms. But it availed not. The substance of the language of Russia was—Turkey has declared war; Turkey has been vain enough to boast of supposed advantages over the arms of Russia; Turkey must be humbled. Even to gain the neutrality of Austria, no promise could now be made either as to the evacuation of the Principalities, or as to leaving the map of Europe as it was before the war. With the entrance of the combined squadrons into the Black Sea came the recall of the Russian ambassadors—and war.*

If we hearken to certain orators, lecturers, and writers on this subject—for the parties who take this course at all run all in one track—we shall believe that in all these matters, with the exception of the invasion of the Principalities, Russia has been in the right, and Turkey and the Allies in the wrong. It was right, it seems, in the Czar to deny to the Sultan all liberty to amend the Vienna Note, purely because he had not himself chosen to

* The following extract is from a despatch by Sir G. H. Seymour, dated the 4th Nov. :—‘Count Nesselrode spoke with calmness as to the chances of war; admitted that, in the first instance, these might prove unfavourable to the Russian arms; but he gave me to understand that the Emperor could not submit to defeat, and could only *tend himself to composition when the superiority of his army was placed beyond doubt.*

‘What fell from Count Nesselrode went to confirm what I had already been told as to the feeling of the government being, that *no serious negotiation could be conducted until the Turks, calmed by defeat, should have been driven out of the Principalities.*

‘I remarked, that I had reason for believing that the idea had presented itself of a negotiation being opened in London. Count Nesselrode was disposed to consider this, and any method of the kind, *premature* (*intempestif*); the war was begun, and until *some decisive event* should occur, Count Nesselrode was of opinion that *negotiation would be out of place, and abortive.*’—ii. 255.

About a week later, Sir G. H. Seymour proposed to Count Nesselrode, in the name of the English Government, that the Russian and Turkish troops should alike withdraw from the Principalities, and that the whole dispute should be submitted for settlement to a conference of representatives in London. The Count requested that the proposal should be repeated, and having listened again, and then recovered breath, he expressed himself amazed that an overture so degrading to the Czar should have come from her Majesty’s Government. Did not the English ambassador know that when the Russian troops entered the Principalities, the Czar had declared that they should retire when his demands were complied with, and not before. Did he not know, also, that to allow a Turkish plenipotentiary ‘to take part in deliberations having a European character,’ was a thing without precedent?—ii. 263, 264. Some seven days afterwards, Sir Hamilton found the Count hardly recovered from his late shock, when he had to repeat it, by intimating that some recent doing in the Principalities had obliged the English Government to fear lest the Czar should attempt to retain those provinces, and should menace the Turkish empire. On this occasion the Count suggested, somewhat sarcastically, that it would be well if England could be less solicitous about such matters, and would leave Russia to deal with a power with which she was at war according to her own discretion; adding, in the same tone, and as a further sample of this obtruded service on the part of Great Britain, ‘That, at the present time, he was aware of her Majesty’s Government being occupied in drawing up the very articles of a treaty which Russia was to be called upon to sign.’ Very pacific all this.—ii. 274, 275.

amend it; right in him to insist on that Note, and to reject all thought of another, even though the Porte declared that, while its signature could never be given to that document, it could readily be given to another granting all that the Czar professed to seek; and it was right in the Autocrat to turn a deaf ear to the overtures made by the Porte, in reply to the call of the Four Powers, and to the personal appeal and pacific expostulation of the Emperor Napoleon, inasmuch as the terms of peace offered did not embrace all that the same Autocrat had chosen to demand. In a word, in this controversy, we ought to recognise on the one side, all right to make exactions; on the other, simply the obligation to conform to them; on the one side, liberty to play the Jesuit on any scale; on the other, the duty not to seem to see the Jesuitism, be it never so palpable. Such being the ethics of the case, the whole blame of this war of course rests, not with the strong, who, in the abuse of his strength, would have played the tyrant over the weak; but with the weak, who, from his inborn feeling of self-respect, has been ready to do battle at any odds with that tyranny rather than submit to it, and with those who have chosen in this case to side with the weak rather than with the strong. We leave it to the reader to characterize such ethics. There is certainly some novelty in them as coming from Englishmen and professed Liberals.

But much as we may seem to have said, we have been far from laying bare all the forms of the immoral which have become prominent in connexion with this controversy. It is pretended, for example, that Great Britain is even more ambitious than Russia;—but those who affect to believe this know very well, that the planting of English civilization, with all the faults—crimes, if you please, that may have attended it, has been everywhere the planting of a better in the place of a worse. It is pretended also, that this is a war to uphold a power not really worth upholding:—but those who so speak, know that the war is not a war to support Turks, so much as to save Turkey; and in so doing to save an order of things which, imperfect as it may be, is immensely better than anything that could come into its place. It is pretended again, that we are at war to sustain Mohammedans as the persecutors of Christians:—but it is well known that one aim of the war is to secure to all Christians in Turkey a larger liberty under the common protection of Europe, than would ever be ceded to them under the bigot law of Russia. It is further pretended that we are fastening a yoke upon the nationalities of Europe:—while in fact, by freeing them from Russian influence, we are aiming to give them their only chance of freedom. Every government has a right to remonstrate against any signal wrong inflicted on its co-

religionists by another government. Cromwell knew how to remonstrate in such a case—but he knew also where to stop. Not so the late Autocrat of all the Russias.

‘Scatter the men that delight in war,’ is the prayer of every Christian man, of every humane man. Nothing does the good man hate as he hates war—save the villainy which too often makes it necessary. But the men whose one cry is for peace, and that mainly because of the cost and suffering entailed by war, will do well to remember that there is nothing in the end so cheap as to do right, nothing so dear as to do wrong—that the dearest thing in God’s world after all is selfishness taking the shape of injustice. Peace obtained by pusillanimity, by looking to a narrow self-interest, by a spirit of servility, must be the peace of the degraded, the despised,—of a race doomed henceforth to be down trodden and spit upon by every passer-by. England, we trust, is not to come to that. But were England to be invaded some day,—an event now by no means improbable—the talk of the bulk of our peace-advocates warrant us in saying, that they would be among the first to find reasons, not for rousing the nation to drive the enemy back into the sea, but for disposing us to bow to his yoke, and to pay into his treasury, especially should he assure us, as the good Czar Nicholas assured the Turks, that his one solicitude about us should be to make us comfortable. We say—say deliberately and advisedly, that the spirit of these men is not the spirit which gave England her liberties, nor the spirit that would suffice to preserve those liberties in a time of danger. The policy that would have schooled Turkey, and all Europe, into the slave of Russia, rather than see war, is a policy that would school this country into becoming a slave to foreign rule to-morrow, under a sufficient pressure from supposed personal advantage, or from that one-eyed horror of the camp and the battle-field which seems to have deprived some men of the last vestige of common sense. The prevalence of such a spirit in this country would soon place it among the basest of the kingdoms; and the man who can do anything towards showing what this spirit is, and whither it tends, should feel himself bound to do his very best in that direction. Where the honour and safety of this brave old land are concerned, the private and the personal should be as the dust of the balance. Nations do not perish in waging just wars, but many have perished under the sensuous, selfish, and effeminate influences incident to a long peace. Supposing the ‘four points’ to embrace the extinction of ascendancy on the part of any power in the Black Sea, we say—if Russia be honest in seeking peace on these terms, **LET THERE BE PEACE**; if she be not honest, then let us be **MEN—CHRISTIAN MEN**—daring to say—**RIGHT SHALL BE DONE.**

OUR EPILOGUE ON AFFAIRS.

SINCE our last appearance, the Aberdeen Cabinet has ceased to exist. The resignation of Lord John Russell accelerated that instance of mortality. His lordship's statesmanship has not been a faultless matter in our view. The worship which he still renders to certain old Whig prejudices has often sorely tried our patience. In this case, however, his fault was not in resigning before the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion, but in his not having resigned earlier. But wise men know that the wise on such questions is not always easy to determine. Of one thing we are sure—the abuse heaped upon his lordship has been unmerited, and we are glad to see that its only effect has been in its recoil upon its authors.

The Derby party—the constant railers at coalition cabinets, have attempted a coalition. The result has been a double disaster. It has demonstrated weakness—it has unmasked hypocrisy.

The subsequent secession of the Peelites was hardly to be regretted. Just now, the half-hearted in the great struggle are better away.

But the present cabinet has too much of the old family-clique manufacture about it. Still, let it deserve support, and it will be supported ;—should it fail, however, this stubborn, not to say selfish, preclusion of all new blood will be marked as the cause.

For the present, our domestic questions are mostly in abeyance. But the question of Church-rates seems to be approaching nearer to a solution. Churchmen have more to gain than to lose by consenting to the extinction of that vexatious tax. Nothing short of its *total abolition* can now be thought of ; and if men like Lord John Russell shall choose to see such a bill pass, as in the case of the University bill, in defiance of them, rather than by their help, let history fix the disgrace as it will deserve to be fixed. Catholics will probably consent ere long to give up the endowment of Maynooth, that they may come with clean hands to an attack on the Irish Church ; but the *Regium Donum* Presbyterianism of Ireland will die hard. We are glad to see that Nonconformists are becoming more alive to the means by which their parliamentary influence in regard to such questions may be best perpetuated and augmented. The position which Mr. Samuel Morley has consented to occupy in relation to this movement entitles it to the highest confidence.

OUR EPILOGUE
ON
BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

THE English publishing trade during the last quarter has been labouring, like almost all commercial undertakings, under considerable depression. Few large or expensive works have appeared; but, on the other hand, there has been an immense issue of cheap works, and what is called railway literature. Some historical works are advertised by Longmans and by Parker and Son; but till Sebastopol falls, publishers seem agreed to suspend their greater undertakings.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A., author of 'Travels in the East,' 'Infirmities of Genius,' 'The Mussulman,' 'Shrines and Sepulchres,' 'The Life of Savonarola,' &c. 3 vols.—The author of these volumes has, we believe, been a travelling doctor, a stipendiary magistrate in the West Indies and at Cape Coast Castle, a commissioner to inquire into slavery, a foreign correspondent of more than one London newspaper, and is the author of several works, none of which have had, or deserved to have, moderate success. His style is not merely bad, but ungrammatical; and he is evidently one of those very enterprising, but not very learned persons, prepared to commence any work, moral, historical, ethical, biographical, sentimental, humorous, or pastoral, provided only he can find a publisher willing to undertake the risk. Such writers are the bane of literature; and to them may be applied the words of the poet,—

‘Carry large burdens till thy shoulders sink,
But cursed be him who gives thee pen or ink.
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As nurses keep their children from edge tools.’

Why Lady Blessington's life should be published at all, is our first wonder—our second is that Mr. Madden should be selected to write it. If the lady were a female wonder, of the type of a De Staël or a Madame George Sand, Mr. Madden was not the man for the task; if Lady Blessington were merely a woman of a certain species of fashionable notoriety, who was paid by publishers for her name rather than for the merit of her works, it is beyond the power of Mr. Madden to

create for her productions an interest which they failed to excite when she was living. The volumes before us are dedicated to the homœopathic physician, Dr. Frederick Quin, with whom it appears Mr. Madden became acquainted many years ago, when Lady Blessington was travelling in Italy. This is not a very logical or satisfactory solution of a dedication. Mr. Madden boasts of an uninterrupted friendship and intimate acquaintance with the Countess of Blessington for a period of twenty-seven years. He says he possessed the entire confidence of the deceased lady; and then proceeds to give the pedigree of the Sheehy family, with whom, by her mother's side, Lady Blessington was connected. Her mother, indeed, was the daughter of one Edmund Sheehy, who was executed at Clonmel for Whiteboyism, in 1766, and the near relative of a priest of the name of Sheehy, who was hanged for the murder of one John Bridge, in the year previous. To a history of these persons Mr. Madden dedicates some pages in the text, and no less than forty in the appendix. If we are to believe Mr. Madden, both of these executions were judicial murders. The opinion of Mr. Madden should, however, be taken *cum grano salis*, for he appears to be one of those mistaken Roman Catholics who believes that a priest of his church can do no wrong, and that in any encounter, political, legal, or religious, with a Roman Catholic, the British government is ever in fault.

Much labour is expended by Mr. Madden to prove that the father of Lady Blessington was what is called a gentleman, a man of some property and station, as though the inquiry were one really of importance. But to us it appears these attempts at making out a fine pedigree are vain and fruitless, even though they were of moment. It is certain that the father of Lady Blessington was a justice of the peace; but as he was the electioneering tool of a noble lord who had interest with the government, he might have been made a justice, as many have been made in Ireland, without possessing fortune, character, or intelligence. It appears that the house Mr. Power occupied in Tipperary was small and inconvenient—that he kept storehouses, and was a corn and butter buyer—and that he afterwards became a printer and newspaper proprietor. His newspaper concern, as well as his mercantile speculations, were ruinous affairs, and he soon, either from taste and disposition, or from unprosperous fortunes, became irascible and intemperate. Such is the person, a terror to his wife and children, of whom Mr. Madden speaks as 'a fair, though not a favourable, specimen of an Irish country gentleman, of some sixty years ago'!

Was ever a greater libel penned even on the loose and irregular Irish country gentlemen of 1790. With all their numerous faults they were not so bad as this. Margaret Power (subsequently calling herself *Marguerite*, and so called by Mr. Madden, though christened plain Margaret) afterwards Lady Blessington, was the third daughter of this worthless man, and was born in Tipperary in 1790. At fourteen she began to enter into the company of grown-up persons, and frequently met in the society of Clonmel Captain Hardinge of the 47th, now Commander-in-Chief, and Major Edward Blakeney, recently

Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. A Captain Murray and a Captain Farmer were candidates for Miss Margaret's hand, and despite of tears and entreaties, says Mr. Madden, the unfortunate girl was compelled to yield to the commands of her inexorable parents, and at fourteen and a half was united to a man who inspired her with nothing but feelings of detestation. Mrs. Farmer lived but three months with her husband. In 1807 she was sojourning at Cahir, Tipperary; in 1809 in Dublin, a little later, separated from Captain Farmer, at Badminton, in Hampshire, (it is not stated with whom,) and in 1816 we find her established in Manchester-square, London. How Mrs. Farmer got to Manchester-square and maintained a house in that then fashionable locality, Mr. Madden does not state. But he goes on to mention that at the commencement of 1818 she was on the point of marriage with an Irish nobleman, her first husband having been killed by falling, in a state of inebriation, from a window in the King's Bench prison in 1817. Mrs. Farmer's father was at this period a ruined man; bankrupt in character and fortune, and had removed from Clonmel to an obscure street in Dublin called Clarendon-street.

In February, 1818, Mrs. Farmer became the wife of Lord Blessington; and from this period, says her biographer, 'her intercourse with eminent men and men of distinguished pursuits may be said to date.' Soon after her marriage, she and her husband removed to St. James's-square, where, says Mr. Madden, 'two royal English dukes condescended not infrequently to do homage at the new shrine of 'Irish beauty and intellect.' A dozen noble lords, and some poets, artists, and actors, are also mentioned as figuring at her *soirées*. It does not appear that the *wives* of any of these gentlemen accompanied them in doing homage 'to Irish beauty and intellect.' Mr. Madden goes very elaborately and tediously over the continental tour of Lord and Lady Blessington, and gives us, after the manner of a gentleman usher, or *maître d'hôtel*, the list of their visitors and dinner company, with divers extracts from the *Idler in Italy*, the *Book of Beauty*, *Pencillings by the Way*, &c. But these reports of visitors, at all times uninteresting, are now an insufferable impertinence, and extracts from old and trivial publications are always out of place. We are told in the fifth chapter that Lady Blessington first met Lord John Russell at Genoa—and that with the exception of the Duke of York, who was an especial favourite of her ladyship! (how patronizing of her ladyship to a royal duke), Lord Grey, and *perhaps* Lord Durham, none of the persons who visited at her house were spoken of in such warm terms of regard and esteem as Lord John Russell. This must doubtless be a peculiar consolation to Lord John under recent misfortunes.

We will not follow Mr. Madden into his comparison between Ladies Blessington, Charleville, and Holland. When, however, we find it stated that Lady Blessington had maintained a position 'almost 'queen-like in fashionable literary society, reigning over the best 'circles of London celebrities, and reckoning among her friends the 'most eminent men in England, in every walk of literature, art, and

'science, in statesmanship, in the military profession, and in every 'learned pursuit,' we can only smile at the exaggeration. We would merely remark, that beauty is little subject to the examination of reason—that it makes, to use the language of Johnson, riches pleasant, and that a fashionable lady in London like Lady Blessington, with a good house, a good temper, a kindly nature, and a disposition to please and to be pleased, would always find among men, young, old, and middle aged, assiduous followers if not enthusiastic admirers.

Adversity, however, came on Lady Blessington in her later years, and when she was obliged to break up her establishment at Gore House in the middle of April, 1849, and to retire to Paris, we should like to know how many of those who had known her in comparative prosperity offered her succour, or what is still cheaper, sympathy. No one had done more, and it is little to the credit of Lady Blessington and her friend Count D'Orsay, than both these persons to forward the interests and political views of the present Emperor of the French in 1848. Years previously both these personages had shown, as is truly stated in this work, the greatest attention to Louis Napoleon, but when D'Orsay made his way to France with a single portmanteau to escape arrest in England, and when Lady Blessington followed, Gore House being altogether broken up, and the books and furniture sold, both parties found, to use the well-known Irish expression, 'that the reciprocity was all on one side.' D'Orsay was obliged to take to his brush and his chisel to eke out a subsistence, and Lady Blessington in a few months was prostrated by a calamity which, though it came not suddenly, or without many warnings, was felt as a burden too heavy as well as too bitter to bear. So long as it was thought Lady Blessington was a woman of a large jointure well paid, there were not wanting publishers ready to give her, to use the language of the Row, sporting prices for such trumpery catch-penny trash as the *Idler in France* and the *Idler in Italy*, but so soon as it was noised abroad that Lady Blessington was forced to write for bread, her *Books of Beauty*, her annuals, her novels, and her magazine articles were no longer saleable. The disappointment was infinitely greater to herself than even to the few who read Lady Blessington's productions with pleasure; for she thought highly of her own abilities, and formed hopes from the exercise of them never to be realized. Fortune did not strike her hardest blow in depreciating the Blessington estates from which Lady B.'s jointure was paid, but in depreciating the literary wares to which fashion had given a momentary vogue.

It need not be said that Mr. Madden greatly over-estimates the talents and accomplishments of Lady Blessington. His heroine has, in truth, written nothing which deserved to live—nothing which, in fact, did live beyond the moment. It is true there are scores of letters in these volumes from noble lords and right honourable gentlemen, calling Lady Blessington's productions spiritual, beautiful, witty, sprightly, and what not. But it should be remembered that the Abingers, the Landors, the Disraelis, the Bulwers, the Smiths, and twenty others were paid in kind, and that such literary friendships as

consisted in furnishing an article in prose or poetry for the *Book of Beauty*, or any other annual of a pretty woman forced to eke out her income by its sale, were more calculated to produce fulsomeness and flattery than to secure veracity. There was a regular debtor and creditor account between the parties. The men enjoyed the smiles and the saloons of this modern Aspasia—were invited to dinners and conversaziones; and they gave in return an article in prose or poetry, which was pronounced beautiful, charming, and delightful by the fair editress of the journal in which it appeared. Nor did this puffery end here. The gentlemen so hepraised and beflattered were, as a matter of course, bound to say something civil of all the productions of Lady Blessington. The *Idler in Italy* was divine, the *Idler in France* delectable, the *Conversations with Byron* charming, the *Repealers* exquisite, &c. All this is very mawkish and sickening; and more especially mawkish is it to find a man like the late Lord Abinger, then filling the office of Chief Baron, engaged in such a hollow and unworthy commerce of compliment and flattery. No wonder that a lady whose name is not given, but who is called by Mr. Madden a person of high principles and right notions, writes, 'My opinion is that no woman ever was overwhelmed with such professions of friendship and attachment from so great a number of insincere acquaintances as Lady Blessington.' This is evidently the fact, but it is also clear that Lady Blessington drew on herself this superabundant stream of hollow flattery and insincere admiration. Excluded from the best female society, she sought to make herself the centre of a circle of men celebrated in the senate, in literature, in the arts, and in the fashionable world, by ministering to their individual vanity, and the result was a hollow interchange of flattery and adulation equally fulsome and gross. So long as human nature is human nature, female beauty will always have its charms and worshippers among the male sex, but there is no need that men should set forth under their hands that a woman, beautiful, good-natured, good-tempered, and obliging, is also distinguished by intellectual eminence of the highest order, by invention, by fancy, by wit, by pathos, and power and playfulness of style. This, however, is what the Disraelis, Landors, Bulwers, Smiths, and Abingers have done in all the moods and tenses of encomiastic commendation, in all the notes of the loudest and most admiring applause. To praise the beauty of the mistress of Gore House was not sufficient; she must be extolled, and exalted, and magnified as a woman of wit, of genius, of learning, and as a perfect mistress of style.

The attempt of Lady Blessington to create a kind of *Hôtel Ramboillet* in England was a complete failure, nor was it desirable that it should have been successful. Women in England have never attempted to direct politics or literature, or to assume an influence beyond the sphere of their firesides or domestic hearths. It is well that it is so, for in a neighbouring country female *intriguanteries* have done more mischief than the ~~worst~~ male politicians.

Lady Blessington, on more than half-a-dozen occasions, as appears by letters in these volumes, attempted to interfere in the distribution

of patronage by addressing letters to the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other statesmen; but the Duke and Sir Robert, though courteous in form, were curt and decisive in their answers, and gave the fair lady to understand that the affairs of England were not managed as the affairs of a neighbouring kingdom in the time of the Regent Orleans and the reign of Louis XV.

It will scarcely be credited, but the fact is revealed in Mr. Madden's volumes, that Lady Blessington asked Lord Abinger for a revising barristership for a *protégé* of hers at the bar.

Nor was it only with English affairs that Lady Blessington wished to intermeddle. She was desirous of having her friend D'Orsay, as we learn from these volumes, appointed secretary to the French embassy in London, and with this view exerted herself with M. de St. Aulaire and M. Guizot, and who corresponded on the subject with Mr. Henry L. Bulwer (now Sir Henry) in Paris. But the attempt was unsuccessful. D'Orsay, no doubt, had talents and tact sufficient for the office; but his *habitudes*, his mode of life, and above all, the *very peculiar patronage* under which he sought the employment, were properly fatal to his pretensions. In the domestic economy of newspapers Lady Blessington also sought to have an influence. We learn, under Lord Abinger's own hand, that he was intermedial between Lady Blessington and Mr. Barnes, of the *Times*, and that an old feud between the parties was to be healed by a new criticism on some of Lady Blessington's novels. These are 'secrets of the prison-house' that ought not to be revealed. In truth, at least 800 pages of correspondence is published in these three volumes which ought never to have seen the light. The parties writing the letters, it is clear, never meant them for any other eye than Lady Blessington's, and the thought never entered their heads that they would rise up years afterwards in judgment against them in all the permanency of print. It is very evident that not the slightest judgment or discretion has been used in the publication of this mass of correspondence, and there can be little doubt, we conceive, that any one who has not given permission to the publication of his letters could obtain an injunction against the publisher. The literary life and correspondence extends to three volumes, or about 1500 pages; whereas all that the public care to know about Lady Blessington might be contained in the three hundredth portion of this bulk, or fifty pages. There is an immense deal of matter—we ought rather to say of rubbish—about illustrious obscure of whom one has never heard, and of no very remarkable personages dead twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago. There are biographies and sketches of most of Lady Blessington's correspondents, by Mr. Madden, done somewhat in the style of the *Minerva Press*, Leadenhall-street. We can fancy such men as Grey, Wellesley, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Abinger, saying to Mr. Madden, as the Irish orator, Curran, said to his blundering biographer, Mr. O'Regan, 'Take my life, my dear O'Regan, if you will; but in mercy's name don't write it; this would be the fouler and the more premeditated *murder*.'

The best letters in the volume are those written by the Duke of

Wellington and Lord Abinger. If either or both could revisit the glimpses of the moon, how surprised they would be to see their private thoughts thus printed in A.D. 1855. It is revealed to us in these volumes that Lady Blessington was for a time connected with the *Daily News*. The proprietors of this journal agreed to give the lady a considerable sum for furnishing them with exclusive intelligence, but the engagement was put an end to at the request of Lady Blessington after a few months.

It is strange, but true, that Lady Blessington, who never saw Byron above six or eight times in her life, founded upon these hasty glimpses of the poet a work which had for title, *Conversations with Lord Byron*. It is probably one of the best of Lady Blessington's many productions, none of which are destined to immortality! A great deal of the three volumes is dedicated to the history, not merely of Count D'Orsay, but to the history of his family, direct and collateral. All this is in very bad and vulgar taste. It is a main object with Mr. Madden to convince the public that Lady Blessington died a Roman Catholic, that in her latter days she attended the church of the Madeleine at Paris; and that, more than thirty years previously, she had secured for the Jesuits of Dublin a gratuitous grant for their church in Gardiner-street, the ground belonging to the Mountjoy family. He is also desirous of making it appear that D'Orsay also died a devout Roman Catholic, and that, so far back as 1822, he flung a plate of spinach in the face of, and fought a duel with, a brother officer who spoke disrespectfully of the Virgin Mary.

Russia and the Russians; comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas and the House of Romanoff, with a Sketch of the Progress and Encroachments of Russia from the time of the Empress Catherine. By J. W. COLE, H.P., 21st Fusiliers. Bentley. 1855.—This is a useful, compact, and well prepared little volume, and fulfills the promise of its title-page. It gives an account of the Russian wars with Sweden, Prussia, and France, and short sketches of the battles of Narva, Pultowa, Groz-Jägersdorf, Kolin, &c.; fields in which the Russians may be said to have come first into contact with European troops. The second chapter contains a succinct summary of the population, resources, and military capabilities of Russia, from a survey of which the author draws the just conclusion that it is not extent of territory that constitutes the defensive force of a state, but that a condensed population and ready means of transport are the elements of solid strength. The population of Russia surpasses that of England and France combined; but being thinly scattered, is not to be estimated by a relative calculation of figures. In England and France we have double nerve from a multiplication of resources within a limited boundary. It is true, as Mr. Cole says, that Russia has gone on from one success to another, and that her grasp is insatiate. But she has been permitted to be, rather than is in herself irresistible. Apathy or incredulity has hitherto favoured her, but now the eyes of Europe are clearly opened. Russian gold has been hitherto potent to purchase; witness in 1849 and 1850, Georgy; in 1812, Muruzi, who, while in

the Turkish service, was secretly in the pay of Russia, and through whose dishonesty Bessarabia was filched from the Sultan. Witness again Jussuf Pacha, in 1829, when he surrendered the fortress of Varna and uncovered the right flank of the Turkish army posted on the defiles of the Balkan. Russian gold was also profusely distributed by Menzikoff in January, 1853, at Constantinople, and worked its calculated effect in Albania in 1854.

But the bugbear of Russian numbers, in a military sense, is now fully exploded. The Czar talks of 800,000 men as the amount of her armies; but these, or a fourth of the number, never yet stood in battle array in the hour of Russia's necessity. Yet Russia has no colonies as England to demand large garrisons, and no distant wars to drain her. At Borodino, on her own territory, 120,000 was the fullest extent of the Russ muster roll; and this aggregate was never exceeded in the successive invasions of France in 1814 and 1815. The Russ contingent marching on Paris was said on paper to be 110,000, but it really did not amount to 90,000, whereas the British force, with the Danish and Hanoverian contingents, amounted to 80,000. The average pay of the Russian soldier is about 12*s.* per annum. Men in Russia are furnished more readily than the equipments, for men are the least expensive components of the Russian army. A British soldier, on the contrary, is a costly article. He stands the country in 100*l.* before he is competent to face an enemy; but half a Russian battalion, as Mr. Cole remarks, may be sent into the field for the same money. The profits enjoyed by a colonel of a regiment are calculated at 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a year beside his pay. Mr. Cole attempts to institute a comparison between our great and virtuous Alfred and Peter called the Great; but we will not insult our readers by dwelling on this most preposterous parallel. The attempt to institute the comparison is an insult to the shade of one of the greatest and most virtuous of our kings.

Mr. Cole gives a succinct account of Catherine I., who survived Peter but two years, and died of indulgence in spirituous liquors at the early age of forty-one; of Alexis, of Anne, of Peter III., of Catherine II., of Paul, of Alexander, and of Nicholas. If Mr. Cobden had but read what is said of the last-mentioned emperor, he could not have stated that Russia had acquired nothing of Turkey under the reign of Nicholas. For by the treaty of Adrianople, though publicly disclaiming any intention to aggrandize his dominions, he acquired Anapa and Poti, with a considerable extent of coast on the Black Sea; a portion of the pashalic of Akhilska, with the fortresses of Akhilska and Akhilkollak. Nicholas also acquired the virtual possession of the islands formed by the mouths of the Danube, stipulated for the destruction of Giurjevo, and attempted a virtual separation of Moldavia and Wallachia from Turkey by sanitary regulations connecting them with Russia. Mr. Cobden may call this nothing; but England will call it something, and infinitely too much.

Mr. Cobden would make Nicholas a virtuous and magnanimous prince; but what does he say to the ukase of the 26th of July, 1832,

directing in the teeth of the treaty of Vienna, that the kingdom of Poland should thenceforward form an integral portion of and be incorporated with the Russian empire. We commend this little volume of *Russia and the Russians* to Mr. Cobden's perusal. It will afford him a succinct history of the crimes of Russian princes, past and present.

Russian Life in the Interior; or, the Experience of a Sportsman. By IVAN JOURGHENIEFF, of Moscow. Edited by JAS. D. MEIKLE-JOHN. Edinburgh. Adam and Charles Black. 1855.—This work was published at Moscow in 1852, under the title of *Zapitski Okhotnika* (Journal of a Sportsman). A French translation appeared in Paris in the summer of 1854, and a German translation in the autumn. Mr. Meiklejohn has creditably given us the version from the French; but the work is not so descriptive of national manners and customs as we expected to find it. The persons described, the Country Doctor, the Sportsman, the Bourmister, or Steward, the Forest Ranger, the Serf, &c., are not exactly the classes whose domestic history and customs we wish to learn something about at this moment.

The Chinese Empire; Forming a Sequel to the work intitled, 'Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet.' By M. HUC, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. London: Longmans. 1855.—The earlier work of this missionary is well known in England. It has been extensively read among us, and will doubtless be familiar to many of our readers. The present is a sequel, or rather a continuation of the narrative contained in the former work. The readers of the *Recollections* will not soon forget the interesting and spirited sketches it contains of the incidents which befel these missionaries in their adventures among the wilds of Tartary and Thibet, or of their exploits with the tents, camels, and their attendant Samdadchiemba. *The Chinese Empire* is marked by the same characteristics, the vigorous thought, graphic power, suggestive humour, and racy style, that have rendered the first book so attractive and instructive. In reference to the subjects treated in the sequel, it may be said that they are far more varied and interesting to the general reader than those brought before him in the *Journey through Tartary and Thibet*. The book now before us deals, almost exclusively, with the phenomena presented by that wonderful people, the Chinese,—a people respecting whose country and condition our authentic information has hitherto been but scanty.

The Abbé Huc is a French Catholic missionary, who, along with some companions, has laboured zealously for many years to diffuse the Christian faith in several countries of Eastern Asia. He had spent fourteen years in China before he entered it on the journey which the present work narrates. During this long period he seems to have mixed mostly with the lower classes, to have entered the country in disguise, and to have passed through it, to quote his own expressive language, 'Secretly, by stealth, along bye-paths and in darkness—pretty much, in fact, in the fashion of *balos* of contraband goods.' Subsequently to this sojourn in China, we find him located among the

Chinese and Mongolian Christians in the deserts of Tartary to the north of China Proper. From the 'Valley of Black Waters' in these wilds, he proceeded, in 1844-5-6, to Lha Ssa, the capital of Thibet, and the head-quarters of Bhuddism. The incidents of this journey are given in his former work, and also an account of his short residence at Lha Ssa. Here he and his fellow-missionary, M. Gabet, were well received by the Thibetan authorities; and they had, at first, the prospect of labouring quietly and successfully in their vocation. The representatives of the Emperor of China at Lha Ssa interfered, however, and succeeded in ejecting the missionaries from Lha Ssa, and in sending them under a great escort to China. The present work opens with the entrance of this travelling cavalcade into the frontiers of China Proper. The missionaries underwent a sort of trial at Tching-tou-fou, and were thence sent forward to Canton, under the care of a state-guard or escort. They therefore traversed the empire from west to south-east, passing through the very heart of the country. On this occasion M. Huc's march through China was a very different one to his previous journey. 'We were,' says he, 'now to march openly, in broad daylight, keeping the middle of the imperial high road. Those mandarins, 'the very sight of whom used to throw us into a cold shiver, and who 'would have been so extremely happy to have put us to the torture, if 'we had fallen into their hands, had now to make up their minds to 'serve us for an escort, and to overwhelm us with respect and politeness all along the road.' The work under notice is a narrative of the journey made through China under these circumstances. But it is not simply an account of the occurrences of the journey; it is an embodiment of all the information M. Huc acquired during his former long residence in the country;—the result of his observations on the different classes of people and of his intercourse with them. Our author was admirably fitted, by his mental qualities, and intimate knowledge of the Chinese language, to make the best use of these opportunities of ascertaining the true character and condition of the people. The book therefore contains a great amount of valuable information respecting the government, the institutions, the political and civil affairs of the empire, the religion, the social and domestic condition of the inhabitants, their intellectual, moral, and industrial state; the customs, manners, habits, literature, and modes of thought of the people, as well as in relation to the geography, productions, and commerce of the country. The works that have appeared in this country during the last twenty years on China, from the pens of English missionaries and others, have supplied much reliable information respecting many of these topics; yet we venture to say that no work contains such accurate and valuable knowledge on all these matters as the book before us; and especially do we believe that nowhere is the information presented in so interesting and instructive a form as in the volumes of M. Huc. The facts and reasonings of our author on these subjects are certainly not given after any scientific and methodical manner; but they appear to be no less trustworthy or accurate on that account. They show that many of our impressions respecting the

Chinese are altogether unfounded. No extract that we, in our space, can furnish can give any adequate idea of the execution of the work, or of M. Huc's powers as a narrator and describer. The following observations may have interest for some of our readers. After showing the extent and nature of the foreign trade of China with the different states of Europe and America, he remarks:—

'This commerce is doubtless of considerable importance to England and the United States, but its influence is very little felt in this vast Chinese Empire, and this immense population of traders. The trade with foreigners might cease suddenly and completely, without causing any sensation in the interior provinces. The great Chinese merchants in the ports open to the Europeans would doubtless feel it; but it is probable that the Chinese nation would not experience the least inconvenience. The price of tea and silk would fall, and that of opium would rise, but only for a short time, for the Chinese would soon raise it in abundance. The course of business would suffer no embarrassments, since as M. Jurien de la Graviere truly observes, 'China has need to sell and not to buy.' Its rich and fertile provinces furnish all that it requires; it has within its own limits all that is either necessary or useful, and Europe can only supply it with articles of luxury or fancy. The cotton goods brought to China, enormous as their amount appears, can be in reality but a feeble resource for the immense consumption of more than 300,000,000 of men. If, then, the Chinese government has never, at any time, favoured foreign commerce; if it has even endeavoured to paralyze and crush it; it was because it has always considered it as prejudicial to the true interests of the country.'—(Vol. ii. p. 130.)

As presenting an amusing and, at the same time, instructive phase of manners, take the following almost incredible account of their practice at the death of relatives:—

'The Chinese think, as we do, that death is the result of the definite separation of the soul from the body, but they also think that the degree of illness is in direct proportion to the number of attempts which the soul makes to escape; and when the sufferer experiences the terrible crisis that endangers his life, it is a proof that the soul has been momentarily absent, that it keeps going away to a certain distance, but returns again. The distance being so small, it is still able to exercise considerable influence on the body and keep it alive, although it suffers dreadfully from this transitory separation; if the dying person falls into the last agony, it is evident that the soul has gone with the firm resolution not to come back again. Nevertheless all hope is not yet lost, and there is a method of making it take up its abode again in the unfortunate body that is struggling with death. They try first the effect of persuasion, and endeavour by prayers and supplications to induce the soul to change its resolution. They run after it, they conjure it to come back, they describe in the most moving terms the lamentable state to which they will be reduced if this obstinate soul will not hear reason. They tell it that the happiness of the entire family depends upon it; they urge it, flatter it, overwhelm it with entreaties. 'Come back, come back!' they cry, 'What have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away? Come back we conjure you;' and as no one knows very well which way the soul is gone, they run in all directions, and make a thousand evolutions in the hope of meeting it, and softening, by their prayers and tears. If these mild and insinuating methods do not succeed, if the soul remains deaf and persists coolly in going its own way, they adopt another course, and try to frighten it. They utter loud cries, they let off fireworks in every direction, they stretch out their arms to bar its passage, and push with their hands to force it to return home and re-enter the body.'—Vol. ii. p. 212.

M. Huc is a Catholic, and a Catholic missionary; and the reader should never forget these facts. Our author sees everything relating to religion, ecclesiastical matters, and even some points of morals, as a

Catholic. His faith and vocation modify and shape his opinions on many of the phenomena presented by the Chinese people. The Protestant reader will find much in these respects with which he cannot concur; but he will easily discover the influence of M. Huc's religious opinions.

A History of England during the Reign of George III. By J. W. MASSEY, M.P. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.—During the last fifteen years a number of biographies, memoirs, posthumous papers and letters, have appeared which throw a great light on the history of the reign of George III. Of these Mr. Massey, coming latest into the field, has industriously availed himself, though we must also say that his predecessor, Lord Mahon, had left the honourable and learned gentleman very little to glean. Lord Mahon had access to many private family collections of MSS. which have seen the light since the first volumes of his history have been published, and everything that was in Mr. Murray's (his publisher), possession, it is well known was placed at the service of the noble lord. When in addition to these facts, it is remembered, that Chevening itself possesses considerable store of MSS., that the heir of the house is a most assiduous reader, and possesses a most ample and curious library, it may be presumed that little that was valuable has been forgotten or neglected in Lord Mahon's (now Earl Stanhope's) volumes. The importance of Mr. Massey's work is not so much in anything novel that he has told us, as the point of view from which he regards the reign of her majesty's grandfather. Mr. Massey is neither an ancient nor a modern Tory, nor an aristocratic or oligarchical Whig, nor yet a downright point-blank Radical. He may, however, be described as a liberal of progressive views, with a tendency towards Peelism. The reign of George III. having been already recorded by High Tories and moderate Tories, by a *Doctrinaire* Whig (Bisset) and a Dissenting Whig (Belsham), there can be no possible objection to its being written and reviewed by a modern liberal imbued with the principles of the Revolution of 1688.

Mr. Massey had been for some time a special pleader in the Temple before he was called to the Bar or became an M.P., and in the quiet seclusion of Pump-court and King's Bench Walk he seems, while dealing with demurrer and rebutter, to have assiduously read all that can bear relation to the historical subject he has taken in hand. In the contest for law reform in 1850 Mr. Massey distinguished himself among a number of his fellows, and in the general election that ensued in 1852, was returned to Parliament. Gibbon tells us in his Autobiography what advantage he derived in the composition of the *History of the Decline and Fall*, which is in truth the history of the world for nearly thirteen centuries, from the reign of Antoninus to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, from being a member of the House of Commons, sitting as he did through the interest of Lord Elliot for Liskeard; and we have no doubt that Mr. Massey, to compare the history of a reign with the history of many centuries, has also reaped considerable advantage in the preparation of this work from having sat for some three years as member for Newport. There

is something in the very atmosphere of St. Stephen's, which after due probation, enables a member of a certain share of ability to enter into a keener appreciation of the motives of ministers and politicians; and of the considerations public and private by which they are actuated. The author tells us in his preface his object is not only to illustrate the political and military, but the social history of England; but in the volume before us we do not perceive that he has touched very much on the social history of the country. In truth a social history of England remains yet to be written; and of its great importance in teaching mankind their duties, obligations, and real interests, we presume there cannot be two opinions. It should be however remembered that there are three volumes of this history of Mr. Massey's yet to come forth, peradventure social topics may be more touched on in the forthcoming volumes than in that which has just made its appearance. In this category of a social history we would comprise morals, ethics, manners, systems of law, philosophy, opinions, prevailing follies, fashions, literary and artistic tastes, the pulpit, the parliament, the bar, medicine, the stage, commerce, internal and external, manufactures, agricultural, engineering, and sanitary improvement. What a wide field is opened here, and ground, too, scarcely more than touched upon by Hume and Smollett, and only lightly trodden by our Hallams, Macaulays, and Mahons.

Though Mr. Massey is not a Whig politician, there is nothing in his character of Walpole that any Whig of the purest blood need find fault with. He does not seek to defend but to palliate the easy political morality of Walpole. He found corruption universally prevalent, and made no attempts to prune it down, still less to annihilate it; on the contrary, he governed by it and turned it to his account to maintain the Protestant succession—to destroy Jacobitism and absolute government. Judged by the strictest moral standard Walpole must be found wanting, but he was a sagacious and shrewd politician, and saved his generation and ours from many evils.

The character of the elder Pitt is so well known, and has been so often dwelt on, that we would merely point attention at this juncture to his greatness as a war minister. He was, undoubtedly, the most successful war minister that ever served a constitutional government. The case of Cromwell is exceptional, and stands out alone. Cromwell, as Lord Protector, was his own war minister, and there was no power, however mighty, that did not tremble at his name. But though, unlike Cromwell, Pitt was a civilian and not a soldier, yet he was the greatest war minister we ever had in England. Mr. Massey, on the whole, does justice to the genius and energy of the great commoner, though, in summing up his character, he uses certain epithets more expressive than just, such as 'trimmer, bully, insolent contemner,' in the propriety of which we cannot agree.

Mr. Massey's character of the public men at the accession of George III. is, in the main, correct. For the most part they preferred personal objects to every other consideration, and were ready to accept the favours of the crown under any circumstances, and without

any sense of obligation: Some of them wanting nothing for themselves, were exorbitant in their demands on behalf of their friends and followers. Peerages, ribbons, pensions, places, were the cry of all, from the highest to the lowest. His estimate of the mental capacity of the king appears also fair and unexceptionable. The demeanour of the monarch in every domestic relation, though not without fault, was, upon the whole, respectable and creditable to his position. His understanding, naturally sound, and not below mediocrity, was enlarged neither by study, nor travel, nor conversation, nor letters; and of the arts he was wholly ignorant. But on administrative and political details he generally went to the point, and acquitted himself with good sense. Occasionally he was false and tricky, defects to which Mr. Massey makes no allusion. He admits, indeed, that George III. intrigued against ministers he disliked, and that he employed irresponsible agents to communicate with his friends in Parliament; but surely this system of dissembling and caballing ought to be reprehended in the most severe terms that history can employ.

The following comparison between the elder Fox and the elder Pitt, appears to us to be so just, that we extract it at length:—

'The elder Fox and his great rival both entered upon public life as adventurers, inasmuch as neither was independent in respect of fortune: Fox had already dissipated his small patrimony; and the private fortune of Pitt was 100*l.* a year. Each of these men successively filled an office, the irregular emoluments of which, in time of war, were sufficient, in a few years, to create a considerable fortune. The paymaster was entitled, by usage of office, to receive, in addition to his salary, a per-centage upon all subsidies granted to foreign powers, and to retain in his hands, at a time when the rate of interest was five per cent., a balance of public money amounting to at least 100,000*l.* The average perquisites of this office during the periods when it was held by Pitt and Fox can hardly have been less than 20,000*l.* a year. The salary was 2000*l.* Pitt, on his accession to this office, declined to receive any more than the salary; he directed the balance of public monies to be transferred from the private credit of the Paymaster to the Exchequer; and the per-centages on the subsidies he altogether renounced. Yet when he quitted office, his necessities obliged him to accept an allowance of 1000*l.* a year from his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. The perquisites of office during a single twelvemonth would have sufficed to realize the capital value of this annuity. But Pitt, with notions of honour and delicacy too pure and refined for the comprehension of ordinary men, scorned to touch public money to which he felt that he had no legitimate claim, and preferred, for the relief of his necessities, to endure the weight of private obligation. Fox pursued a different conduct. The enormous gains of the Pay-office were to him, throughout his public career, a paramount consideration; the example of Pitt, whom he succeeded in this office, had not the slightest effect upon his coarse and venal nature; the self-denial of a noble integrity would appear to him as a freak of romance or ostentation; and the low morality of the times would rather admire the worldly wisdom of Fox than appreciate the magnanimity of his illustrious competitor. Fox realized a large fortune from the profits of the Pay-office; and it is certain that he took to public life as a means of repairing his shattered fortunes. He was, therefore, in the strictest sense, a political adventurer, because it was impossible for him, consistently with his object, to maintain that independence which is essential to a useful and respectable position. But that this position can be maintained by men who enter upon public life without any advantages of private fortune is a fact of ordinary experience.'

'Having acquired rank and wealth by political pursuits, Lord Holland had gained his objects; and consequently, from this period, he ceased to take an active part in public affairs.'

Mr. Massey's opinions on domestic topics may be gathered from his account of the general election, and state of the constituency, in 1768. A great deal is revealed in this volume touching the electioneering proceedings of the Lowther family which we find in no other history of England. These revelations are well worth perusal, but they are too long for extract, and we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The flagrant attempt of the Lowther family 'at injustice if not spoliation,' to use the words of Mr. Massey, is thus summed up:—

'If a successor to the throne of William of Nassau could make up his mind to insult and oppress an inheritor of the name of Bentinck, he could not have found a more fitting instrument for his purpose than the one which he employed. Sir James Lowther was one of the greatest mine owners in the north of England; he was a great landowner also, and a proprietor of boroughs. His position, derived from enormous wealth and political influence, made the conduct which flows from a defective understanding and a bad disposition offensively conspicuous. If he was not insane, Lowther appears to have been one of the worst men of his day. A curiously depraved ambition made him affect the most revolting manners of the middle ages. He tried to exhibit the coarse tyranny and lawless rapine of a feudal baron, without the least tincture of the chivalry and romance which sometimes partially redeemed that character. But he was not contented with abusing the advantages of his position to purposes of tyranny and oppression. The rapine of the Border chiefs was partly excused by the roughness of the times, and redressed by a spirit of adventure. If they lifted cattle and levied black mail, they encountered danger in such enterprises, and considered the people they plundered in some sort as foreigners and foes. Sir James Lowther, perhaps, had a notion that he would tread in the footsteps of his forefathers. But his rapacity degenerated into mere dishonesty; it took the paltry form of cheating tradespeople. If his creditors were neighbours, his reason for refusing to pay them was that 'he knew them to be knaves'; if they lived at a distance, 'how could he know who they were?' Sir James Lowther, however, was for many years a steady and powerful supporter of the court; and George the Third was not likely to overlook such services. Parsimonious in conferring honours, and especially in creating peers, his Majesty, during his whole reign, raised only two commoners at once to the rank of earl. The one was William Pitt, the other was Sir James Lowther.'

In the ninth chapter of this volume, under the year 1769, there are some sensible observations on the power of the press, and a disquisition as to the politics and style of Junius, in which Mr. Massey institutes a comparison between the anonymous writer and Swift. Mr. Massey justly awards the higher praise to Swift. The intensity of scorn and hatred of the Dean of St. Patrick's, impart something of the sublime to his writings, while the malignity of Junius, though sometimes almost appalling, is too much mingled with the vanity of literary display. The style of Swift, as Mr. Masscy justly remarks, is the perfection of homely simplicity, while the periods of Junius are polished with the greatest art and labour. As to the supposed authorship of Junius, Mr. Massey remarks, 'The evidence which connects Sir P. Francis with these publications is perhaps the strongest, though it is not so completely satisfactory to my mind as it has appeared to some competent judges.'

The sketch of parties in the thirteenth chapter is just, impartial, and succinct, though far too long to reproduce in these pages. Mr.

Massey truly says the manners of the present age are favourable to the mitigation of political asperity, but he is not so hopeful as to look to the utter extinction of party. Here are his words:—

‘The manners of the present age, humanised by knowledge and by the increased facilities of social intercourse, are obviously favourable to the mitigation of political asperity ; but this very age, in which party is said to be extinct, has witnessed the most cruel struggles in which parties have ever been engaged. The great conflict of religious freedom ; the still sharper contest for electoral rights, were transactions in which the leading statesmen of to-day took a prominent part ; while the greatest war of all, the war between the commercial and the territorial powers, in which catholic principles fought with ancient privileges, has only just been terminated. Peace may continue for a time, but no great political discernment is required to point out many questions which may yet give rise to conflicts as furious as any that have hitherto raged between the party of progress and the party of conservation.’

The observations we extract touching members by purchase are very apt and true.

‘Nothing could more happily coincide with the views of the court at the accession of George III, than the sudden rise of this new order of men. Each could give exactly what the other wanted. The king, though steadily supported by that party whose leading tenet was loyal submission to the will of the sovereign, could hardly have prevailed without further aid against factions, which, however jealous of each other, were always united on the one point of resisting his attempt to govern independently of their dictation and control. He found the aid which he required in the class of adventurers which had lately obtained a footing in the House of Commons. These men, untrammelled by engagements, and indifferent to creeds, were generally ready to vote as the private agents of the court directed. This system, of course, required time to bring to maturity. It was first brought into operation against the Rockingham ministry ; and became fully efficient when the king found in Lord North a minister both able and willing to serve his purpose.’

In the last chapter of the volume there are many excellent and most sensible remarks on the power of the aristocracy, party policy, the employment of political partisans and hired writers, and upon parliamentary eloquence, which we should wish to have extracted. We must, however, forbear. On the whole we must say that Mr. Massey has creditably and conscientiously performed his task. He is a man of industry and research, and of a generally calm and impartial judgment.

The Englishwoman in Russia ; or, Impressions of Society, and Manners of the Russians at Home. By a LADY, ten years resident. London : John Murray. 1855.—This is a very acceptable volume at this juncture. It is written, we believe, by a Scotch lady who for many years filled the situation of a governess in Russia, and who, if we mistake not, published a little volume on Esthonia or Livonia, some ten or a dozen years ago, which was very favourably noticed at the time in the *Quarterly Review*. It appears that this lady first landed at Archangel, the most northern and the most extensive province of Russia in Europe, covered with snow and ice for eight or nine months of the year, and presenting, even south of Tundri, chiefly forests of pines, birches, alders, and willows. Nothing, according to the account of our authoress, can be heavier than the sky for seven or eight months of

the year, and this gloominess of the heavens has its effect on the mind of one accustomed to milder latitudes. The authoress gives us an account of the reindeer sledges, of the mode of life of the Samoïdes, and of the food of the people living in the northern districts of Archangel—a country which does not yield grain enough for the support of its scanty population. The bread used by these wretched creatures is a compound of meal, the bark of pine and grated roots; and even this bread, poor as it is, is unknown to some of the inhabitants, who live upon dried fish. The Samoïdes, however, have occasionally a daintier dish; they eat the liver of the reindeer. The monks in the country appear to be as hungry as the moujiks, for the Englishwoman saw the young monks lick their spoons so as to polish off, to use the phrase of the fast men of Cambridge, the last remnant of the soup or victual, and thus to completely clean the utensil. The trade of the province of Archangel is in pitch, tar, timber, tallow, train-oil, hemp, flax. The Englishwoman speaks of the Russian boats on the Dwina containing these commodities with the addition of sheep-skins and hides in a raw state, the smell of which is anything but fragrant. The life in one provincial town in Russia is similar to another, and the polish is all exterior, or as our authoress says, 'like unto a woman having her face painted.' It is but a thin veneering after all; and never was there a truer expression than Madame de Staél's, '*Grattez le Russe, et vous trouerez le Tatar.*' It should be remembered that in the time of Peter I. civilization was thrust on Russia on the sword's point. The people were not at all prepared for it.

The authoress of this volume speaks of Russian shopkeepers as all the world has found them, asking double and quadruple the prices they will take, and thus often dishonestly picking the pockets of their customers. The story told at page 56 as to this system of cheating (for we can call it nothing else) in the selling of ribbons, is, we have no doubt, to the letter, true. We have experienced the system ourselves in reference to half-a-dozen commodities.

As to the army, our authoress speaks of the infantry of the line as wearing a downcast inanimate look, presenting a miserable form, the result of 'kicks, blows, and rations of black bread and salt.' Albeit this English governess is outspoken enough as to the rigours and horrors of the Russian climate, yet she admits, and we can ourselves bear testimony to the fact, that summer in Russia has its compensations. 'The twilight of that season,' says our authoress, 'gives a mysterious feeling to the heart, and subdues the thoughts.'

The Englishwoman mentions that the Russians are a kind-hearted people, and that they would become a noble nation had they but a free government. So far as we have ourselves observed the Russians in the interior of their own country, and in foreign lands, we are disposed to think that they are not really so black as they are painted, and that with a free government and the institutions incident to freedom, they would rapidly improve.

We have read much in former times in Protectionist and Conservative papers, magazines, and reviews, as to the manly beauty and

fascinating appearance of the late Emperor of Russia; but the lady whose work is before us, says, that there is something peculiarly disagreeable about the Czar's eyes; and we know from other sources, that he was a man of a stiff and stilted demeanour, with a look and air of a *tambour-major*, 'very much of a martinet and very little of a gentleman.'

It was said of France, in the worst days of Napoleon and Fouché, that where three people assembled together the minister of police knew the subject of their discourse. A similar system of espionage has long prevailed in Russia. 'When you meet three persons together,' says this authoress, 'you may count one of them a spy.' Besides the innumerable secret police in all parts of Russia, there are 80,000 paid agents spread over town and country. The mutism and terror produced by this numerous organized band is extraordinary. The 'Englishwoman' had not left Russia till after the commencement of those hostilities in which the allied armies were successful. In a large dinner company of Russians, at which she was present, albeit there was not one person in the room who believed in the triumphs of Russia, yet there was no one present who ventured to doubt these triumphs. This is a melancholy exhibition of the prostration of the intellect and will of man; but what can be expected of a country where, according to this authoress, 'a person pretended to be deaf and dumb in order the better to act as a spy,'—of a country in which a general officer did not scruple to act in the capacity of a mouchard—of a country in which the professions learned and sacred, are spies upon each other—of a country in which a lady was whipped for some *bardinage* applied to the Emperor at a *bal masqué*—of a country, in fine, in which ladies themselves apply manual chastisement to their own maids, and when abroad 'deny the impeachment.'

We have always ourselves considered the Russians the most superficial people in Europe; and this lady, after ten years' experience of them, says, 'they know nothing solid.' Learning, in truth, is not prized in Russia. 'Our cleverest men are in Siberia,' said a Russian to the authoress, and he probably spoke truly.

A good deal of light is thrown by the Englishwoman on the question of serfdom. If a girl wed a serf belonging to another proprietor, she becomes the property of her husband's master, and may be thus severed from all that is near and dear to her, as well as cut off from the endearing ties that cluster about home and childhood.

Our West India proprietors, before the Slave Emancipation Act, were, in general, kind and considerate to their dependents. Not so the Russians. The Englishwoman tells us of a lady—a woman—say rather a brute in the feminine shape—who knocked out two of the front teeth of her maid; and of another proprietress of slaves, who cut and maimed them 'pour se distraire.'

It is not merely that the Russian has no free press, and no free circulation of printed books. Even in the theatre there is no freedom. The *librettos* of the operas of *Massaniello* and *William Tell*, we are told, were ordered to be changed, lest the subject should be too exciting. In a country where there is no personal or political liberty,

it is not extraordinary that the grossest superstitions should prevail. Thus, Russians will not sit down to dinner when there are thirteen at table; they will begin nothing on a Saturday, and undertake no journey on a Monday.

The sins of the Russian serfs, according to our authoress, are lying, cunning, want of honesty, and intoxication; and the sins of the German land stewards are that they are very oppressive and exacting. The most detestably mean class, however, in Russia, is the class of Russian *employés*; unless a man be mean and base of soul, it is impossible to get on among these knaves. Every one of them thinks he is placed in office to fill his pockets.

The loosest notions as to *meum* and *tuum* prevail among the better ranks. At parties, people of condition put *bon bons* and sweetmeats into their pockets, and sometimes ladies' watches and trinkets disappear. Even in church the passion for picking and stealing cannot be restrained. We are told of a lady who stole some of the jewels from the church of our Lady of Kazan, with her teeth, in kissing the figure of the Virgin.

One would think that railroads in course of construction would somewhat correct the evil tendencies of the nation; but we are informed by the Englishwoman that *employés* and engineers on railroads become suddenly rich. The governor of a provincial town in Russia is the *alter ego* of the Emperor, and is as absolute in his way. The police-master will submit to be scolded by him as a matter of course.

Many with us suppose that Russian military officers are very rich, but the major part of them have nothing more than their pay. It is a curious fact, and shows what a butchery the so-called battle of Sinope was, that not a single Russian was hurt in that engagement.

As to the religious system of Russia, it is more full if possible, of ceremonies, observances, and superstitions than the Roman Catholic Church, but confession is not of so particular a kind as among Papists. Nothing can more adequately represent the difference between Russia and England than this fact, that there mirrors hold the same position as clocks amongst us. With us, as the Englishwoman says, time is of importance; with them, appearance. To those who are not deeply observant, the Russians have an appearance of knowledge, for they are wonderful chatteringers; but their system of education is wholly superficial, and it is a system devised to stifle all spirit of independence in the human mind.

The English, formerly so popular in Russia, are now intensely hated, and this disagreeable change in public opinion has taken place since the declaration of war. Persons calling themselves ladies call the English 'dogs,' 'swine,' &c.: and pass in the street those English whom they formerly knew without bowing.

The expense of the Russian court amounts to forty millions of silver roubles, or more than 6,333,000*l.* sterling.

On the whole this is an amusing and instructive, and, '*par le temps qui court*,' a most acceptable volume.

A Journal of the Swedish Embassy in the Years 1653 and 1654, by the Ambassador Bulstrode Whitelocke.—First published from the original MS., by Dr. CHARLES MORTON, M.D., F.S.A., Librarian of the British Museum. A new Edition, by HENRY REEVE, Esq., F.S.A. In 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.—Bulstrode Whitelocke, or Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, was the son of Sir James Whitelocke, Knight, one of the Justices of the King's Bench. He was born in London, August 6, 1605, in the house of Sir G. Croke, his mother's uncle, afterwards one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, and was educated at Merchant Tailors' School. In 1620 he was admitted a gentleman commoner of St. John's, Oxford, which he left without a degree to enter the Middle Temple, where by the help of his father he became a great proficient in the common law. Called to the Bar in the usual course, he travelled the Oxford Circuit, and was often consulted by Hampden when the patriot came to be prosecuted for refusing the payment of ship money. Whitelocke was chosen one of the burgesses for Marlow, in the Long Parliament; and when Strafford came to be impeached by the Commons of high treason, he was elected chairman of the committee appointed to draw up the articles.

He was also a member of the Assembly of Divines, and in their debates for settling the government of the Church delivered his opinion against the Divine Right of Presbytery, and was still more remarkable as one of the committee appointed to carry propositions of peace from both Houses to the king at Oxford. In March, 1647-8, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, and was sworn into office, with a salary of 1000*l.* a-year. He narrates a remarkable instance of his own and his fellow commissioners' most laudable despatch in the Chancery business, namely—that in the morning of one day they determined thirteen causes, and forty demurrers in the afternoon, and sometimes sat from five in the morning till five in the evening. According to his own account Whitelocke was no gainer by accepting the place of Commissioner of the Great Seal, for the profit of it was not above 1500*l.* a-year, whereas his practice in the law brought him before near 2000*l.* per annum.

Being a person of independent opinions, and inclined to an arrangement with the son of Charles, Cromwell did not admit Whitelocke into his first Parliament, which assembled in July, 1653, and his great commissioner was superseded by the vote for taking away the Court of Chancery. To remove the ex-commissioner from England was now the object of the Protector, and accordingly, on the 4th of September, 1653, Whitelocke was nominated to the embassy, so graphically described in these volumes. He embarked at Gravesend on the 6th of November, 1653, sailed on the 6th, and after a difficult passage, arrived at Gottenburg on the 15th. A few weeks after his departure, the parliament having resigned their power to Cromwell, he assumed the title of Lord Protector. But this made no alteration in the conduct of Whitelocke, who proceeded in his embassy with great spirit and zeal. The envoy, indeed, was fully penetrated with the importance

of his mission, and aware of the vigour and ability of the master whom he served. There was not a prince or a state in Christendom, who was not desirous of conciliating the favour, securing the alliance, or warding off the enmity of the Protector. The Most Christian King, as well as his Catholic Majesty, were equally forward in their advances to secure the favour of a great and a self-made governor. But the inclination of the Protector was towards the Protestant monarchies, and his earnest wishes to help those professing the reformed faith on the continent of Europe. The sufferings of the poor Protestants on the continent he said lay as near or rather nearer to his heart, than if it had concerned the nearest relations in the world ; and with a view to abridge those sufferings Morland was despatched to Turin, Pell was sent to the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, and Milton was employed to address letters to the Duke of Savoy, and to Sweden, Denmark, and France.*

In Sweden, however, there was no persecution of Protestants, for Gustavus Adolphus had been in the van of the Protestant cause during the Thirty Years' war, and had left the traditions of his policy in the hearts of the statesmen and generals who survived him. At the time at which Whitelocke undertook his journey, the daughter of the great Gustavus reigned and governed, and had for her minister that wisest of men, the faithful friend and chancellor of her father, the Count Axel Oxenstjerna. A very great importance was naturally attached to the embassy by Cromwell : and the rather, as the English commonwealth was at that epoch in hostilities with the Dutch and Danes. That it was also a service of some peril to proceed on such a journey, appeared to be the opinion of the family and friends of Whitelocke, and indeed his own. Two of the diplomatists of the commonwealth had been assassinated in Spain and Holland, and it is therefore not wonderful that the uxorious husband of a third wife and the father of sixteen children, was slow to accept an appointment against which his wife protested with passionate cries and sobs. But Cromwell was inexorable. He told Whitelocke that his wife was a good woman and a religious woman ; that the interest of God and his people was concerned in his undertaking the business in hand, and that he, the Protector, would hold himself particularly obliged if he would undertake it—in a word, 'that he would stick as close to him as his skin to the flesh, and that he should want for nothing for his honour or equipage.' Finding that a refusal would be dangerous, Whitelocke, 'upon prayer to God,' came to the resolution 'to go the journey in great, than to stay at home in greater danger, in the hope to do some service for the Protestant people and interest.' He set out, therefore, with a retinue of 100 persons, (and he was fain to put off 200 who would go with him), thirty horses, two state coaches, and all manner of wine and victual. The embassy, with bag, baggage, and other impediments, with trumpeters, masters of the horse, lacqueys, butlers, surgeons, chaplains, not forgetting the sword and spurs presented to him by Cromwell,

* Vaughan's 'Protectorate of Cromwell,' vol. i.

&c., freighted four vessels under convoy of two ships of war. After baffling winds and some danger they reached Gottenburg ; and some idea may be formed of the scale on which the mission was fitted out, when it is stated that 100 wagons of the country were employed in the carriage of the luggage, furniture, and provender. Nor was the pay otherwise than most liberal ; 6500*l.* was allowed for the first six months, and 600*l.* per month was allowed afterwards, with an understanding from the general that even this sum might be exceeded. The state wardrobe of the Protector or commonwealth furnished plate, tapestry, hangings, beds, beddings, and other commodities and utensils, yet withal this lawyer of the commonwealth considerably exceeded his allowancees, which is not wonderful, considering that he entertained handsomely, though no healths were drank in his household, and that he had five tables furnished every day with good cookery. More than forty days elapsed before the mission reached the court of Christina, and Whitelocke, his sons, Colonel Potley, Mr. Ingelo, the chaplain, and others, had often to lie on straw, and to dine and sup on salt fish and oatmeal. But at length the envoy reached Upsal, and there the fantastic and volatile Christina received the English minister in great pomp, surrounded by the great lords and ladies of her court, in a chamber hung with arras and lighted with wax and torches. Whitelocke describes the dress and demeanour of the daughter of the great Gustavus with the accuracy of a man milliner or court newsman. The queen was most attentive to his speech, and ' coming up, by her looks and gestures, would have daunted him.' But, says the elderly lawyer, quaintly, ' those who have been conversant in the late great affairs of England are not so soon as others appalled by the presence of a young lady.' Soon the ceremoniousness of Christina wore off, and after a few interviews she began to like the carriage and converse, and the social and well-bred commerce of England's representative. The queen talked with him, ' drolled' with him—nay even insisted on dancing with a man in his fiftieth year, somewhat lame and gouty, and permitted Whitelocke to ' droll' with herself and a friend of hers called '*La Belle Comptesse.*' When the English envoy fell ill, her majesty sent him a pretty speech in Latin, to the effect that she was herself ill of the disease of not having seen him for three live-long days. In fact, old Noll's envoy became the confidant of the queen's private opinions, feelings, and designs, and he had not been two months in her dominions, when she revealed to him that it was her intention to resign the crown, and to retire into private life. Whitelocke endeavoured, as the chancellor Oxenstjerna had before him endeavoured, to dissuade Christina from this step ; but that wayward woman was not to be controlled, and before Whitelocke left Sweden she had abdicated. A considerable part of the two volumes before us is devoted of course to the progress made by Whitelocke in discussing the treaty which he was sent to negotiate. Many of these discussions were with the queen herself, who appears to have been wonderfully shrewd, clever, and well informed, as well as frank spoken ; others of them were with the chancellor Oxenstjerna, who was cold, cautious, reserved, and procras-

tinating ; others of them aguin, with the chancellor's son Eric, who was haughty and distant, always riding the high horse. Ultimately, and after considerable delays, the treaty was agreed on and signed, and its provisions are written in the public law of Europe to this day. Indeed, during the progress of the present war, Whitelocke's treaty has been appealed to within the last month in our Court of Admiralty.

These volumes are especially valuable as giving us an insight into Cromwell's manner, carriage, and demeanour in public and in private life. From the account of the envoy's conversation with the Protector, so minute, graphic, and life-like, we can almost fancy we see the general before us and hear him talk, repeating himself, 'Indeed I shall not,' 'Indeed I do,' as was his wont in those familiar pleonasmns with which he sought to render his discourse more forcible. There is also a great deal of light thrown on English, German, and Swedish life of two centuries ago. We are brought into contact with the great Swedish chancellor, with Chanut, the French, and Piemontelli, the Spanish envoy, with the Dutch and Danish ministers, with senators without number, at Upsal, Lubeck, Hamburg, &c.

The conversations with the chancellor are more especially noteworthy, as being the discourse of the wisest and one of the ablest men of his day, who had governed Sweden for nearly half a century. 'The chancellor is the great wise man,' said Cromwell, on Whitelocke's return ; whereupon the envoy rejoined, 'He is the wisest man that ever I conversed with *abroad*, and his abilities are fully answerable to the report of him.' This was adroit and courtier-like, and equalled the reply of the envoy of Mary Queen of Scots, who, on being asked by Elizabeth which was the prettier woman, herself or the Queen of Scots, answered, 'Your majesty is the prettiest woman in England, and the queen my mistress the prettiest woman in Scotland.'

A great deal is also revealed to us of the inner life of Whitelocke and his household. He was particular in his religious observances and strict in keeping holy the Lord's day, and in enforcing the keeping of it by his household. There were preachings and prayers twice on every Sabbath, and at all times Whitelocke was prompt to reprove drinking and swearing. So strongly did he feel on these points that he pressed his views on the Swedish chancellor, and on the successor of Christina. But notwithstanding his austerity in the proper season, no man could relax and unbend more than the ambassador at the sitting time. He was not merely jocund, but gay on occasion, and Christina—no bad judge—pronounced him a man of 'courtier-like conduct' and a gentleman. Preparatory to his leaving Sweden, he presented her majesty with eight English horses, and Christina in turn gave him her portrait set in diamonds, and Swedish copper to the value of some 2500*l.* or 3000*l.*

The English envoy's gifts to the Swedish court were of equal value, for such of his horses as remained he presented to Charles Gustavus, the new king, besides rewarding with presents all the officers of the court.

The diary and papers of Whitelocke prove that the diplomacy of

the commonwealth was admirably managed, and that Cromwell and Secretary Thurloe were well informed of all that was passing in Europe. Thurloe sent to Whitelocke copies of the Dutch president's letters to his superiors, which he procured for money, and also all the French and Spanish news, and a perfect history of the state of Europe.

Mr. Reeve, in bringing out this new edition of 'Whitelocke,' has performed a most acceptable service. He has compared and collated the edition of Dr. Morton, 1772, with the original manuscript in the British Museum, and modernised the spelling. Some marginal notes, not without value, are also added. The work is dedicated to M. Guizot, as a slight acknowledgment of the valuable services he has rendered to the history of the Commonwealth of England. The volumes should undoubtedly find a place in every historical library.

A Ramble through Normandy; or, Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a Sketching Excursion through Calvados. By GEORGE M. MUSGRAVE, M.A. London: David Bogue. 1855.—Every reader of travels, tours, journeys, or rambles, knows well that the capability of works of this kind to afford him pleasure and profit depends fully as much on the mental qualities of the writer as on the objects in the country visited. A country must certainly present objects of interest, either natural or artificial, or no account of it can be really valuable. For the scene of the ramble described in the present work there is a delightful and interesting country, and the rambler is evidently well qualified to give an account of his peregrinations and observations that will gratify intelligent readers. Normandy abounds with historical associations that are peculiarly attractive to Englishmen. But it is also full of the beauties of nature—of rich scenery and lovely landscape; and is replete with objects of antiquarian, archaeological, and historical moment, independently of its relation to the history of this country. 'Normandy,' says Mr. Musgrave, 'at large, and Calvados in particular, is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful tracts of country on this fair earth, and repays, with accumulated gratifications, the fatigue of travel and the labour of long and arduous study, in whatever department of art or science the inquiring mind may pursue its researches.' He remarks that the antiquarian, the geologist, the naturalist, the architect, and the artist, will find abundant objects of study in this country. Our rambler visits most of the towns and remarkable places in this pleasant district of France, and seeks to make his reader acquainted with the objects of interest he finds in these places. And it must be admitted Mr. Musgrave is a pretty good rambler, or rather a good writer of travels. He is a man of education, of sensibility, and taste, an experienced traveller in different countries, and a person of varied knowledge. Matters of historical interest, of artistic, scientific, agricultural, or social importance, he enlarges upon with equal ability, and abundant instruction to the different classes of readers. He appears to have noted whatever was noteworthy in relation to all these points. In his attention to artistic objects, he does not overlook the people—their education, social condition, and

prospects. We may not be able to agree with all his opinions on these matters, but his facts and statements are valuable as materials of thought. We occasionally find in this volume, what too often disfigures works of travel, too much gossip about the small things which affect his own personal comfort or discomfort, such as particular modes of travelling, food, &c. These, however, are insignificant blemishes in a work of real merit. It contains numerous skilfully executed illustrations, and is well printed.

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. Written for Young People. By SARAH S. FARMER. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.—A variety of efforts have of late been put forth by different bodies of Christians to create in the minds of our youthful population, an interest in the great work of Christian missions. It is gratifying to know that many of these have been successful in a large measure in advancing this object. The present work is designed to serve this purpose. The first few chapters contain an account of the discovery of the South Sea Islands, an explanation of the physical formation and constitution of these islands, and a description of the more remarkable natural phenomena they now present. They also furnish a good account of Captain Cook's visits to some of these islands, with particulars as to the race, language, and religious and social condition of the people. The information on all these topics is well selected, and presented by the authoress in a very interesting and instructive manner. These chapters are admirably adapted for the class of persons for whom the book is written. They cannot fail to lead young people to feel concern for the improvement of the inhabitants of these islands, and an interest in the efforts put forth by the church to instruct and christianize them. The subsequent chapters detail the results of the first visits of the missionaries to Tonga, and the history of the labours of the various Methodist missionaries who have since been sent to these islands. We cannot but feel regret that a work of this kind should not have been executed on a broader basis. Surely a book for the young, on such a subject as missionary enterprise, need not have been confined to the efforts of a particular sect—to the doings of the Methodists in the South Seas. A book of this kind ought to be general in its principles and objects. It is not desirable that it should set forth in isolation the labours of a particular body of Christians. It is notorious that other Christian societies, beside the Methodists, have done much for the spread of Christianity in the islands of the Pacific. A work written in the style and with the ability of *Tonga and the Friendly Islands*, and embracing the history of all the missionary enterprise of the islands of the great sea, would be a valuable and interesting book for the young persons of our country. The work under notice is written in a pleasing, attractive, and earnest manner, and is well fitted to answer the purpose of its publication. We hope it will be extensively read by the children of Christian families of all denominations. The volume is embellished with three maps, several beautiful cuts, and is altogether neatly printed and got up.

Will my Readers go to Spain? or, Day after Day for Two Months in the Peninsula. Brighton: W. F. King and Co. 1854.—It is difficult to imagine why such a title has been given to this book. We apprehend no one would be induced to answer the question in the affirmative, and go to Spain, from the perusal of the work. It is a kind of journal of a rapid run through a portion of Spain, from about the middle of October to the middle of December, 1853. Proceeding from Bayonne, in France, our authoress and her friends went to San Sebastian, and thence to Pampeluna, Zafalla, Saragossa, Barcelona, Reus, Valencia, Madrid, and Granada; then back to Madrid and Bayonne, in return to France. Their stay at each of these places was very limited, and a considerable portion of the travelling from place to place was performed in the night. The book is written by a lady, who appears to have accompanied her husband, a military officer, on a shooting excursion to Spain. The notes of a hurried visit of this kind to a few towns of Spain, by a party utterly ignorant of the language, are not calculated to supply materials of any great interest or instruction to the general reader, even if well written. But we cannot say that either the matter or the manner of the work before us is fitted to secure for it an extensive perusal. The subjects chiefly descended upon in its pages are—Hotels, their apartments, servants, and management; the eatables and drinkables to be met with in Spain; the modes of conveyance and ordinary incidents of travel which befal persons in the circumstances of this lady and her friends. These, with some slight sketches of the places and the people, form the subject matter of the volume. The style is lively, chatty, but loose, and the expression often incorrect. The work is, indeed, from the pen of a lady—written in a commonplace lady's manner, and may be suited to some lady readers. We conceive that it might form amusing reading to persons interested in the topics on which it treats; but it furnishes little that is instructive or valuable respecting the country or people visited. Nothing is said respecting the country, its scenery, towns, or other objects—or in reference to the people, that is calculated to leave a favourable impression on the mind of the reader. Nearly everything is represented as disagreeable and wretched. Perhaps the best things in the book are the few sketches of places and scenes with which it is illustrated.

Oxford Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. 8vo. 1855. John W. Parker and Son.—There are some features of novelty in this publication. Though it has the appearance of a quarterly periodical, its appearance, it seems, is to be only annual. It consists of avowed essays, or of reviews of books, at the pleasure of the writers; and each contributor attaches his name to his contribution. The authorship is restricted to members of the University of Oxford, and the price is somewhat above the general price of a quarterly. Each writer is responsible for his own opinions only, and considerable diversity of utterance is allowed. The names of the publishers, and the names of the writers in the present number, are a sufficient guarantee that Oxford is not to be disgraced by this experiment. This number includes papers on Lucretius, English History, &c.

Alfred de Masset, *Plurality of Worlds*, *Persian Literature*, *Crimes and its Excuses*, *Hegel's Philosophy of Right*, *Oxford Studies*, and a paper on the *Geology of the Neighbourhood of Oxford*. The geological article is by Mr. Phillips; the article on *English History* is by Mr. Froude, whom we are happy to see in such company, though we think some of the opinions expressed by him on the subject of which he here treats very questionable.

Tit for Tat; or, American Fixings of English Humanity. By a LADY. Clarke and Beeton.—This is the attempt of an American slaveholder to say to the 'Britishers'—look at home. If this 'Lady' may be taken as a sample of the ladies in the slave states of America, we can only say—may America keep her own. Wonderfully fluent is the tongue of this 'Lady,' and as laden with the one-sided, the false, and the malignant as tongue could well be.

Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle. By the Rev. DAVID BADHAM, M.D. 8vo. John W. Parker and Son.—The substance of this volume appeared in a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*. No book, we believe, has ever seen the light so full of learning and gossip about fishes. It seems to give you all that men have ever said or thought on this subject. What is given, too, is given with much vivacity, and in the tone of a man of genius. We had meant to furnish a few specimens from the strange and the curious in this volume, but our space forbids.

The Formation and Progress of the Tiers État; or, the Third Estate in France. By AUGUSTIN THIERRY. Translated by the Rev. F. Wells. 2 vols. Bosworth.—Thierry is something of a theorist in historical matters, but a man of genuine research, and who can give you the results of his labours amidst dry chronicles and obscure records with all the vigour of a dramatist. The work here translated is well known to students of history; the English reader, interested in historical studies, and not acquainted with it, will find in its author a guide showing him the way to the roots of society in Europe during the middle ages.

English, Past and Present. Five Lectures. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D. 12mo. John W. Parker and Son.—This is another beautiful little book from one who never puts his pen to paper without giving us new proof of his power as a teacher. The titles of these lectures are as follows:—The English a Composite Language, Gains of the English Language, Diminution of the English Language, Changes in the Theory of English Words, Changed Spelling of English Words. On all these topics the reader will find this volume rich in illustration, and rich in suggestions reaching far beyond mere matters of philology.

Voices of Many Waters; or, Travels in the Lands of the Tiber, the Jordan, and the Nile; with some Notices of Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Athens. By the Rev. T. W. AVELING. 8vo. John Snow.—If a man knows that should he write, he will find readers, he has in that knowledge a sufficient motive to write. To those who have traversed the ground here described, whether personally, or by a careful attention to books, Mr. Aveling's volume will not be instructive.

But every man looks at a people or a country from his own stand-point, and if that stand-point merely leaves the mind open to the first and the most natural impressions, without embracing anything very critical or profound, the descriptions given may on that account be only the better adapted to interest a large class of readers. Nonconformist ministers have come to be great tourists, and if some of them return without venturing to publish a book about it, we are not sorry that others have sought to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness as educators of their flocks by so doing.

Hellas; or, the Home, History, Literature, and Art of the Greeks. Translated from the German of Friedrich Jacobs, by JOHN OXFORD. 12mo. John W. Parker and Son.—This is a gem of a book, the result of a selection, classification, and compression of material derived from many sources. We know not where to find so much on Greek history and Greek culture in so small a space. It required the most thorough familiarity with the subject to say so much within such limits, and to say it so little in the manner of dry outline.

Tales of Flemish Life. Chronicles of Wolpert's Roost. Wanderings in Corsica; its History and its Heroes.—These works belong to Constable's *Miscellany of Foreign Literature.* The second is from the pen of Washington Irving; the last is a work of unusual freshness and interest, showing us how little we have known of Corsica, familiar as its name may have been to us.

Women as they are. By One of them. 2 vols. 12mo.—That 'by one of them' has not the softening effect it would have had at one time. The pen is an allowed female weapon now, and the critic must not scruple to measure pens with any one who enters the lists of authorship. But we have no Amazon to deal with here—no George Sand, or Miss Martineau; let us deal gently, for it is a woman writing of women, and we are only admitted into the sacred precincts on sufferance.

We must object to the title. 'Women as they are *not*' would have been more to the purpose of the story; for, with all due deference to this 'One of them,' the heroine, so sensitive, sad, and impulsive, is by no means a type of the genus *woman*, nor even of a class in that genus; neither are women generally, we hope, so utterly spiteful, heartless, and malicious, as Miss Collis; nor so utterly simple and unselfish as little Miss Lea. The characters are overdrawn; it is a group of caricatures rather than a collection of studies from life. The caricatures we must allow to be clever, and have in them, as such must have, much truth. There is much forcible and picturesque writing in the book; but there is too much shadow; the tone is so morbidly melancholy throughout. It is from beginning to end little Elsie's sorrowful song—'The Life of Woman is full of woe.' The story is simple, and well told (we are not going to spoil it by giving our readers an epitome); and it interested us so much, that we should have broken our heart for the heroine, in the midst of her many successive troubles, had we not known that it *must* all come right in the end.

The style is unaffected, and reminds us pleasantly in some of the

best parts o Currer Bell. The authoress excels in the wild and grotesque; Elijah Pryce, the enthusiast, with his wild looks and his eloquence, his 'mission,' his poverty, and contempt of the world, is well drawn throughout; indeed, the other characters, though we persist in calling them exaggerated, are consistent with themselves under all circumstances.

The book is not an ordinary one, neither is the lady an ordinary lady (which perhaps might account for there being nothing but extraordinary ladies in the book); only we would recommend more light, to give effect to the shadow, in her next picture of life. Let her rely on it, that would be to make it more *life-like*.

The French publishing trade shows scarcely a sign of life in what we should call literature. Works of pure science, of law, of physic, and surgery, and also on rural economy, continue to be published pretty much as usual; but literature properly so called is nearly a blank.

On the other hand, what are called devotional works, having a reference to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, are published in amazing profusion all over the country, and very plentifully in the capital itself. The titles of most of the works of which we have been speaking would have excited a smile of scorn in the days of Charles X., and an universal shout of derision in the days of Louis Philippe. Can it be that this gay, mocking, and most intelligent people is going backward instead of going forward; or is it that they are struck with a species of national senility or superstition? No, it is not so. The Frenchman is now merely passive after years and years of fitful and fruitless excitement, and one of these days, when people least expect it, he will arouse himself and exhibit his wonted energy in destroying what is called cagoterie and cafardise. The truth is, that this unwonted briskness in the preparation and vent of those so-called devotional works, is owing altogether to the restless activity of the ultramontane clergy, whose ardour for the propagation of their ceremonious creed is at a white heat. The chief of these works have reference to the immaculate conception, and we give the titles of a few, into whose contents we have no desire to dip.

► *Un acte de foi à l'immaculée Conception de la Sainte Vierge, Cantate, par P.-J. Dufour, Jésuite; Histoire de Ste. Radegonde; Histoire des Saints Mancoul et Rémi; Histoire de St. Vincent de Paul; Histoire de Marie dans les Cieux; Acte Héroïque de Charité envers les saintes ames de l'Enfer; Piété au très Saint Sacrement; Essai Historique sur l'Immaculée Conception; Vie de Stanislas Kostka, novice de la Compagnie de Jésus; Litanies de Notre Dame de Salette; Instructions sur le Jubilé; Notice sur les frères mineurs des Capucins; Paradisus Animæ Christianæ; Pelerinage à la Salette, par l'Abbé Lemcunier; Acte de donation de la Congrégation de St. Joseph de Cluny au saint et immaculé Cœur de Marie.* We might multiply these extracts by scores, to prove that the interval is not wide between scepticism and superstition; but it were needless. The Ultramontane

and Jesuitical tendency of Romish literature is further proved by a republication of the discourses of Bellarmine, the famous Jesuit controversialist. In historical literature scarcely anything very worthy of note has been published. The memoirs of the notorious Dr. Veron, entitled *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, which have extended to a fifth and a sixth volume, are improvements on the earlier volumes, and contain some curious details on the government of Louis Philippe, and more especially on the latest moments of his reign; but there is nothing new in the curious documents and letters, which are merely re-produced and re-published by the ex-proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. On the 20th of February, the celebrated French advocate and orator, Berryer, took his seat in the French Academy, to which he was elected rather as a protestation against the present order of things in France, than for any literary merits. Berryer is certainly the most able advocate in France, and perhaps the most eloquent of living men, but he has never been distinguished as a writer, and is not generally believed to be a person of any profound scholarship. The address of the Carlist orator excited immense attention, and was for forty-eight hours the talk and wonder of all Paris. As a whole it was wordy and rhetorical, but there were many allusions to the actual situation, which were eagerly seized by the instructed audience, and loudly applauded. Speaking of the later Roman Empire, M. Berryer said the government of Rome was given over to the frenzy of triumphant conspirators. 'To rule,' said he, 'was no longer to enlighten and to govern the public thought, it was deemed sufficient to flatter, to despise, or to extinguish it. It was no concern of the new sovereign to win over the intellect and heart of the people: he was powerful enough so long as he possessed the means of corruption. The people king had become nothing but a people of slaves who revelled in the follies and disgraces of their servitude.' None of the newspapers dared to publish the address for some days. We believe the authorities have since relaxed, and allowed a publication, but the brochure had not reached this country when these lines were written.

Since the reception of Berryer the Academy has been bold enough to elect the Duke de Broglie, the moderate yet liberal minister and ambassador of the late King of the French. The Duke de Broglie is one of the most learned men of France, and one of the ablest, and best-informed of her statesmen. As a literary man, few Frenchmen are so well read or so universally accomplished.

M. de St. Beuve, after having written his *Causeries* every Monday, for the last five years, in the *Constitutionnel*, has brought them abruptly to a close in the tenth volume. During the last few months M. St. Beuve has transferred his pen to the *Moniteur*, and this has caused some little modification in the choice and character of articles, but the treatment, in a literary sense, is the same. M. St. Beuve exhibits the same store of information, the same discrimination and good sense, which have distinguished his literary articles for the last ten or a dozen years. In this volume Fénelon and Bossuet are discussed, as well as Arago, Buzon, and the President Jeannin. Arago is a little

too harshly treated, but the remaining *Causeries*, though occasionally somewhat tame, are, in the main, candid and fair in tone.

Madame Sand has now reached the eighth volume of what she calls her autobiography, and yet the volumes are about everything in the world but herself. We have the history of Marshal Saxe, of M. de la Borde, the history of her grandmother, of her great uncle, of her father, her mother, of her brother, of Godoy, of society at Madrid, but not a word about Madame Sand herself. This mystification is unendurable; and is really not creditable either to the authoress or the publisher. By the last accounts it would appear that Madame Sand has started for Italy.

Geschichte Griechenlands. (A History of Greece, from the Earliest Ages down to the Dissolution of the Achean League.) By F. KORTÜM, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg. In three (octavo) volumes. Heidelberg: Mohr. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.—What finer subject for an historical painter than the rise and downfall of the Grecian power and civilization? Professor Kortüm is not an historical painter in the highest sense of the term; yet has he in these volumes given a series of connected sketches on a subject of most vivid interest, which go far to revive the events and bring back the personages connected therewith. With sufficient references to Grecian art, and pretty full disquisitions on Grecian literature, the author has thrown into a rapid narrative the leading facts, weaving the whole together into one texture, which presents a succession of alternately bright and dark colours, and a series of very great men as well as very worthless demagogues. His aim is not to aid the learned, but to instruct the cultivated. A secondary purpose seems to have been to warn the visionary lovers of civil liberty. The work was begun in 1848—a year so full of unfounded hope and sudden disappointment, the evils of which might, the author thinks, have been avoided, had men given due attention to some very obvious lessons taught by Grecian history. Prompted by an immediate social pressure, Herr Kortüm has, however, produced a work of general and lasting interest, the re-production of which, in the English language, would be a service rendered to elegant letters and useful knowledge.

Goethe und Werther (Goethe and Werther): *Letters by Goethe, written for the most part in his Youth, with Illustrative Documents.* By A. KESTNER. Second edition. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt. 1855.—What more interesting, what more delightful, than the youthful correspondence of great men with their intimate friends of the same age? In such communications the heart appears in all its tenderness and all its trust, and the imagination is fresh and bright with all the rainbow colours of life, undimmed and unshaded. Such is the picture which this volume holds up to view. The German Homer here appears as a simple-hearted young man, overflowing with emotion and full of fancies, weaving into his *Sorrows of Werther* events passing in his own circle, and with youthful impetuosity riding the hobby of his ideal passions. Singularly happy was the poet in attaching to himself amiable and cultivated persons of both sexes. Of such persons is the

chief domestic circle here introduced composed. To a member of that circle is the public indebted for this publication, which, besides its moral and domestic charms, has the merit of throwing light on the earlier workings of the mind of Goethe and two of his most remarkable writings, *The Sorrows of Werther*, and the autobiographical sketches of his own youth, published under the title of *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Poetry and Truth).

Die Metamorphosen des P. Ovidius Naso (Ovid's Metamorphoses explained by Moriz Haupt). Leipzig: Weidmann. London: Nutt. 1853.—This is one of a series of school and college classics, both Greek and Latin, now in the course of publication, which is both superior and lower in price than anything of the kind—so far as we know—attempted in England. Besides a correct and legible text these volumes contain sketches of the lives of the several authors, an historical and critical account of their works, and short but sufficient explanations of both words and things likely to occasion difficulty to students. We have long desired to see the principle of cheap publication brought into effectual play in the production of sound classical manuals for the people. If prepared by competent hands, and if the methods were duly simplified, such a series of Latin and Greek classics would pass from the hands of the people into our schools, and thence make their way into our colleges, effecting a revolution no less in knowledge and taste than in price. The Messrs. Chambers have set a step or two in this direction, but timidly, and therefore with little effect. For the purpose of which we have spoken, the collection here brought under our readers' notice would furnish valuable aid.

Vergleichendes Accentuationssystem (The Sanscrit and the Greek Languages Compared in their Systems of Accentuation). By FRANZ BOPP. Berlin: F. Dümmer. London: Nutt, 270, Strand. 1854.—That the Sanscrit and the Greek were sister tongues had already been proved by the author of this volume, and by other learned modern philologists, from not merely an unquestionable identity in many pairs of words, but, which is of greater importance, structural peculiarities common to the two languages. This important conclusion is now illustrated—we say illustrated, for corroboration it scarcely needed—in the valuable work above mentioned, from a yet deeper and more delicate inquiry, an inquiry into the accentual system prevalent in each. The result of the learned author's investigation goes to show that science has power to call back, to fix, and to investigate the most evanescent of all that is connected with human speech, namely, sound and intonation. The shades of two dead languages are here made to appear in a visible form, and utter audible voices, by this philological necromancer. Having examined and cross-examined the witnesses, and duly weighed the evidence, the learned judge declares that though one dwelt on the banks of the Ilyssus, and the other on the banks of the Ganges, with an interval of many centuries between them, yet the two are one flesh, children of the same parent. To the uninitiated such an investigation may wear the appearance of impossibility. The truth is that philology has of late years been raised to the dignity and certainty of a science, and proceeding on a recognised scientific method,

Bopp, the Grimms, and other original inquirers, have discovered the inmost laws of language, and thereby thrown on history, religion, and ethnology, a light as trustworthy as it was unexpected. According to our author, there exists in the more perfect forms of language three systems of accentuation. Of these the first is termed the logical, in which the place of the accent is determined by the sense. This system, found only in the Teutonic idioms, prevails in our own language. The second is the rhythmical, the most widely spread, in which the place of the accent is determined by a certain measured flow of the words. The third system Bopp names 'the free or grammatical.' This system exists in Sanscrit in its full and perfect form. In Greek it is found under certain limitations. In the former the accent may fall on any syllable; in the latter, it must not be thrown farther back than the third from the end. When, however, the last syllable is not long, the accent moves freely among the three, and as in Sanscrit, assists in the determination of grammatical distinctions. The learned world is deeply indebted to Herr Bopp for this additional contribution to its stores of sound scholarship.

A R T.

IN our present report, as in our last, we still find that we must dwell on anticipation rather than fulfilment; the excited state of the public mind precluding almost every subject save that of the war and its results. The 'note of preparation' from Trafalgar-square for the Exhibition, however, reminds us, notwithstanding wintry weather, of the near approach of spring, and with it the many collections of pictures, new and old, which will then claim our notice.

The winter exhibition in Pall-mall, which opened at the close of December, has been, on the whole, satisfactory; several of our leading artists having contributed, while the number of pictures not having greatly exceeded two hundred, the visitor had a better opportunity of fairly appreciating and enjoying them. The British Institution opened in February with five hundred and fifty-nine pictures! That many of these were quite unworthy a place cannot be surprising, but that many also possess much merit cannot be denied, even by those who have most severely criticised this exhibition. In passing, we may notice Mr. Selous' *Gil Blas* relating his 'adventures to the Licentiate Sedillo,' admirable alike for its humour and its finish; and Mr. Gale's 'Incur-
sion of the Danes,' with its beautiful group of Saxon women watching tremblingly from the high cliff the fierce invaders. While on this subject we cannot pass on without also noticing the powerful series of drawings lately exhibited by Mr. Simpson, at the Graphic Society, of scenes in the Crimea—the weary march, the mournful burial, the hurried bivouac, and the eager watch of the sailors beside the huge Lancaster gun. These admirable sketches are, we find, about to be engraved; and as there is the announcement of an amateur 'art exhibi-

ion' proposed to be formed in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the purchase of the originals for exhibition there, would be very appropriate.

The appointment of that excellent painter, Mr. Hart, as lecturer this season at the Royal Academy, demands an especial notice. The views of an intelligent and well-read artist, taken from a stand-point hitherto unoccupied, cannot fail to be beneficial to art. We have read the reports of the lectures already given with much interest, but we hope to meet with them as a separate publication. We are gratified to find much activity prevailing in the schools of design. The arrangement for sending round to the provinces an admirable collection of works in metal, wood, glass, and china, is a most judicious plan, inasmuch as it will furnish the pupils with opportunities of studying at leisure those costly and beautiful works which, in the midst of the excitement of a hurried visit to London, would, even if not overlooked, be but cursorily examined. The election of Mr. Cousins, the engraver, as an academician, merits notice, on account of his being the first engraver who has attained 'the full honours of that Institution'; and we may also add that Mr. Worlum, the active teacher at Marlborough House, has been appointed to the superintendence of the National Gallery.

Very few illustrated works of merit have made their appearance lately; nor has much been done in France; but to two certainly important books, one of which, just translated, but has for some years past excited much attention among artists, we shall direct the reader's attention in the following pages.

A Handbook for Young Painters (with illustrations). By C. R. LESLIE, R.A. Murray.—When, some five or six years ago, we read the outlines of the lectures which Mr. Leslie then delivered to the students at the Royal Academy, although not agreeing with every principle advanced in them, we felt that they contained so much valuable instruction that we trusted they would eventually be given to the public. We are therefore well pleased to find that these lectures form the groundwork, and indeed, the chief portion of the volume before us, 'carefully revised and recast into other forms, and with such additional matter' as the writer modestly hopes 'may render it worthy of the attention, not only of young artists, but in some degree of painters past the time of pupilage, and also of that now large and increasing class of lovers of art who adorn their houses with pictures.' The work is divided into sixteen sections; and as whatever an artist of the high standing of Mr. Leslie may say on the subject of painting is worthy of respectful attention, we will review them somewhat at length.

The first section, 'on the imitation of Nature,' points out how the mere—the literal, so to say—imitation of any natural object, so far from being effective, actually produces an unpleasant feeling. What, so far as close imitation is concerned, is more 'natural' than wax-work?—'the most life-like in externals of all the modes of imitating nature, and for that very reason the most lifeless.' The panorama, too—that attempts to do more than the noblest landscape ever painted by a first-rate artist could effect; but we agree with Mr. Leslie that there is

ever an unpleasant sensation produced by even the best. The case is, we cannot be cheated into a belief of reality. In the waxwork figure, although the complexion and the hair be perfect, the eye 'hath no speculation in it,' and in the panorama—even in the far superior diorama—we miss the sights and the sounds of active life, and feel almost an oppressive stillness. Deception in such cases can only last for a moment, for nature allows of no substitute that will bear continual or close inspection.

• 'And yet, while she has placed this beyond the reach of human hands, she has entrusted Art with a peculiar mission—the power of doing something for the world which she refuses to do. How many of her most exquisite forms, graces, and movements—how many of her most beautiful combinations of colours, of lights, of shadows, that are 'instant seen, and instant gone,' does she not permit the painter to fix, for the delight of ages! And, indeed, he is entrusted with another, and a higher task, that of leading us to a perception of many of her latent beauties, and of many of her appearances, which the unassisted eye might not recognise as beauties, but for the direction of the pencil.'

And this is best done by avoiding servile imitation. Still, in the practice of drawing from nature, 'there can be no doubt that, until 'correctness of eye and obedience of hand are obtained, the closest possible, the most minute imitation is the best, for till the taste is well advanced it is dangerous to attempt to generalise. The young artist is then in leading-strings, and must be content; but no painter ever generalised more than Velasquez, and yet his early works are remarkable for precision of imitation.

In the next section, 'on the Imitation of Art,' Mr. Leslie denounces 'sectarianism in art; the bigoted admiration of any one school, or any one master, however deserving, to the exclusion of all 'the rest.' Now on this subject we might have expected censures on those who set up the Flemish school, to the utter ignoring of the Italian, or the Lombard, to the disparagement of the Venetian, or Nicolo Poussin against Rubens; but not a word is said as to these, the remarks being aimed only at the pre-Raphaelites; and yet 'I know little of the works of Fra Angelico,' he remarks farther on. Now what should we say of a writer who, while attempting to adjust the claims of our poets before Shakspeare and those after him, should acknowledge he 'knew little of the works of Chaucer?' Such ignorance—honestly confessed by Mr. Leslie—is, however, the disgrace of the majority, who have almost 'raised a hue and cry' against gifted young artists—extravagant enough in some of their views, but yet exhibiting much promise—and writers who have never seen an early fresco, never turned over an illuminated MS., have denounced principles which they have never condescended to examine, and ridiculed artists with whose very names they were unacquainted. Now the slight engraving that almost faces Mr. Leslie's candid acknowledgment, offers its silent protest against the early painter being thus ignored. How meekly, and with what gentle grace does 'the highly favoured among women' bend forward, and with what calm earnestness does she listen to the message. True, the background is wretchedly formal, and there

is stiffness in the announcing angel, but an exquisite grace is diffused over both the figures. It is indeed vexatious, we acknowledge, to see the pre-Raphaelites perversely admiring so blindly the mere defects of these early painters, but it is scarcely surprising;—it is in human nature vehemently to adhere to that for which we suffer reproach; and so much ridicule has been cast on them that, unhappily for the cause of art, they have become almost as ready to fight for defects, as for beauties. We are, however, rather surprised that Mr. Leslie should so severely censure this school, although we find him paying a just tribute of admiration to Stothard; even remarking that 'he not seldom reminds us of Raphael,' when it is remembered that from illuminations that artist derived his peculiar characteristics. Who, acquainted with these, can fail to observe how deeply he was imbued with their spirit, when he painted those exquisite illustrations of 'Pilgrim's Progress'?

In his section on 'self-teaching,' Mr. Leslie wisely points out how frequently the term is misapplied; remarking, with Constable, that if an artist could be actually 'self-taught,' we ought not to be more surprised 'had Captain Cook found a Rubens carrying painting to perfection in Otaheite, than our ancestors were at seeing one do the same thing in Flanders.' In the two sections on 'invention and expression,' we meet with many valuable hints. The importance of the constant observation of nature, not only to the painter of real life, but to the painter of imaginative subjects, is earnestly dwelt upon and illustrated by example from the poet as well as the painter. The following observation, too, is worthy the serious notice of that large class who fancy that excellence is more likely to be attained by a vague and hasty contemplation of a great variety of objects than by a careful examination of but few.

'It is a mistake to suppose that human nature may not be studied within a confined limit. The constant inhabitant of a village may learn far more of mankind, if he be a close and just observer, than he whose life is spent running over the world, if he observes not carefully, and above all, if he studies not himself. Indeed the opportunities of knowing a few individuals long, and intimately, are more favourable to a knowledge of character, than seeing much of the surface of life, which is nearly all that is seen in travelling. Few men travelled less than Shakespeare, than Raphael, or than Hogarth.'

To the last-mentioned painter, Mr. Leslie has devoted a very extensive critique, and it is pleasant to find an artist who adheres rather too much to the old conventionalisms of academies, boldly speaking out his convictions as to the high merit of one, who until but as yesterday, was viewed only as the caricaturist of his age, or at most as the teacher of apprentices and charity boys. 'In invention and expression, the only master whose works taken altogether I would compare with those of Raphael, is Hogarth.' We can almost forgive Mr. Leslie his low appreciation of the mediæval painters, for this assertion alone. As he truly remarks, 'Hogarth has been called a writer of comedy with the pencil, but there is as much of the deepest tragedy in his works' essentially dramatic,

‘most of his subjects are entirely of his own invention ; and in the story of what may be called his dramas, he adheres more closely to nature than the generality of even the best dramatic writers. His profligates and villains never reform unnaturally at the conclusion of the story, but die as they have lived ; nor are there to be found in his conceptions of character, any of those inconsistencies by which dramatic authors appeal to the passing prejudices of the times, or seek to propitiate a mixed multitude. . . . In truth, though the stage seems to have suggested to him the species of art of which he may be considered the inventor, yet his views of life were much too sound, to allow him to adopt the loose notions of stage morality. Wit was ever at the point of his pencil, and his humour is inexhaustible, and as rich as the humour of Shakespeare himself. . . . No painter whatever, and but few writers, have laid bare the evil dispositions of human nature, and their inevitable consequences, with such a mastery of illustration. From his moral teaching there is no escape. No palliation of vice will avail before him. Yet never losing sight of nature, he here and there shows us touches of good, and often, as in the world, where we least expect it.’

Among the illustrations of this, Mr. Leslie refers to the poor girl, in the ‘Rake’s Progress,’ always at hand with gentle ministering, notwithstanding her cruel wrongs ; and the really fine incident in the ‘Election Series,’ of the maimed officer, who surrounded by corrupt voters, holding his hat reverently under the stump of his left arm, lays the hook of the handless right upon the Bible. The bye play, too, of this admirable picture is complete. The paralyzed idiot, who grins, and lays his finger on the book, while the footman whispers the name in his ear, is bowed to most respectfully by the ‘red-tape’ official ; but the poll-clerk is scarcely able to suppress his laugh at the veteran, who determines really honestly to give his vote. Mr. Leslie truly observes how remarkable for fulness and contrast of incident are these four ‘Election’ pictures. The riotous merriment of the dinner in the first, and the mayor dying of apoplexy, with the oyster impaled on the fork, still grasped in his hand : the drunken mob in the second pulling down the sign of the Crown, and the quiet village in the distance, with the blue curling smoke of the peaceful farm-house, may be instanced among many others ; but the wide range taken by Hogarth,—although throughout always a painter of everyday life—has ever appeared to us the chief proof of his genius. From ‘Southwark Fair,’ with its handsome female drummer and her gaping admirers, where all is holiday, to ‘Gin-lane,’ with the wretched mother dropping her child, and the appalling corpse of the starved outcast beside her—that awful picture, where, as Charles Knight remarks, the very houses in the background seem to reel and fall—what an interval ! Truly the genius of Hogarth was Shakesperian in its wide extent, no less than in its keen perceptions.

With his high admiration of Hogarth, we feel surprised at the commendations bestowed by Mr. Leslie upon the Flemish masters. What is mere elaborate finish, or even the most accurate representation of scenes, if no story be told. ‘The Itinerant Fiddler,’ of Ostade, and Terburg’s ‘Satin Gown,’ both of which are given as specimens, —what are they save mere servile copies of what is evident enough to anybody ? But how would Hogarth have treated these subjects, —commonplace as they are ; what humour would he have infused into

the one, what satire,—or perhaps, what pathos, into the other! In his section on 'Landscape,' Mr. Leslie, although as might be expected, lavishing his chief praise upon his friend Constable, is not unmindful of the high claims of Turner. We cannot understand the remark of a contemporary critic, as to Leslie's severity toward that great master of atmospheric effects, or his criticism 'with clenched teeth;' for while he points out what he considers Turner's defects, he does ample justice to his many excellences. 'Had Turner died young,' he remarks—

'His name would only have survived as that of a second-rate painter. His genius was of a later development, and first appeared in those classic and marine subjects which he painted in the early part of the century. The sea-pieces were his own; the others were made up from various sources in art, and though noble works, yet, not generally those on which his fame will ultimately rest. His 'Snowstorm in the Alps,' however, with 'Hannibal and his Army,' would alone justify the highest praises of his friends; and his 'Ulysses,' painted at a much later period, is a poem of matchless splendour and beauty. . . . I think that it was equally unnecessary and unsafe to the reputation of Turner, to assume that he had fewer faults than other great painters, and to contrast his beauties with the faults, often indeed imaginary, of Claude, the Poussins, Cuyp, or Canaletti,—unnecessary, because his excellences are of so high an order that his greatest admirers may fearlessly acknowledge all the defects with which he may be charged; and unsafe, because such a system of comparison might be more easily turned against him, than against any painter that ever lived, for there never lived one in whose works greater absurdities, or a larger number of impossible effects might be pointed out. . . . Claude is not to be deposed to place on his throne one who wants it not, because he has raised himself to a throne unoccupied before. Claude could not paint a storm; Turner's sea storms are the finest ever painted; and though Claude is best seen in tranquil sunshine, yet there are many beautiful and brilliant mid-day appearances of perfect stillness, that were never seen on canvas till Turner gave them with a power precluding all imitation. I can well believe with Mr. Ruskin, in the truth of his Venetian scenes . . . and I know enough of lake scenery to feel how great a painter he is of mountains and lakes, with all their changes of sunshine, cloud, and mist. Such are the things which are the real praise of this wonderful painter of light, and space, and air.'

There is much wholesome advice in the concluding section on 'Portrait,' and unanswerably does Mr. Leslie prove that the highest class of portrait-painting is indeed historical painting. The fine instance given here from Velasquez, 'the Surrender of Breda,' is a noble historical composition; nor could any painting of the taking of Gibraltar be more emphatic than Reynolds' noble portrait of Lord Heathfield so determinately grasping its keys. Here are a few remarks on photography as applied to portrait:—

'In its present state it confirms what has been always felt by the best artists and the best critics, that fac-simile is not that species of resemblance to nature, even in a portrait, that is most agreeable, for while the best calotypes remind us of mezzotint engravings from Rembrandt or Reynolds, they are still inferior in general effect to such engravings; and they thus help to show that the ideal of a portrait, like the ideal of all art, depends on something which can only be communicated by the mind through the hand and eye, and without any other mechanical intervention than that of the pencil.'

A short address, containing much good counsel to the young painter, concludes this volume, which will afford much pleasant information to the general reader, as well as to the art-student.

The Poetry of Christian Art. Translated from the French of A. F. Rio.—This is a work which we need scarcely inform our readers has excited much attention in France and England, and from whence Lord Lindsay has derived many of his facts and opinions; and on which Mrs. Jameson has pronounced a warm eulogy. The title, however, seems to us an evident misnomer; for the book is simply a history of the rise and progress of Christian art, from its earliest appearance to the beginning of the sixteenth century. Tracing this, from the rude symbols in the catacombs to the lavish decorations of the churches under Constantine and his successors, M. Rio passes on to the controversy, so important in the history of early art, whether, as Tertullian and St. Justin taught, 'Jesus Christ was the least comely of the children of men'; or whether, as Chrysostom and St. Gregory, together with the fathers of the Latin churches maintained, 'he was a model of perfection in form.' The Byzantine artists, however, determinately adhered to the former strange opinion; and M. Rio, devout Catholic as he is, evidently views it as a suitable judgment on the apostate Eastern church, that 'the Greeks, the descendants of those who knew so well how to conceive *the beautiful*, are the very people who now reject the beautiful, when raised to the highest degree by the incarnation of the Word.' As regarded the representation of the Virgin, M. Rio considers that the dictum of St. Ambrose, that her beauty was the reflex of her mind, settled the question at once. We may, however, remark that we have met with many grim-looking, and some even squinting Madonnas, in MSS. several ages subsequent to St. Ambrose. Still, we willingly admit, that the ugliness in these cases was involuntary; the untaught hand of the artist failing to embody his conception.

We are by no means inclined to lay the stress upon church authority in the above cases which M. Rio does, but should rather assign the distinction between the Byzantine and the 'Romano-Christian' schools of art to national character and circumstances. There was a large admixture of Goths and other northern tribes among the inhabitants of Rome, from which Byzantium was wholly free. And equally important is it to remember, that in the changes which from the fifth to the eleventh centuries passed over all Italy, scope was given for inventive energy of every kind. Italy, like the rest of Europe, became, as it were, a new world; while 'old things' were still cherished and worshipped in corrupt, worn-out Byzantium. That 'if the Greeks had conquered Italy, the marvels of Christian art there would never have been produced,' is very possible; but that Italian excellence was the express reward of that fanatical war 'in defence of the Pope and the holy images,' we shall believe, when, with M. Rio, we expunge the Second Commandment from our copy of the Decalogue.

The age of Charlemagne is correctly enough viewed by M. Rio as an era of singular importance. That it was so in all that regards the languages and political changes in Europe, is certain; but with regard to the arts, we cannot perceive his influence so clearly made out. That Charlemagne patronized art, as well as literature and

music, is certain ; but some of the finest MSS. formerly considered to have been executed by his command, have been proved to belong to the reign of his grandson Charles the Bald. The rise of a northern school, termed by M. Rio the Germano-Christian, about this time, is unquestionable ; a school which, although our author, while awarding it high praise, laments that 'its tendency was rather historical than mystical,' we are inclined to believe, on this very account, effected no common good ; for it familiarized the popular mind with the facts of Scripture history, and led the people to seek after 'the whole word of God.' To this school our Anglo-Saxon MSS. all belong ; and to one of these, the Benedictional of Godeman, M. Rio refers with high praise. He agrees, too, that from the ninth to the thirteenth century, 'neither Byzantine nor Italian works can bear a comparison with the contemporaneous productions of the Germano-Christian school ;' an opinion which must be shared by every one who has compared the MSS. especially of the French and English schools, with those of Italy.

But Italy was destined to a glorious revival in art, although it cannot be clearly ascertained what gave the first impulse. We should, however, be inclined to trace it to northern influence, from the similarity of its earliest productions. In this revival the Siennese school took the lead ; a picture by Guido da Sienna, dating as early as 1221 ; and he was followed by a succession of painters, until the close of the fourteenth century. The far better known Florentine school comes next. M. Rio does not estimate very highly the earlier works of its founder Cimabue ; although the later, executed when freed from the trammels of Byzantine art, he praises highly. But to Giotto, the shepherd boy, is the chief praise due, the artist who 'everywhere set the example of contempt for Byzantine traditions,' the admired of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Dante. Giotto was followed by his godson Taddeo Gaddi, whose son, Agnolo, and the better known Orcagna, supported the high claims of the Florentine school—claims which we should rather base upon their earnest study of nature, than upon 'the new source of inspiration' opened by those 'stars of holiness who had appeared in Italy, St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Thomas.' We should also be inclined to refer 'the re-appearance of Paganism itself,' which so rapidly followed, to the rejection by those early masters of scriptural subjects, and their constant substitution of legend, sometimes graceful and touching, but frequently stupid or profane. There seems little doubt that the general taste for classical subjects in painting, originated in the widely increasing taste for classical literature which even before the fifteenth century characterised the Italian literati ; but it is curious to find that 'these Pagan inspirations came at the same time from two directions, from Rome, and from the court of the Medici.' Indeed, M. Rio, devout Catholic as he is, is compelled to acknowledge that 'the painters summoned to Rome at the express command of Sixtus IV., returned better qualified to depict gods and goddesses at the request of Lorenzo di Medici, than andsstaqtduinnangels.

At this period, and doubtless as the result of a strong re-action, arose, what M. Rio terms the 'mystic school,' and about which he talks a great deal of unintelligible nonsense, mixed up, as is often the case with mystical writers, with many prettinesses. The great boast of this school is Fra Angelico, and to his high merits we have in the preceding review willingly paid our tribute. But we can scarcely expect the readers of this volume to estimate his genius very highly, when they look at the dull and formal 'Coronation of the Virgin,' which forms the frontispiece; nor can we accept the argument, that although 'the life-like expression which abounds in the heads, and is sustained in the upper parts of the figures diminishes in the lower limbs, so that they have all the stiffness of artificial supports: still that we must be very insensible to all the delicious emotions which Christian art excites in souls susceptible of its influence, if we can allow ourselves to criticize minutely the technical imperfections of this divine pencil.' Surely the same right that allows us to point out beauties, allows us to point out defects; defects too, from which both painters and sculptors of a far earlier age were free,—defects which never meet us in our beautiful mediæval remains, as Wells, and Lincoln, and many more can witness. Benozzo Gozzoli was Fra Angelico's favourite pupil, and may, with Gentile da Fabriano, be considered as the founder of that school which claims even Raphael,—the Umbrian. To Perugino, his master, one of the chief ornaments of this school, M. Rio awards the highest praise, as an artist who sought 'his inspiration beyond the sphere of sensible objects,—not in variety, or picturesque grouping, nor even in colouring,' but 'rather in the development and progressive perfection of certain types which, concealed at first within the most secret recesses of his imagination, and afterwards regarded as a long and religious exercise for his pencil, had at length become intimately combined with all that was poetical and exalted in his nature.' The artists of the Bolognese school, however, according to M. Rio, surpassed even Perugino, notwithstanding his transcendentalism, especially Lippo Dalmasio, whose Madonnas, always painted after a severe fast, were so wonderful, that Guido stood entranced before them, and acknowledged in them 'a superhuman character which could only be attributed to a secret influence directing his pencil!' More willingly do we assent to the praise of Francia, who, like so many of his contemporaries, originally a worker in the precious metals, and only known for the beauty of his nielloes and medals, not until his middle age, produced those beautiful works which are worthy the precursor of Raphael.

We have next a careful examination of the works of this last great master up to the time of his rejection of the Umbrian traditions; but here M. Rio leaves him, and turns to that singular episode in the history of art, the reform attempted by Savonarola at Florence.

In M. Rio's hands, with his vehemently anti-protestant views, the life of this most interesting reformer becomes a singularly difficult subject to treat, and the result is most unsatisfactory. The awful depravity of Florence, and the utter paganism of the so-lauded de-

Medici, are forcibly and truly painted; and the wonderful effects that followed the young Dominican's preaching, are fully given here; but he altogether mistakes the reason. The mighty power that swayed all Florence as the heart of one man, and heaped up the huge pile in the piazza with the costliest books, the most cherished paintings, and the fairest statuary, did not derive its force from the visions of mystical painters, but from the whole word of God, proclaimed by the fearless preacher. It is mournful to think how soon the effects of this singular revival passed away; how soon Florence sunk again into the grossest irreligion and profligacy; but those visionary artists who still cherished the memory of Savonarola as a glorified martyr, were too feeble to check the torrent; and thus, while the fine Bible pictures of Albert Durer, aided, far more than has hitherto been imagined, the progress of the Reformation beyond the Alps, the imaginary groups of saints and angels, and Madonnas of Credi, Fra Bartolomeo, and Ghirlandajo, offered merely types of grace and loveliness to the infidel, but beauty-loving Florentines, who argued, if the visionary only be selected, why not the fresher dreams of paganism, why not the metamorphoses of classic fable, rather than the worn-out miracles of the Golden Legend? And thus, we shall find the mystical school of painting,—although quite involuntarily,—actually helped on that counteraction, against which for a short period it had fought so successfully.

M. Rio's book concludes with notices of early Venetian art, and of the Bellinis and their successors. It is suggestive to find that while Mr. Ruskin seems inclined to base the high standing of Venice during the middle ages, upon the direct scriptural teaching of the mosaics in St. Mark's, M. Rio views it as the reward of her having been placed under the especial protection of the Madonna! In conclusion, we must say that while, affording much information as to schools of painting hitherto but little known, M. Rio's work deserves much praise, and while we willingly allow that there is much pretty and fanciful writing in it, we cannot but view it as the source from whence our ultra-pre-Raphaelites have derived their most serious errors. Throughout the book mere legend is dignified with the title of Christian teaching, and a devout adoration of the Virgin pointed out as the chief, we might almost say, the only source of true Christian inspiration. This is natural enough, and consistent enough in a Roman Catholic teacher; but in the important inquiry respecting the rise and progress of Christian art, we feel assured that it will be most correctly viewed from the stand-point of Protestantism. Then we shall perceive how the people of Europe for ages hungered for scriptural knowledge; and how the mosaic, the pictured wall, the broidered hangings, the illuminated books, all administered, and largely, to that importunate want. But from the time that the legendary tale took the place of Bible history, that change began, which, ere long, by lowering Christian art into a scarcely modified paganism, made rapid way for all the grievous errors in taste, and the more grievous errors in feeling, of the corrupt Renaissance.

Jerusalem Revisited.—By the late W. H. Bartlett. As the last.

legacy of a pencil that has so often placed far-off scenes so spiritedly and so graphically before us, we cannot but value this book. Jerusalem, however, and her surrounding localities, have been so often and so completely described, that little, save a scanty gleanings, can remain, even for the most assiduous artist. We have here, however, several interesting 'bits' of curious old buildings, where the Gothic of the Crusades, or the Saracenic of the same period, mingles with Roman, or even earlier remains; and views, where the general barrenness of the landscape reminds of the desolation which has come upon the holy city. The literary portion derives a freshness of interest from the pictures of the eager anxiety of the mixed population as to the events of the war, and their hopes, and fears, and speculations—many of them wild enough—on the subject. A very full and interesting account is also given of the general state of society in Jerusalem; and as a pleasant table-book we have great pleasure in recommending the work to our readers.

SCIENCE.

SCIENCE has its prize-fights occasionally. When the combatants are well matched, or the question under discussion is one of considerable importance, the public loves to be present at the encounter. A 'ring' has lately been formed for the reception of William Fothergill Cooke, Esq., and Professor Wheatstone, the prize in dispute being the honour of having invented the electric telegraph. The former of these gentlemen has 'gone in' with great vigour, and inflicted some heavy blows upon his antagonist. To the latter the credit of the telegraph is generally ascribed; but if the statements of Mr. Cooke are thoroughly correct, the learned professor has played a very secondary part in the development of this splendid discovery. In the month of March, 1836, whilst Mr. Cooke was studying anatomy at Heidelberg, he witnessed an experiment by Professor Möncke, who transmitted electric currents along wires to some distance, and produced certain signals by causing magnetic needles to deflect. Upon this hint Mr. Cooke proceeded to work. Within three weeks he constructed a rudimentary telegraph. That instrument contained six wires, forming three circuits, with an alphabet of twenty-six signals. Many improvements were added, and towards the end of 1836 the apparatus was nearly completed, though at the same time, as he says, his funds were nearly exhausted. It was not until the end of February, 1837, and not until the invention had been explained to several individuals, that he consulted Professor Wheatstone as a scientific man, and one well versed in patent business, with which he himself was totally unfamiliar. A partnership was the result. A patent was obtained in the names of the two in May or June, 1837. The invention instantly attracted attention, and as the world clapped its hands in admiration of the idea, it is not at all surprising that the question of paternity should become one of considerable

moment to the parties concerned. Mr. Cooke soon found, as he states, that his eminent colleague was always talking about it in the 'first person singular.' The public also were under the impression that Mr. Cooke was a mere business partner. To settle the dispute, the latter proposed that it should be submitted to scientific arbitration. This was done. Sir I. Brunel and Professor Daniell were the referees appointed. Judgment—that 'Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph as a useful "undertaking," and that Professor Wheatstone by his researches had prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application.' Both parties ratified this decision, yet Mr. Cooke complains that his colleague has allowed his claims to be revived without any attempt at contradiction. This he considers extremely hard, more especially as Mr. Cooke asserts that on becoming sole proprietor in 1843 he managed the patent in such a way that he made the Professor's 'fortune' within three years, by disposing of the royalty reserved in his favour on the most profitable terms.

On the other hand, it should be observed that when Mr. Cooke came into contact with Professor Wheatstone, the latter had long been engaged in experiments to ascertain the distance at which signals might be produced by electric currents with a view to telegraphic purposes. He had pushed the idea to some extent; but not as Mr. Cooke asserts so far as the construction of a working telegraph; and if the contents of the award are correctly reported, his own assent to that document strips him of any pretence to the practical introduction of the invention into this country. Whether the distinguished Professor can return the blows of his antagonist with any effect remains to be seen; but the latter is evidently full of fight and in capital feather for the contest. Of this our readers may judge when we tell them that he has announced a *whole volume* on the subject; containing the various documents, and illustrated with numerous plates.

Après of the electric telegraph, would it not be a great improvement if communications could be effected not only between the stations on a line, but between those stations and the trains, or from one train to another whilst in full travel? The *Athenaeum* reports that something like this has been devised by a Signor Bonelli, of Turin; and still more, that the same individual has invented a telegraph in which the delicate and expensive system of wires and posts may be altogether discarded.

Magnetism has been put to an interesting purpose. Barometers intimate the approach of storms in the air; can nothing be done to foretel the advent of a convulsion in the ground? Would not an indicator of earthquakes be a treasure in countries subject to those fearful but stealthy visitors? Such an apparatus has been contrived. It is extremely simple in its principle. It is well-known that earthquakes are preceded by electrical disturbances, and that the power of the magnet is consequently diminished. If, therefore, a piece of iron is suspended from a magnet, it may be made to drop when the convulsion is at hand. The person who reported this invention to the Paris

Academy of Sciences stated that it had been subjected to decisive trials in a part of America where earthquakes were almost chronic disasters.

A pleasing illustration of the uses to which neglected objects *may* be put has recently occurred. The scarcity of paper materials has led, as is well known, to much inquiry for some substitutional stuff. Various vegetables have been mentioned as likely to serve in lieu of rags. Amongst others, a very humble plant has been brought forward with so much confidence that a patent has been taken out for its use. This is the common thistle. The patentee is Lord Berriedale. The stems of the plant are to be broken up or separated by suitable mechanism; the mucilage and other matters are removed, and the fibrous mass is then reduced to a pulp, with which the paper-maker deals as he does with his prescriptive rags. And a very stout kind of paper the thistle is said to produce. The colour is good. The fibres are tough, and it is proposed to apply them not only to the production of paper, but of various tissues and fabrics employed in textile manufactures. Thus we have a very lowly member of the vegetable community, hitherto appropriated to the use of a very lowly member of the animal kingdom, turned to a valuable account.

Efforts have frequently been made to employ water as a combustible material. Its peculiar constitution has rendered it the subject of many a wistful speculation. Composed of two gases, one inflammable, and the other the greatest supporter of combustion, it would be a splendid boon to mankind could this cheap and accessible fluid be converted into fuel by some simple and inexpensive process. As yet, however, the problem is unsolved, and fires must be fed out of coal-scuttles and not out of barrels or pails. But it has been found possible to *assist* combustion by means of water. It may be partially burnt. Amongst other schemes an American gentleman, Mr. Moses Thompson, has introduced an apparatus in which *wet* fuel may be employed with economy and advantage. For this purpose two furnaces at least must be used in connexion with each other; the gases arising from the fuel are mixed in a chamber where the steam is also decomposed; and the oxygen produced from the latter source serves in a great measure to maintain combustion. With such an apparatus it is possible to use wet tan just as it comes from the tanneries; and the furnaces have been successfully fed with crushed sugar canes fresh from the mill. The value of such a contrivance in sugar districts like Louisiana, where the experiments have been tried, will be manifest.

A Tour round my Garden. Translated from the French of Alphonse Karr. Revised and edited by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., &c. 12mo. pp. 332. London: Routledge and Co. 1855.—Some years ago Xavier de Maistre undertook a grand tour round his room, and published the results under the title of *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. Alphonse Karr has done the same thing for his garden. Both writers are palpable imitators of Sterne; but in the production before us Karr appears as a naturalist instead of a simple novelist; and of zoology our worthy Horick knew little more than was necessary to describe a captive

starling and a sentimental donkey. We believe that Alphonse is little known in this country, and that where read at all, it is as a writer of fiction exclusively. Mr. Wood, himself the author of several works on animal life, has done good service by introducing this lively Frenchman to the notice of the British public. The origin of the book is supposed to be this. Karr professes to pay a visit to a friend whom he finds just on the point of starting for a journey round the earth. At first he is inclined to indulge in some envious feelings when he considers what novel and exciting spectacles the traveller will behold, whilst he, poor fellow, is compelled by poverty to remain tethered at home. But these feelings vanish when he reflects that sights equally as interesting may be discovered close at hand, if there is only the 'seeing eye' to unveil them. He bethinks him of his garden, and resolves to explore that little territory whilst his friend is wandering elaborately over the globe. Day after day he visits it, and examines the plants, trees, insects, birds, and other natural objects, which his miniature kingdom contains. The result is communicated in a series of letters ostensibly addressed to the absentee. They are written in a gay, playful spirit, mingling zoological facts with philosophical thought and fictitious incidents. The author's forte is light sparkling satire. There is a sort of effervescent quality about his composition. His ideas are gently acidulated with irony. If the reader can imagine B. de St. Pierre's sympathies with nature tinged with the sarcasm of La Bruyère, and then served up in somewhat Sterneesque fashion, he will be able to form a tolerable conception of the character of this work. With what pleasure, for example, does Karr whip up the botanists for their hard words, and their habit of dealing with plants as so many vegetable corpses. How he laughs at them for their 'mesocarps, quinqueloculars, infundibuliform, squamimflora, &c.,' and talks of their herbals as horrible cemeteries in which flowers are buried with ostentatious epithets! In fact, he will have it that *savants* employ Greek and Latin not so much for the purpose of understanding each other, as to prevent their being understood by the public at large. Then with what exquisite sauciness does he twit his wandering friend whenever the opportunity for a sly stroke occurs. Why should the latter go so far abroad? Was he so weary of the common houseflies at home, that he must travel 2000 miles for the pleasure of being stung by mosquitoes? Is it so difficult to experience hunger or thirst on his native soil, that he must go to a distance to invite these unpleasant sensations? Or is there any particular plague, fever, or disease unknown in his own land that he feels a wish to catch abroad? But most pleasantly of all does he pretend to tease the rambler with fears respecting the anthropophagi! He affects to be in daily dread of receiving a letter announcing that at a grand dinner given by the king of some cannibal island, his unfortunate friend figured in it as the central dish, and that the savages found him excellent eating! Much, however, as the author would lament the catastrophe, he admits it would be some satisfaction to learn that a nation of epicures had pronounced the traveller fat, plump, and tender, and had not

thought it necessary to heighten his flavour with violent and highly seasoned condiments, but had put him honourably on the spit or gridiron, and served him up in his own gravy. In this airy butterfly spirit, does Karr flit through his garden; but long before his tour is completed, the rattle of a carriage is heard, and who should appear but the wanderer, whose post-haste exploration of the world has been finished before the other has half exhausted the wonders of his little domain. We should like to have quoted some of the author's sententious remarks, but must conclude our notice of this work by saying, that the reader who desires to spend a few pleasant hours in acquiring a little natural history upon the easiest possible terms, cannot do better than procure this charming volume.

The West Indies before and since Slave Emancipation; comprising the Windward and Leeward Islands Military Command. By JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. 8vo. pp. 551. London: W. & F. G. CASH. 1854.—Dr. Davy resided for three years (1845-8) in the West Indies, where he had charge of the medical department of the army. His work has been compiled partly from his own observations, and partly from those uninviting sources of information, the Blue Books of Parliament. This latter circumstance, we are afraid, will not recommend the volume to the attention of ordinary readers. Let us, therefore, state that Dr. Davy's production is not intended for cursory perusal, but must be received as a kind of official report upon the West Indies, describing the geography, geological structure, soils, climate, population, agriculture, &c. of the several settlements in succession. It is therefore a heavy book to read, but good when well digested. Now and then the description of some natural curiosity—of a sulphur mountain as at St. Lucia, the pitch lake of Trinidad, the petrifying springs at Montserrat, or of a hurricane anywhere—relieves the almost tabulated monotony of the work. Dr. Davy offers many valuable suggestions with regard to colonial improvements, and points out various evils which he thinks might be mitigated, if not entirely removed. As becomes the sanitary character he sustained, his hints on the subject of West Indian health are frequent and judicious. He complains of the insalubrity of the military posts, and says that of the towns, not one was then provided with sewers, so far as he was aware, nor had any been efficiently drained, or supplied with a due service of water. With regard to the population of these towns, he brings out the curious circumstance that instead of there being a tolerable equality of males and females, the latter exceed the former in the ratio of 50,764 to 37,423. Let our bachelor readers set sail for the West Indies at once, or let the surplus ladies be shipped for Australia, where the demand for feminine humanity so far exceeds the supply. We should not forget to remark that one purpose of this book, and a very amiable one too, has been to vindicate the character and capacities of the coloured races.

Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & E. Thirty-seventh Edition. 12mo. pp. 68. William Blackwood and Sons. 1854. A large cir-

culation is not by any means a conclusive test of merit, but in the present instance the sterling value of this little work constitutes its true title to the immense popularity it has attained. Abroad it appears to be as highly prized as it is at home. Translated into almost every European language, and imported into the chief schools of Germany, Holland, Flanders, Italy, and other countries, without mentioning the United States, it would be difficult to point to any scientific manual which has achieved so rapid and triumphant a success. In his various editions, the author has been anxious to keep the work up to the ever-heightening level of science; and, after comparing the present with a very recent issue, we are able to say that many very interesting and valuable additions have been made. For example—‘Is there any nourishment contained in fruits? Yes. Dried figs, as they come to this country, are about as nutritious as the same weight of wheaten bread.’ Speaking of lands reclaimed from the sea, the author states that ‘as little as one per cent. of common salt in a soil will prevent plants from healthily germinating.’ And, describing the circumstances under which nitric acid is formed naturally, he brings in the fact that ‘in some parts of South America, the old earth of the graveyards is so rich in nitre, that it is sold to the saltpetre manufacturers, who wash it with water, and by evaporating the clear liquor in the hot air, obtain the nitre.’ But when a publication has worked its way through thirty-seven editions by virtue of its own intrinsic worth, it would be superfluous to do more than wish it as rapid a run through thirty-seven editions to come.

The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the past year. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 288. London: Bogue. 1855.—For many years Mr. Timbs has supplied the public with a handy little record of the chief inventions and discoveries effected during the previous twelve months. Formerly this annual was known as *The Arcana of Science and Art*, but though the title has been judiciously changed, the character of the work continues essentially the same. As we glance over its pages we cannot help thinking what a glorious thing it would have been had each age possessed its John Timbs, F.S.A. What would we not give for a complete series of such manuals, from the very dawn of civilization to the present enlightened era! What if some explorer should exhume a little library of bricks or cylinders, covered with arrow-headed reports of the progress of ancient science, compiled by some Ninevite John Timbs, F.S.A.? What if the Egyptians and Israelites, the Greeks and Romans, had all enjoyed their John Timbs, F.S.A.? Instead of mourning over ‘lost arts,’ or having to travel over ground already explored, each generation might then have stepped into the wisdom of its predecessors, and saved itself the trouble of much futile research. Let us be thankful, however, that we have a John Timbs, F.S.A. May the public enjoy many happy returns of his year-books! We confess that we cannot but look with considerable respect upon a publication like this. Not forgetting that many of its articles are scraps cut from newspapers, and

therefore wishing it invested with a little more authority, we cannot turn over its pages without feeling what a bustling, progressive thing the human intellect is when its powers are turned to industrial purposes. Here schemes, and discoveries, and researches follow each other in brilliant succession. Here are boats and rafts for preserving life, and a choice selection of bullets, rifles, mortars, and other implements for inflicting death—machines for manufacturing ice, and furnaces for producing enormous heat—substitutes for potatoes and methods of superseding steam—rare beetles and anthropoid apes—glass bricks, cast marble, and artificial stone—new processes for making bread and new materials for embalming bodies, in short, such an array of contrivances and suggestions, that you are inclined to think another century of invention and discovery will completely exhaust the genius of mankind.

Introductory Text-book of Geology. By DAVID PAGE, F.G.S. 12mo. pp. 136. William Blackwood and Sons. 1854.—Much depends upon the character of an introductory treatise. If a student finds it crabbed and difficult, it is more than probable that he will contract a dislike for the subject to which it relates. And in the case of sciences whose votaries must all be volunteers, this initial disgust may prove utterly fatal to success. With the best intentions in the world, men sometimes come forward to assist inquirers, but trip up their pupils at the very threshold of their studies. Why should we not now discard the school of high-and-dry preceptors? There is no reason why elementary books should not be made attractive as well as instructive. So thinks Mr. Page. He considers that a geological text-book need not be a dull accumulation of facts, tasking the memory and leaving the reflective faculties untouched. His little publication shows that he is fully competent to execute the views thus expressed. It is a lucid and comprehensive treatise, conveying a large amount of knowledge in a compact and interesting form. The student who cannot travel through it with pleasure as well as profit must complain of his own dulness, and not of any obscurity on the part of his guide. The publishers are entitled to thanks for supplying a manual of so inviting a character, and this at a price which will enable the humblest to master the rudiments of geology. In prospect of future editions, we may suggest the correction of a slight error at page 76, where encrinites are stated to be peculiarly distinctive of the mountain limestone: the Encrinites Moniliformis figured at that page being peculiar to the Muschel-kalk, and the Pentacrinita belonging more properly, we believe, to the Lias. We are glad to observe that a more advanced text-book is to proceed from the same skilful hand.

The Mediterranean; a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By REAR-ADmirAL WILLIAM HENRY SMYTH, K.S.F., &c. 8vo. pp. 519. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1854.—This is a kind of work we should like to see largely multiplied. The author has studied the Mediterranean with a degree of attention which has perhaps never been surpassed. Having served in that sea for many years, and been employed by Government in making extensive surveys, he has acquired

a knowledge of its currents, tides, winds, atmospheric phenomena, and hydrographical features such as few other individuals probably possess. The book is learned and comprehensive, and though it contains much that is technical and professional, yet there is a considerable amount of readable matter for the general public. Many very interesting questions are discussed with ability and acuteness; and there is quite enough about waterspouts, submarine volcanoes, inexplicable tides, whirlwinds, and other physical curiosities, to render the work attractive to all. Speaking, for example, of the pressure of the waters on fish, he states that at 60 fathoms a creature must sustain a burden of 180 pounds to the square inch. 'At 100 fathoms depth the pressure would amount to 285 pounds, and at 700 fathoms the creature must bear with impunity a quantity equal to 1830 pounds upon the square inch; whilst the pressure of 1000 fathoms of superincumbent water on the same area considerably exceeds a ton. Now I have drawn up star-fish alive through 170 fathoms, but since then Professor E. Forbes has nearly doubled that depth with success; and I understand that M. Biot has made captures from still deeper water.' The value of this force may be estimated from the fact that the cylindrical copper air-tube in Massey's patent sounding-lead collapsed at little more than 200 fathoms depth, and was 'crushed flat under a pressure of about 300 fathoms.' We may just venture to remark that we have indulged in a sly laugh at the complacent tone adopted by the worthy admiral. He pushes forward his 'I' with a little more frequency than modesty seems to require. He quotes himself somewhat liberally. The public, too, will not be particularly interested in the 'valuable gold box set with diamonds' presented to him by the Emperor of Austria, nor in the small stone pyramids erected at two of 'my' best stations where astronomical observations were conducted. But the gallant admiral writes like a hero on his own quarter-deck, and doubtless thinks that the official language which substitutes captains for their crews, and commanders-in-chief for entire armies, is current also in the republic of letters.

The Electric Telegraph popularized. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. From the Museum of Science and Art. 12mo. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855.—Dr. Lardner's books are invariably distinguished by correct science, and by a perspicuous treatment of his subjects which renders them intelligible to every order of intellect. Readers have no excuse for complaining of mysticism when *he* is their instructor. If the learned doctor sometimes sacrifices the graces of style, it is most probably with the view of presenting his matter in such a lucid and varied light, that every student may apprehend his meaning completely. Let it be remembered, that to this writer we are indebted for a number of elementary treatises on the different branches of natural philosophy, which, in their day, did much to attract the attention of the public in this direction, and which still maintain an honourable position in the corps of scientific manuals. The present work affords the most copious and comprehensive account of the electric telegraph we have yet perused. Not only does

it explain the apparatus in its various forms and operations, together with the different kinds of writing, printing, chemical, and other instruments, but it treats largely on the subject of sub-marine cables, and conveys much information respecting the continental and American lines of communication. It is a cheap, easy, masterly, and well-illustrated account of one of the greatest scientific 'Institutions' of modern times.

Geologische Bilder (Geological Pictures.) By BERNHARD OTTO. Second Edition. One vol. 8vo. pp. 240. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. London: Nutt. 1854.—An excellent summary of the results of geological research and speculation, written in a neat and flowing style, and illustrated by 139 engravings. In ten successive chapters the learned author sets forth in a most satisfactory manner the substance of which geologists have learnt and accepted respecting—1. The formation of the rind or surface of the earth. 2. The nature and operations of volcanoes. 3. The geological operation of water. 4. Snow and ice in their geological relations. 5. The rocks of which the crust of the earth consists. 6. The architecture of the said rock-formation. 7. The origin and building-up of the mountains. 8. The mineral deposits. 9. The coal deposits. 10. The rise and growth of organic life on the earth. In the last chapter the writer states the doctrine of development in too absolute a manner, though in his words there is nothing in any way favouring such views as at least underlie works of the *Vestiges of Creation* school. Yet qualifications are necessary to make his positions strictly true, and to prevent them from, in a measure, misleading young inquirers. The necessary qualifications, with a full and exact statement of the evidence on which they are founded, Herr Otto may find in the recently published and most instructive work, the *Footprints of the Creator*, by that eminent geologist, and very interesting writer, Hugh Miller.

Das Thierleben der Alpen Welt (Animal Life in the Alps, or Views of Nature and Pictures of Animals from the Swiss mountains,) by FREDERICK VON TSCHUDI, Member of the Swiss Natural History Society. Second Edition. With twenty-four pictorial views. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 628. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. London: D. Nutt. 1854.—What progress the Germans are making in the art of wood-painting, and in the art of producing elegant books, is strikingly shown in this most successful specimen of their skill, and surely the rapidity with which the public has called for a second edition of the work, will give effectual encouragement alike to authors and to publishers, from whom henceforth may be expected something very superior to the unsightly and unreadable books of twenty years since. The Swiss Alps—what a subject for a competent pen! The pen of Herr Tschudi is equal to his task. Distinguished as a natural historian, the author has for his purpose, put under contribution the ample treasures of knowledge accumulated by scientific natives even more distinguished than himself, some of whom are men of European reputation. The names of Gessner, Agassiz, de Luc, de Candolle; Nägeli, not to mention others eminent in their several departments, are sufficient vouchers for the

substance of the volume; but the charm which pervades every page can be known only by perusal. Many titles promise more than their writers perform. The title of this work falls far short of the reality. Not merely the animal life of the Swiss Alps have you here, but the Swiss Alps themselves in all their external relations. The author divides that pile of mountains into three regions; first, the region of hills standing from 2500 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea; second, the Alpine region, from 4000 to 7000; third, the region of perpetual snow, from 7000 to 14,000. Having described the surface of the several districts in general outline, and in special sketches where interest or utility suggested, Herr Tschudi paints the vegetable world, the animal world, and where it exists, human life, in all their manifold varieties, shapes, and hues. A treatment more thorough cannot be well imagined; a treatment more attractive has rarely been achieved. The plates are characteristic and beautifully executed.

Lehrbuch des Römischen Rechts, (A Manual of Roman Law,) by DR. G. C. BURCHARDI. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Stutgard: A. Liesching & Co. London: Nutt. 270, Strand, 1854.—The Roman law is one source of English law. The Roman law has exercised great influence on modern ecclesiastical law. These facts give a sufficient reason for its continued study at least in our higher schools of learning. Yet more important does that study appear, when we regard Roman law in its historical developments and applications, and as a vast organism of combined human thoughts, obligations, and actions. This great whole is well set forth alike in its component particulars, and in its organic relations, by the learned jurisconsult, Dr. G. C. Burchardi. Let not the reader be deceived by the term 'manual.' This is no mere school or college outline, but a full and systematic treatment of a great subject. Nor is the work a mere compilation; the author, while profiting by the labours of predecessors, has never relied on second-hand authority, but verifying existing statements and deductions, has also derived additional matter from a careful study of the proper sources of information. As little is the work a simple narrative; a narrative it is, but a narrative which at every step is accompanied by a reference to authorities that will enable the student to prosecute inquiries on his own responsibility and for his own satisfaction. We may add that the treatment is exhaustive, for it embraces the whole subject from the foundations of the Roman commonwealth to the ramifications of Roman law in modern ages. As containing a complete, exact, and well digested summary of Roman jurisprudence, Dr. Burchardi's volumes would be an acceptable present to the English public; for in our literature, no work of the kind is to be found. That the treatise may be of service to divines as well as laymen, may be inferred from the following outline of ecclesiastical law as known and practised under Roman authorities, which we translate as a specimen:—

'In Pagan Rome religion created no proper difference in social position. In the more remote periods, as in other ancient states, so in Rome, it was a strict principle that every Roman citizen must hold the religion of the state, and avoid every foreign and unacknowledged form of worship (*peregrina sacra*), while on the other

side foreigners were not allowed to take part in the public ceremonial of the Romans ; though by no means was the Roman religious system considered as perfected and alone true. This latitude occasioned some toleration of discrepant beliefs (superstitions) held by other people, even after they had been subjugated, provided that the Roman authorities saw in the opinions nothing injurious or dangerous. Nay, the latitude went to the extent of enriching the state religion with foreign gods and sacrifices, and even offered a home to foreign oracles and auguries. In time, the citizens of municipalities incorporated in the commonwealth were allowed in part to retain their former religion ; and when the ancient belief in the course of ages had lost its credit, and when the prescribed sacrifices began to be neglected, then the Roman creed ceased to be a condition of citizenship. It is true, the earlier Roman emperors, from considerations of policy, endeavoured to revive the old law, and to extend its application to the provinces ; but under the later Caesars every form of belief was in general held of equal value. Only dangerous religious doctrines and abuses were forbidden, as well as the cheats which ministered to superstition. Hence the efforts made against the dealers in the black arts, the *Chaldae, Magici, et Mathematici*. In this regard for the public safety, much more than in religious hatred, lay the ground of the repeated persecutions carried on against the Jews and the Christians. Consequently, in general nothing more was required than the renunciation of the so-called errors ; and to the Jews, after their power had been broken by the Emperor Titus, full toleration was accorded. A totally different state of things ensued, as a consequence of the living and earnest spirit dwelling in Christianity, after it became the dominant religion of the state ; for though no one was altogether excluded from citizenship on account of his belief, yet important legal differences were therewith connected. The new theory was for the most part formed during the first century after Constantine, but was completed in detail by later legislation, especially by Justinian. Here reference can be made only to the last result of the changes. According to Justinian law, only the orthodox Christian possesses all civil rights and privileges. Pagans and Jews, if so by birth, are not to be persecuted, but they can hold no public office, they can enjoy no public honour, except the burdensome decurionship, whose advantages, however, they do not share. Nor can they possess any Christian slaves ; and the Jews, no longer under the Mosaic law, may not contract marriage with Christian women. But if they are apostates from Christianity, they are deprived of the power to sell or bequeath their property, and in some circumstances are punishable also for their apostacy. To similar disqualifications are all heretics subject, for they also are shut out from ecclesiastical and civil offices, except the decurionship ; they are also forbidden to receive property by gift or bequest, can bestow property only on true believers, and at their death their goods fall to the public treasury. Their testimony against the orthodox is inadmissible and of no avail. Female heretics must supply a dowry for orthodox daughters. Finally, no heretic can hold church lands. Yet heavier penalties lie on some sects, such as the Manicheans and Donatists, who are destitute of legal rights. Orthodoxy is the acknowledgment of all the determinations of the four general councils.' (Vol. iv. p. 32—36.)

THEOLOGY.

Psychology and Theology ; or, Psychology applied to the Investigation of Questions relating to Religion, Natural Theology, and Revelation.
By RICHARD ALLIOTT, LL.D., Professor of Theology and Mental Philosophy, Western College, Plymouth. London : Jackson and Walford. 1855.—This is the Congregational Lecture for 1854. The subject is one of the most important that could be investigated, and the present a very opportune period for the examination of such a question. Until within the last few years, there has been some dispo-

sition among the teachers of religion in this country, to eschew the discussion of speculative philosophy and psychology in their bearings on religion and theology. There has been an impression abroad that investigations of this sort were inimical to sound theology and evangelical religion. They were thought to be dangerous. Hence the application of philosophy to these subjects has been decried by some of the best men among us. If ever such a course was wise or right, it is now no longer so. The mind of the more thinking portion of the community has, of late, been much more turned to philosophy and its applications. The translation into our tongue of works of eminent philosophical writers of France and Germany, the appearance of several able works in our own language in which the nature and tendencies of continental speculations have been fully expounded, the free discussion of the various questions raised in these different productions, in our larger literary and theological journals, have awakened a fresh interest among us in reference to speculative philosophy generally, and have especially led to a wider examination of the bearing of these inquiries on theology and religion. These tendencies of English thought are forcing upon all who are concerned for the interests of religion and the defence of sound theology a fuller investigation of these momentous questions. The work before us is an investigation of this kind. Dr. Alliott's book is a fair, earnest, and formal discussion of the relation of psychology to religion and to Christianity. It may, indeed, be properly styled a work on 'the Philosophy of Religion and Theology.' We are glad Dr. Alliott has taken up such a theme, and rejoice in the appearance of his lectures at the present time. The work is at once a valuable addition to our philosophical and theological thought. For, whether we may agree with the doctrines advanced by Dr. Alliott or not, we must admire the great ability and philosophical power that pervade his production. Dr. Alliott is not what might be called an amateur student of mental philosophy. He is evidently quite at home in the recondite investigations of the science, and possesses a mind peculiarly fitted for such inquiries. A short statement of the questions examined, of the course of reasoning adopted, and of the conclusions reached, will best indicate to our readers the scope and general character of the publication.

The volume contains seven lectures. The first is devoted to the elucidation and illustration of the connexion of psychology with religion and theology—to the exposition and proof of the utility of psychology in the study of these latter sciences. Here it is very clearly shown that the questions relating to the very nature of religion, as a subjective thing in the human mind—to the origin and nature of our notion of God, and to the possibility, contents, and mode of a revelation from God, are all points which can only be thoroughly investigated by the aid of psychology; in fact, that all these inquiries, when they ascend to first principles, must become psychological inquiries. The task undertaken in the first lecture is admirably executed. The lecture is an invaluable one. The positions taken are put in a clear and forcible manner, and the illustrations

given are at once just and beautiful. In the second lecture our author fairly enters upon the difficult problems of his undertaking. The first question brought under notice is—Does religion originate in some distinct or peculiar faculty, susceptibility, or principle in the human mind? Schleiermacher and other continental thinkers, with Mr. Morell and some recent English writers, hold that it does. They contend that the essence of religion is dependent on a peculiar feeling or emotion. Dr. Alliott examines this theory at great length, and endeavours to show that it is erroneous. He maintains, as he did in his controversy with Mr. Morell in the *Biblical Review*, that religion is not owing to any peculiar faculty, but to the exercise of our ordinary intellectual powers and moral susceptibilities. Dr. Alliott shows great analytical power in this lecture, but we think he has hardly done justice to the real positions taken by his opponents. The doctrine respecting the freedom of the will is also discussed in this lecture, and the best arguments against its self-determining power are put in a somewhat novel and striking light. But the point at issue is treated more after a logical than a psychological method. The third and fourth lectures are occupied with the points connected with the origin and nature of our idea of God. In this inquiry there are three questions:—First, What is man's idea of God? Secondly, Whence have we obtained it? And thirdly, What ground have we for regarding it as objectively true? To the first, Dr. Alliott replies that 'man's idea of God is, distinctively, First Cause, Necessary, Eternal, Independent, and Infinite.' In dealing with the second question, it is first shown, very conclusively, that the idea is not of man's own creation, and then the three distinct senses in which it may be thought to be innate are separately considered. The doctor endeavours to prove that our idea of God is not innate in any one of these senses; and further, that it is not intuitive, or received by direct intuition, as Morell and some distinguished philosophers have maintained. Finally, he examines at length, and with much ability and philosophical acumen, the dogma of M. Cousin, that we owe our idea of God to the impersonal reason. Dr. Alliott's discussion of these theories respecting man's notion of God displays great acuteness and analytical power. There is much in his criticism that is original and instructive. From this labour of demolishing the dogmas of others—from showing how the idea does *not* originate, he advances to the construction of a positive doctrine—to the task of showing how we do gain our idea of God. This leads to an inquiry into the origin and nature of man's notion of the Absolute, the Infinite. This, again, involves an examination of the origin and nature of our ideas of cause, first cause, necessary existence, duration, time, space, eternity, and infinity. Dr. Alliott attempts to show that these ideas are gained empirically—that is, through the senses and the exercise of the intellectual powers. In doing this he follows the general method of inquiry adopted by Locke, Condillac, Dr. Thomas Brown, James Mill, and other disciples of the sensational school of philosophising. In this he is opposed to the Scottish philosophy, Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, and most German

thinkers—to M. Cousin, Morell, Hamilton, and the ablest philosophical thinkers of the day in this country and America. We must confess that we feel our author's explication of the origin of these ideas to be unsatisfactory. It supplies a merely sensational and logical basis of man's notions of God and religion. Whatever acuteness may be exhibited in the expositions of the sensational philosophy, it appears to us to be wholly inadequate to account for the origin of these—the grand fundamental elements of our moral and spiritual nature. The views of Dr. Alliott are put forth with great ability and power, and are deserving the attention of the student of philosophy and theology; but we think the student ought to look into the reasonings of the writers to whom Dr. Alliott is opposed; and especially might he consult with advantage, in the perusal of the doctor's book, two works recently published in our own country—Calderwood's *Philosophy of the Infinite* and Professor Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic*. In his arguments for the objective truth of our idea of God—that is, for the actual existence of a being corresponding to our notion, there is nothing particularly new or striking. Some of the arguments which, it is maintained, demonstrate the necessary existence of the First Cause, are admirably and perspicuously stated. Whether these arguments are really valid, or whether they constitute instances of Kant's paralogisms, may admit of doubt. The fifth lecture is an answer to the question, 'Is Christianity from God?' The points brought under review here are—The nature of revelation and of inspiration—the possibility of a supernatural communication from God—the subject-matter and mode of a revelation—and, what are the evidences of it. Some doctrines advanced by Mr. Morell and others on these heads are proved to be erroneous. The same subject is further prosecuted in the sixth lecture, where the internal and external evidences of Christianity—as a supernatural communication—are considered by the light of psychology. Dr. Alliott here conclusively shows that a written revelation is *possible* on the principles of this science. In his discussion of the internal evidence, the spirit of sensational philosophy is again strikingly manifested. This is seen in Dr. Alliott's observations on the foundation of morals, where he maintains that our notions of right and wrong have an empirical origin; and also in his advocacy of the cognate doctrine—the utilitarian theory of the ground of morality. In the last lecture the question of the inspiration of the New Testament is discussed. It contains a lucid exposition and a masterly defence of the full inspiration of this part of the Sacred Scriptures. In this, as in several of the preceding lectures, Dr. Alliott states and refutes, on philosophical principles, the opinions of Mr. Morell and some other writers of our day, who have contended that the New Testament is not, and cannot be, an inspired book in the ordinary acceptation of this term.

Such a statement of the general nature of the book, can give but an imperfect idea of the real character of Dr. Alliott's valuable work. Although there are some views advanced in the volume with which we cannot concur, we are glad to say that it everywhere evinces an in-

timate acquaintance with the whole range of mental philosophy, as well as vast acuteness and analytical power. Indeed we think his great power of analysis has led Dr. Alliott on some points, to attempt to analyse that which must be received as simple, ultimate, indigenous, and unresolvable principle in human nature. The work is however, pervaded by a thoroughly philosophical and truth-seeking spirit. It is a rich contribution to our philosophico-theological literature. We regard it thus chiefly, because it must lead to an examination of those subjects on broader principles,—to a more enlightened and scientific discussion of these momentous questions among British theologians.

The Acts of the Apostles; or, the History of the Church in the Apostolic Age. By M. BAUMGARTEN, Professor in the University of Rostock. Translated from the German Three vols. 8vo. Clarke.—These volumes belong to the series forming Clarke's *Foreign Theological Library*. They may be taken as a marked confirmation of the statement often made, that from Germany, whence so much to the injury of theological science has proceeded, we may expect the antidote as well as the poison. The *Acts of the Apostles* has been a tough morsel to the sceptical school at Tübingen, and the work before us is one among several that have recently appeared which must serve to render that morsel more hard than ever to swallow—to say nothing of digestion. Professor Baumgarten's work is a most valuable contribution to our Christian literature, especially in relation to Christian evidence and early church history.

The Restoration of Belief. III. Macmillan.—In this third part of *The Restoration of Belief*, the mission of Christianity is said to be threefold—to effect a great 'secular reformation,' among men; to restore in them a spiritual life, such as may not be derived from any other source; and to accomplish the final overthrow of the power of evil. In relation to these ends, the attestation of Christianity as divine by the evidence of miracles, is shown to be an essential condition of its power and efficiency. The author, it will be seen, is far from adopting the notion that the time has passed for the argument about miracles, and concerning historical evidence, to be of any value. That shallow device, like many more, may have its little hour of duration; but it must be seen through at a glance by men of sense, who are desirous of finding, not what they can *imagine* to have been fact in the past, nor what they could *wish* to have been fact there, but what they may *know*, by means of its own fitting evidence, so to have been. This conclusion of *The Restoration of Belief* is worthy of its beginning, and the treatise deserves to become one of our classics on the subject of Christian evidence.

An Historical Outline of the Book of Psalms. By the late JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by the Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, B.A. London. 1842.

The Book of Psalms: A new Translation, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By the late JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by the Rev. E. HENDERSON, D.D. London: 1854.

So long as the Bible continues to be reverenced as the supreme source

of religious teaching and guidance, so long will the Book of Psalms draw to it an especial portion of the interest and study of the pious. To such it is the most attractive of all books, not so much from the charm of its poetry, as from its profound and extensive familiarity with all the changeful experience of the religious life, and its marvellous adaptation to the varying circumstances in which the religious man is often placed in the struggle he has to maintain in this present world. Augustine calls the Psalms an epitome of the whole volume of Scripture. Basil says* ‘The Book of Psalms surpasses all others ‘in profitableness. It predicts things to come; it recalls the history of ‘things past; it regulates life; it counsels what should be done; and ‘in general it is a common magazine of good instructions—a complete ‘repertory of what is of advantage to all.’ Many similar testimonies might be added both from ancient and more recent sources; for this book, as it is for all time, so has it found from Christians of every class and country the same admiring, affectionate, and grateful homage.

To such a book it is natural to expect that the attention of translators and commentators should be especially directed; and accordingly we find that both in recent and more remote times it has engaged a very large share of such attention. In English we have at least a dozen separate translations of the Psalms, and as many commentaries; the Germans almost equal us in number of translations, but their commentaries are legion; and if we embrace the contributions of other nations, the numbers become numberless. With such abundant helps the book should surely be understood by this time; and for all ordinary practical purposes, we take it that it is. Still, every student of Scripture will feel that something remains to be done for the full and satisfactory elucidation of this remarkable collection of sacred lyrics. In this country, success has been impeded by the extreme positions assumed by the authors of the versions; some following slavishly Jewish tradition as conveyed by the Masoretic text, others indulging in a license of conjectural emendation which no sound principles of criticism could sanction, and which tended to make translations very much a matter of individual judgment. It has long been felt that some judicious and well-conducted attempt by a competent scholar to steer a middle course between these extremes was desirable, as holding out the prospect of something still better as a version of the Psalms than any we have yet received.

Such a middle course it has been the aim of the eminent individual, whose posthumous volumes on the Psalms are now before us, to follow:—

‘Whilst the author was convinced,’ says his editor, Dr. Henderson, ‘that the theory advocated by the older theologians, as to the Hebrew text having come down to us in an absolutely immaculate state could not be sustained, the result of the much vaunted collection of MSS. by Dr. Kennicott satisfied him as to its general integrity and trust-worthiness. Wherever, therefore, he ventured on an

* Hemily in Psalm i. *sub init.*

emendation, he appears to have felt that he was treading on holy ground ; and that he was bound to exercise the greatest circumspection, and yield only to the most conclusive evidence. He spared no pains in endeavouring to account for the Masoretic text as it stands, and successfully exposed the unwarrantable liberties that had been taken with it by many of his predecessors.'—p. vii.

This is the very spirit in which one would wish such a work to be pursued. Unhappily, however, we cannot say that the result is such as to meet our expectation. Some of Dr. Good's emendations are undoubtedly felicitous, and his translation places several passages in a new and we think improved light; whilst his notes are frequently instructive, and sometimes contain valuable original matter; but as a whole we do not feel justified in assigning a very high place to this new attempt to elucidate the Psalter. The radical defect of the book is traceable to the author's imperfect knowledge of Hebrew. Dr. Good was a man of extraordinary versatility of intellect, and to a vast capacity for the acquisition of all sorts of knowledge, he added a remarkable ingenuity and felicity in the employment of his materials, so as to turn them to good account for the instruction of others. But he wanted minute accuracy, and was apt to form his conclusions from only a partial survey of the phenomena of the case. Hence both in physic and in philosophy he occupies a place of honour rather for the variety of his knowledge, and the ingenuity of his suggestions, than for the actual worth of his results. In the volume before us some of his criticisms are founded on blunders in Hebrew grammar which are absolutely disgraceful.

Such defects make heavy deductions from the value of this translation. At the same time we think it would have been a pity not to have published it. It has many merits. The translation is frequently very felicitous; many valuable suggestions are thrown out, and several weighty emendations proposed in the notes; and a considerable mass of fresh illustrative matter is supplied from the author's omnigenous stores of knowledge. We attach, also, no small value to the author's attempts to fix the chronology and determine the historical basis of each of the psalms; on these subjects his views are well worthy of consideration. Both his editors have acquitted themselves well in their difficult task.

Israel in the World; or, the Mission of the Hebrews to the Great Military Monarchies. By WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSTONE, M.A., Chaplain of Addiscombe; author of 'Israel after the Flesh,' &c. Illustrated with a Map. Post 8vo. pp. 195. London: J. F. Shaw. 1854.—We are not sure that we have fully or correctly apprehended the design of the learned author in this little volume. He is of opinion that the Jews have played, and are yet to play, a most important part in the civil and social history of the world, not merely through the influence of that religion which had its earliest development among them, but in virtue of the political constitution which by divine appointment, they possessed as a nation. He holds it to be a primary law of society, that men are not to be collected into great masses and governed by military power; but that they are to exist in smaller

groups determined by affinity of blood and language ; and all attempts to alter or break through this arrangement, he holds to be a violation of God's ordinance, and by consequence both wicked and mischievous. The model community of the world he finds in the Israelitish state as it was when conformed to the Divine ordinance ; and he seems to maintain that, to be prosperous and happy, all states should be constructed on this model, and so continue a multitude of separate communities, until Christ shall come as the Prince of the Earth to unite all under one stable and beneficent empire. Such we take to be Mr. Johnstone's main thesis in this volume ; and yet we have been so much at a loss to trace the logical connexion between this and the details of his argument, that we stand somewhat in doubt whether we have not misapprehended him. Assuming it to be his intention to prove that the Israelitish state was designed by God to be a model for all other states, we should have expected him to adduce some proof from the Bible of such a design being contemplated by God in the institution of that state ; or, in the absence of that, to make some attempt to show that the arrangements of the Israelitish polity are so adapted to the constitution of the race and the ends of government, that they not only *may* be adopted by all people, but that no people can be really prosperous or happy without adopting them. We should have expected, also, some evidence for the belief that Christ is to reign as a temporal prince over all the nations ; a doctrine which we cannot find a hint of in Scripture, and which all other sources of evidence appear to render in the highest degree improbable. On neither of these points, however, does Mr. Johnstone do more than touch in passing, reserving the chief part of his book for a sketch of the fortunes of the Jewish people from the call of Abraham till the present day. In the course of this, it is true, he refers frequently to the relations of the Israelites with other nations, and especially the great military monarchies, and points out some striking *coincidences* between peculiar states of the Jewish people and great crises in the fate of those monarchies. But he fails, we think, to show any *causal* relation between the two, or to make it at all probable that those crises would not have occurred all the same even had the Jewish polity never existed.

Under these circumstances we cannot say that Mr. Johnstone appears to have made out his point ; at the same time we have read his book with much pleasure and advantage. As a sketch of Jewish history, it is deserving of high commendation. Few men understand the Mosaic economy in both its sacred and social aspects better than Mr. Johnstone, and he possesses an admirable power of presenting the results of much learning and thinking in a vivid, condensed, and attractive form. His exposition of the Mosaic code, and his defence of it from the cavils of infidels, are excellent. We commend his work to our readers.

THE German periodical entitled *Die Theologischen Studien und Kritiken** (the Journal of Theological Studies and Criticisms) has undergone a change, and entered on a new phase of existence. The modification is among the more marked signs of the times. This review has hitherto stood at the head of the learned periodical literature of the German theological world. In such a position it has exerted very great influence. While encouraging great freedom and even latitude of thought and speculation, it has in general been distinguished for a conservative tone, and so has done no little to check and correct extravagances, as well as to bring about the present reaction in favour of more positive opinions. The first number of the work appeared in June, 1827. In this publication the editors professed their allegiance 'to the simple Christianity of the Scriptures, in the sense that the Bible contained the true word of God and the true way of salvation.' Accordingly they declared that there could not be a true Christian theology without a living Christian faith. Their purpose, then, was to promote a theology in which faith and knowledge should co-exist and work together in harmony. With this view the editors encouraged freedom without licence, and piety without enthusiasm. Positive in their religious views, they gave no support to mere outward authority; and, while not always free from negative tendencies, they opposed a deistical rationalism and a pantheistic orthodoxy. In the course of years one of the editors, Dr. Gieseier, was removed by death, and Dr. Ullmann has been called to other duties. The place of the former is occupied by Dr. Rothe. The latter expresses his hope that his new office will be no hindrance, but rather an advantage to the Review, particularly in regard to the practical life of the Church. Yet these changes, and other changes in the theological and religious world, have seemed to the conductors to call for a new manifesto. The statement which they have accordingly issued speaks of the relation of their intended labours to the Sacred Scriptures and to the confessions of the Protestant Church, to theological science, to the Roman Catholic communion, and to the development of the inner positive life and practical power of their own communion. The principles they avow in regard to these important matters may in brief be stated thus:—The sacred volume, pure and unabridged, is their foundation, for it contains God's message, God's imperishable word. The truth taught therein has not now for the first time to be sought after; it rewards individual inquiry when conducted with the aid of the Church, which is its living witness. The testimony of the Church is a strong tower against destructive agitators as well as a guide to positive truth. That testimony, however, does not restrict theological inquiry, but defines and preserves the essence of faith. If, however, that testimony is sound and valid, it must not be set aside, concealed, or undervalued. As little must it be allowed to act as a hindrance to union, though the only desirable union is not an outer one of profession, but an inner

* See *Die Theolog. S. u. K.* in ihrer bisherigen Thätigkeit und gegenwärtigen Stellung beim Beginn des Jahres 1855. Ein Wort der Herausgeber Dr. Ullmann und Dr. Umbreit; Gotha, Perthes. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

one of conviction and deep religious life. Such a union, in its full extent, is removed to a great distance by the unwarrantable pretensions and the embittered aggressions of the hierarchical party now predominant in the Catholic body. Their unchristian proceedings, however, must not provoke a spirit of active polemical exclusiveness on the part of Protestants. What is common to the two communions must be upheld and put forward as common—the one essential faith which constitutes the essence of the true Church of the Lord. The only proper and the only sufficient means of resistance and opposition to Romish error is evangelical truth, held in the inmost heart, honoured in daily life, fostered and developed in the Church, and manifested in works of faith and labours of love in society at large. ‘One of the ‘most satisfactory phenomena of the present day,’ it is said, ‘is this, ‘that without doubt Christianity is to a greater extent recognised as ‘an affair of real life, an affair not merely of individual life, but also of ‘social life. Under its influence men are beginning to feel the necessity and to acknowledge the duty of operating with combined forces ‘against evils and corruptions in the masses of society.’ This practical application of the power of the Gospel the Review will specially encourage and promote. May the work prove very efficacious for this object and the other Christian objects now indicated by its learned and pious editors!

Besides the German publications of which we give critical notices in this number, we have received the following, some of which will be hereafter reviewed. We append a few characterising words here and there. *Das Alte Testament im Neuem* (the Old Testament as cited and used in the New),; by Dr. A. Tholuck; Gotha, Perthes; London, Nutt; a fourth and enlarged edition of a deservedly well-known essay, an English translation of which, made from the third edition, may be read in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for July, 1854; and an essay bearing on the subject, entitled *De l'Interpretation de l'Ancien Testament par les écrivains du Nouveau*, may be found in the *Revue de Théologie par Colani*, vol. ix. 2nd part, Aug. 1854. *Glossarium Latinum Bibliothecæ Parisinae Antiquissimum*; Gottingen, Dietrich, 1854; a Latin glossary of the ninth century, published and illustrated by Professor Hildebrand, whose learning is profusely poured forth in the illustration of a writing of interest and value to the classical scholar. *Geheime Geschichte* (Secret Histories and Mysterious Characters); vol. v.; Leipzig, Brockhaus; Herr Bülau, the author of this work, continues to astonish and instruct his readers by the curious narratives he publishes. *Die Kirche Christi* (the Church of Christ and its Witnesses); by F. Böhringer; Zürich, Meyer and Zeller, 1855; a biographical history of the Christian Church, well written and full of instruction; the present volume contains, with other things, a life of Tauler, of Grotius, and of Thomas à Kempis. *Meine Reise im Orient* (My Travels in the East); by A. Ziegler; Leipzig, Weber. *Südfrüchte* (Southern Fruit, the Sketch-book of a Painter); by F. Pecht; vol. i. Venice and Rome; vol. ii. Naples and Florence; Leipzig, Weber; London, Nutt, 270, Strand. *Lehrbuch der Histor. Krit. Einleitung*. (A Historical and Critical Introduction to the Canonical Writings of

the Old Testament); by Karl F. Keil; Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Heyder and Zimmer, 1853; a conservative history of the older books of the Bible, by a divine who has lately commenced a new edition of Hävernick's *Introduction*, a translation of which (from the first edition) may be found in the series of theological works published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh. *Archéologie Chrétienne* (Christian Archæology; or, an Historical Outline of the Religious Monuments of the Middle Ages); by J. J. Bourasse; Tours, Maine and Co., 1852; a useful sketch. *Synchronistische Geschichte der Kirche und der Welt* (a Synchronistical History of the Church and the World in the Middle Ages); by J. F. Damberger; Regensburg, Pustet, 1850-4; a voluminous and very learned work, exhibiting in parallel streams the life of the Church and the life of the world in periods of society out of which grew our present social condition.

Real Encyclopädie. (A Cyclopaedia of Protestant Theology and Church History). Edited by Dr. HERZOG, Ordinary Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. Vols. I. and II. Stuttgart and Hamburg: Rudolf Besser. London: Nutt. 1853-4.—This very valuable work, of which we have more than once made mention in our pages, has now reached the close of the second volume, and bids fair to give a compendious and reliable view of each and all the manifold subjects embraced in the wide category of the Protestant Church. The work in consequence will be serviceable not only to the student, but also the ordinary Christian; since it is designed to embrace all the branches of systematic theology and all the topics of practical Christian life. Special attention is given to the literary history of the Sacred Scriptures as being the great source of Christian truth and impulse, the foundation and the pillar of the Church. If we may take these two volumes as a specimen, the work will be very rich in ecclesiastical biography. We point with special approbation to the articles 'Augustin' and 'Calvin.' Very high will the value of the Cyclopaedia be, if it gives satisfactory summaries of the excellent biographical monographs of the chief lights of the Christian Church, with which German literature abounds. The good spirit and the completeness with which practical questions are treated may be seen in the article on 'The English Church,' while specimens of the treatment of more learned topics may be advantageously read in the admirable outlines given on 'The Original Texts of the Old and New Testament.' On the subject of the Bible as well as others, we find due attention paid to practical as well as scientific points, for while in addition to the essay just mentioned, we have a readable compendium on the 'Translations of the Scriptures,' we are also presented with another on their diffusion in an article replete with information on 'Bible Societies, British and Foreign.' We cannot, however, deny, that under the head 'Bible,' we miss more topics than one, which would, we think, have stood well there, and which will not, we hope, be omitted altogether. Among the special merits of the work are the moderation of its tone of thought, the fairness of its spirit, the scientific impartiality and consequent reliability of its treatment; its condensed but readable style, its comprehensiveness, and its literary references. A reproduction in English, with the neces-

sary qualifications and additions, of this very superior cyclopedia, would be a great boon to the Church of Christ in the British dominions. To those who are acquainted with German scholarship, the mention of the names which ensue—Baumgarten, Guericke, Hoffmann, Thiersch, Schweitzer of Zurich, Bertheau, Lücke, Julius Müller, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Tischendorf, as among the contributors, will show what an amount of varied talent is employed in the work, and be a satisfactory guarantee that the treatment will be at once conservative and sound.

Das Leben Jesu Christi. (The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ.) By Dr. J. N. SEPP, Professor of History in the University of Munich. Regensburg: Marz. London: Nutt. 1853-4.—Two volumes of this work have appeared, both of which have come to a second edition. The first treats chiefly of the chronology of the subject; the second handles the earlier period of the Saviour's earthly life. The author belongs to the Roman Catholic communion. Let no reader hence conclude that consequently the work is of no value to Protestants. Things, indeed, there are in it that Protestants can receive only with qualification; but it also contains much solid instruction that may be useful to Christians of all churches. The work has been written with a special reference to the negative criticisms of Strauss, and these may, at least in Germany, be more effectually encountered by a Catholic than by a Protestant divine. This opinion we put forth on the following ground. In the more advanced bands of Christian believers and apologists, Strauss, in his *Leben Jesu*, produced the impression that certain statements as of fact found in the evangelical narratives, were no longer tenable on fair grounds of historical criticism. These statements, accordingly, it came to be considered a point of honour to give up; and the surrender was made with the less reluctance, because the matters in question were not thought to involve, or even to come near any essential or vital point of doctrine or faith. Roman Catholic theologians, however, could not abandon these points without opening a gate through which the enemy might advance to the assault of their citadel. They accordingly have felt it their duty to subject the criticism of Strauss to the severest possible tests, and to go over the ground seized by him again and again, in the hope of reclaiming it for the service of the church. Nor has the labour been nugatory. These volumes are our witnesses. Let us take as a specimen the taxing spoken of by the Evangelist Luke ii. 2; compare Acts v. 37. Already had Lardner, in his own learned, impartial, and thorough manner, expounded and discussed the difficulties connected with the point. Those difficulties were felt to press on one branch of Christian evidence, when Strauss came forward to exaggerate them in the utmost possible degree. Professor Sepp reviews the whole subject, and shows what the real facts are, and how those facts stand in harmony with other chronological data of general history and of the New Testament. This instance has been referred to, the rather because the writer published in Dr. Kitto's *Journal of Sacred Literature* (No. 1, Oct. 1851) a solution, the chief point of which Dr. Sepp has profited by without acknowledgement, and because the publication serves to show that Protestantism has not been without a voice in behalf of points assailed

by Strauss and other unbelievers. We may add, that our own investigations long since assured us that those points were defensible, and ought to be defended; and we cordially recognise the services rendered in these profound and elaborate volumes.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing als Theologe. (G. E. Lessing as a Theologian.) Described by CARL SCHWARTZ, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 240. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Nutt, 270 Strand. 1854.—Between the year 1774 and the year 1778, there appeared in the German language in connexion with the publications of the *littérateur* G. E. Lessing, seven fragments or detached essays, treating of some fundamental points of Christianity, which in a short time excited a most lively interest, and produced a wide, deep, and extensive influence on theological thought. These pieces are commonly known as 'The Wolfenbüttel Fragments,' the epithet being derived from the public library of Wolfenbüttel, the capital of Brunswick, where the manuscript lay whence these short treatises were extracted for publication. The author of the entire work was H. S. Reimarus, son-in-law of the distinguished J. A. Fabricius. Lessing was merely their publisher and advocate. As, however, he enjoyed a high reputation in the literary world, his advocacy was powerful and effective. In consequence Lessing became the Strauss of his day. In other words, Lessing introduced to the learned world of Germany the chief questions which had been propounded by the English deists, and popularized by Boyle, Voltaire, and others. A full and exact account of this sceptical movement is given by Professor Schwartz from a mind overflowing with knowledge, and well disciplined in such studies, and in a manner which is clear, forcible, and impressive. The work is completed in seven chapters, embracing the following topics:—Lessing's mental characteristics, his philosophy, his method, his style and criticism; Lessing's relations to the theology of his times; the Wolfenbüttel Fragment Controversy; the Rights of Criticism; the Bible and Christianity; Tradition and Scripture; Inspiration and Toleration.

Die Prophetischer Bücher des Alten Testamento. (The Prophetic Books of the Old Testament.) Translated by Dr. F. HIRZIG; Leipzig: Hirzel. 1854. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.—This translation is intended to facilitate the study of the author's 'Commentaries,' as they have appeared in a valuable series of exegetical manuals, now in course of publication, on the Old Testament writings.* The work is of special value, whether considered critically or aesthetically. As a critical work, the translation, executed by a first-rate scholar, presents the results of the most advanced learning without a slavish adherence to authority, and without an undue regard to novel fancies. As a work of taste, the translation aiming to reproduce the original even in rhythmical form and archaic simplicity, avoids not only what is unidiomatic, but also what is either obsolete or obsolescent; and so avoids that repulsiveness of style which drives so many, especially the

* 'Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testamento' 1841—1854. 15 volumes. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

young, from the poetry of the Bible to the less pure, but to them more attractive strains of secular or even irreligious bard. Would that similar principles were, with similar fidelity and success, used on in placing the prophetic writings of the Bible before English readers.

*** *We regret the necessity of postponing notices of some valuable German Theological Works to our next number.*

Index to Vol. XXI. in our next.

CORRIGENDA.

THE portion of the seventh Article in our last number, beginning with the words—‘In this lucid statement, &c.,’ on page 210, should have followed the extract from the *Examiner*, ending on page 208: the three pages which follow that extract being properly the conclusion of the article.

In place also of the short paragraph at the top of page 214, the following, according to the MS., should have been the reading:—

‘Now the English cabinet did see the Vienna note at this juncture in the light thus stated, or they did not. To say they did not really see it, in the face of their reiterated assertions to the contrary, is to brand them as men destitute of truth and honesty to the last degree. The atmosphere of political fanaticism does sometimes become so much like Bedlam, that there may be connexions in which even such raving will find credit. But it will find no credit with the good sense or good feeling of the people of England.

‘Well, then, supposing the English cabinet to have been convinced that the Vienna note as interpreted by the Czar, did give him the sort of footing in Turkey which he sought, and which could hardly fail to give him the ultimate, and the probably not distant sovereignty of that empire, did it behove them still to adhere to this note, and to leave the affairs of Turkey and of Europe in consequence to drift as they may, and all this merely that they might save themselves from the charge of having been overreached? In that case, Mr. Bright would not have called them fools; but we scarcely need say what some other men would have accounted them.’

This is the first instance in which the Editor has allowed any portion of the matter of the *British Quarterly* to reach the public without passing under his own eye in proof, and it will be the last.

A pamphlet has reached us, too late for notice in the proper place, under the following title: *Observations on the Policy of the War, and the Present Position of the Reform and Free-Trade Party in Lancashire*, by a LANCASHIRE MAN. Jackson and Walford.—The publication is full of good sense, and of the matter-of-fact that should be familiar to every Englishman at this juncture. We say to our readers—*read it.*

